THE WHITE SLAVE HELL

HERMAN C. ARKSON

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How Much Is She Worth?

VICE. To Grace my White Slave den, I will give you fifteen dollars!

VIRTUE. To grace home and Heaven, "her price is far above rubies" (Prov. 31 : 10).

THE WHITE SLAVE HELL

OR

WITH CHRIST AT MIDNIGHT IN THE SLUMS OF CHICAGO

STARTLING REVELATIONS,
THRILLING EXPERIENCES AND LIFE STORIES
CAREFULLY GATHERED FROM RED LIGHT DISTRICTS,
WHITE SLAVE MARKETS, SEGREGATED VICE
SECTIONS AND MIDNIGHT SLUM
WORK OF CHICAGO.

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY
REV. F. M. LEHMAN

SLUM DATA FURNISHED BY REV. N. K. CLARKSON

CHRIST, THE HOPE OF HUMANITY

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1910

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"The White Slave Traffic does exist here in Chicago; right under the nose of the police. Down where the red lights blaze and where the ribald merriment drifts from semi-curtained windows, and where women and young girls are arrayed in the gowns of shame, there is where Christianity is needed the most."—*Judge Newcomer.*

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FOREWORD.

When this book was first under consideration the writer did not dream of the depths of iniquity to be found in the Slums of Chicago. After personal soundings were taken the enormity of the task assumed overwhelming proportions. In fear and trembling, under the direction and encouragement of friends and God's good grace, the work was undertaken.

The writer himself saw the vice sections of the Levee, the endless tramp of the men on the street and the dens in which the painted women sat smoking cigarettes or guzzling beer with their degenerate paramours. He saw the mirrored rooms and costly furnishings on which lolled the half clad forms of the harlots yet fresh and beautiful in the first full stages of "the life."

Scarcely a block farther down the Line lay the cheaper dens where the raucous rattle of cheap instruments struck their discordant strumpet call on the lust-laden air. Here the Habitue purchased disease and a lingering death for a silver dollar. As he dropped it into the Madam's yellow palm the gleam of an electric light fell on its rough round rim and spelled the sacrilegious phrase, "In God we Trust."

Here the withered fingers of Disease painted the ashen hue of death on her wasting mortality which Parisian cosmetics could not hide—telltale marks pointing to the open grave. Later the poor creature was wheeled into the incurable ward of the Cook County Hospital, a victim of the Great Black Plague. Others entered the Dunning Insane Asylum there to pound out their miserable existence against padded walls until death shifted the shuddering scene.

Twenty to thirty full page illustrations have helped us to give a detailed account of many of the sin-saddened lives. The System yearly forces 6,000 girls into the Levee, the West Side Slums, the Strand and other vice sections of Chicago. In arraigning the White Slave Traffic before the Church and One Common Humanity, we hope not only to thwart the System's designs on Virtue, but with one united stroke to kill the vaunting old Hag in Scarlet. For this we pray, and invite your study of the book.

Mr Clarkson, who has worked in the Chicago vice Districts for the last twelve years, has placed at our disposal sufficient data to write a set of volumes on this topic; viz., the White Slave Traffic. We have prayerfully culled the best from all sources and have given credit to both author and organ where we have quoted. We extend the hand of Christian fellowship and a hearty,

God bless you! to all who are fighting this Twentieth Century curse.

We lay no claims to literary merit, but hope we have placed before our readers in language kindly and plain and convincing what is burning on our heart. Eternity will reveal how many precious girls have been saved from the brothel through the reading of this book.

We have endeavored to lay the cause of the whole frightful business at the door of *sin*. We have tried to show that *law* in the hands of corrupt officials does not "regulate" nor even curb the rapid advances of the White Slave Traffic. We have expressed no faith in the city's government relative to this evil, nor confidence in its police force. We have shown that it *protects*, by tolerance at least, and against every law on the statute books, this Red Light evil. We have not even spared the Church; for by its false modesty, timidity or wilful inactivity she allows this Octopus on the Lake to draw into its slimy maw our fairest daughters. And lastly, we have held up the world's *only* remedy—CHRIST, THE HOPE OF HUMANITY.

Yours for the rescue of the Fallen,

F. M. LEHMAN.

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THE WHITE SLAVE HELL

CHAPTER I.

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE.

If we were asked to define the cause of all the misery, heartache and sorrow, we would answer, *sin.* The hiss in the word carries us back over the bridge of centuries to the blush of Eden. Here the sun of man's ideal habitation is just slipping over the western horizon of his earthly bliss. From the cloud-piled sky come ominous rumblings of dread and pending calamity. The echo still reverberates over the low hills of Time.

As the Pair leave the gate-closed Garden with downcast eye and dejected mien, Sin stands, leering, in the distance to meet them. For a little while the world's first infant is fondled on the breast of Sorrow, and then the bony hand of Death reaches out from the misty space of Somewhere, and he is gone. We have

been going ever since. This rattle-jointed son of Sin has divided every joy and multiplied every sorrow.

Under screaming shell and blood-bathed sword and muffled drum we to-day patriotically entomb our noblest sons; to-morrow we, as Adam's children, weep and strew lilies on their graves. Yesterday we fondly caressed our fair daughters in the home circle, to-day we vote for corrupt officials, and to-morrow we search for our lost loved ones in the outcast's quarters, the river, or the potter's field. Cain still asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?" God still emphatically answers, "You are!"

The Scarlet Thread.

The swinging scarlet thread in Rahab's window is the color-insignia of shame. It is the lure-color of the *Demi-monde*. In the wine that "moveth itself aright" and in the red light's glow is caught the fairy form of Desire draped in the gauzy garb of Lust. The hand of Sin has here so cunningly wrought that the unregenerate heart of man cannot withstand the lure-call of this crowning social evil.

We need not look to our world legislative bodies for a cure for this frightful evil. Passion sits, proud and dictatorial, on the high seats of power. Almost within the shadows of the White House lie squares of

vice fields safely nestling under the broad wing of executive tolerance. The original White Slave Trade center of this country, New York, although in moral corruption it stinks to Heaven, distributes its chattels with no noticeable government check to its nefarious business.

Corrupt Officials and Sleeping Churches.

The Octopus on the Lake we have illustrated especially for this work tells the story of official tolerance in Chicago. From the mayor down to the lowest policeman the evil is winked at, if we are to believe the persistent rumors and ugly reports of the press and behold the continued existence and prosperity of The Traffic. If we were to climb to the topmost rear window of the high-steepled churches encircling the Twenty-second Street Red Light District of Chicago we could almost spit on the low, lewd sheds of shame that thrive in their shadows. With all these years of "fuss and feathers" they have accomplished scarcely anything. Some one has said, the only way to rid the city of the District is to blow it up and then burn the hole out with kerosene.

But the nominal church thinks not so. She falsely argues that if segregated vice were rooted out our wives and daughters would be in peril. Besides, some

of her members have large "interests" there. To kill segregated vice means the loss of heavy monthly brothel rentals, which would mean a loss to the church treasury, which would mean a loss in salary, which would mean—God only knows what! So she simpers and smiles in her vestry robes and silken attire, sits back in her pew and sings:

"Rescue the perishing;
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save."

But she goes not where the "erring" and "fallen" and "perishing" and "dying" are—lest she be defiled. We declare if the Church is powerless to save the harlot and to wipe this evil from history's page, then we despair of legislation ever doing it. Law, with one eye awink and the other on bribes, has grappled (?) with the vexatious problem for six thousand years, and failed. *But grace cannot fail!* If, then, we see the colossal failure of the nominal church in the continued prosperity of The Traffic, we pertinently ask, Have the Chicago churches on hand this necessary commodity called grace? Step from their back doors, where the echo of the song has scarcely

died, into the Red Light District and you have the answer.

A Gypsy Smith March Needed.

We are not in sympathy with a corrupt officialdom, but until the Church moves out from her lethargy it is useless to cry out against corrupt political government. "People who live in glass houses must not throw stones" is applicable to her until she as a body, with flashing eye and fire-baptized zeal marches into the Red Light Districts and drives the nefarious trafficker in girls back to the gates of Hell.

Josie Washburn, for twenty years an inmate or a matron of a public house, says in her new book, "*The Underworld Sewer*" : "If the minister had been led for a few generations to devote so much energy to prevent boys from growing wild oats, and teaching men to protect and respect women, as he has been in assisting the politician, thousands of souls would have been saved from the yawning abyss of the underworld. While I may seem to say harsh things of the preachers, I respect them, and I hope that I may not be misunderstood, for I believe that they are good men, as a rule, do good work, *but they must be jarred loose from the usual way of treating the social evil,*"

The Demoniac's Cry.

The world is not half awake to the enormity of sin. Reformers lose sight of the *cause* of all our immoral conditions. Sin cannot be cajoled into good behavior. It cannot be legislated out of the heart. It is in the blood. It laughs at soft speeches and evades and breaks the law. When Christ comes on the scene, like the demoniac of old, it cries: "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth!" Only when Cure meets *cause* do we see results.

Our heralded newspaper philanthropies are much like the platitudes of the hireling who has one eye on his brothel-renting crowd and the other on his salary. Their boosted philanthropists are of like ilk. The great "foundation" schemes to sweep squalor and want from our shores forever are but the spasmodic awakenings of a guilty conscience within sound of the Judgment rumblings. The pale-faced sons of Toil, weltering in their crimson life-tides under the ping of the strike-breaker's bullet, pass in ghostly array before these finance kings, and they hasten to bribe the slumbering wrath of God by founding public beneficiaries with their ill-gotten millions.

Nay, the unregenerate heart of man serves sin whether it be the harlot on the Levee or the lady in her castle; whether it be the thug in the District or

The World Asleep in the Arms of Sin.

All unaware of pending dread alarms
The World sleeps calmly in the Sin-Beast's arms.

the Stanford White of Uppertendom; whether it be the red-nosed barrel house bum on Madison Street or the diamond sporting nabob rolling softly down Michigan Avenue in his red sixty-horse touring car.

A Five-Inch God.

The following sad incident, clipped from the *Chicago Examiner* of April 21, 1910, will show that men will not give up their darling god of sin even as they totter on the brink of the tomb:

"For nearly a year Mr.——— has been suffering from a lifelong overindulgence in tobacco. Just before he sailed away to ——— last Fall, * * * he was interviewed in his ——— home, and complained wistfully that his cigar allowance had been cut.

" 'I have tobacco heart, the doctors tell me,' he said. 'Here,' extending a frayed cigar, 'is the third of the four smokes they let me have each day. And it's only two o'clock in the afternoon! And for years I've had forty a day! I'd like to sit here forever and smoke and smoke.'

"Yet, knowing that tobacco was the cause of his trouble, he drew a cigar from its case with a sort of defiant air, stroked it, and said:

" 'This is the best friend I have left.'

"Since then, according to the reports from ———,

he has been growing gradually weaker—and realizing it, he has set about the task of winding up his affairs."

Here we have a poor man about to exchange worlds by the process of slow suicide by poison; viz., tobacco. He *knows* it is causing his death. The blue vapors of his cigar mingle with the approaching mists of dissolution, yet he holds his sin-idol tightly between his ashen lips and speaks not one word of preparing for the Judgment. As the coffin lid is about to close upon his last bright shaft of humor he strokes the filthy weed affectionately and declares it is *the best friend he has left.* Not one word about the Friend of Sinners. Not a single effort to wind up his affairs for the world of eternal verities. Is this the testimony of a saint? Even now as we write the newsboys cry his death on the streets.

A Newspaper Heaven.

"In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be" implies that as we have lived here, so shall we spend eternity. God deliver the writer from going to a heaven where ignorance or prejudice or policy forces the newspaper to send many of the great men of earth! We ask the reader's pardon for our seeming sacrilege when we imagine Grim Humor sitting near

the Great White Throne calmly blowing the smoke of forty fragrant Havanas into the face of God Almighty. Imagine, if you can, the snowy white wings of the angels and the blood-washed robes of the redeemed saturated with the stench of forty cigars?

Gather from Uppertendom the renowned of earth and place them in the upper seats of the Glory World. Bring into the select circle a sprinkling of earth's smoothest financiers and set their mighty genius to work on cornering the planetary systems. A little lower than the angels (who have by this time been inoculated with this spirit), laurel-crowned by Mammon, the crew grown rich from saloon and brothel receipts comes crowding up the golden stairs. Through the open mansion windows of these elect inhabitants float long, faint, filmy blue lines of tobacco smoke from forty fragrant Havanas, and this heaven grows yet more idealistic. Do you catch a glimpse of what such a heaven would be? Let us be scriptural and call it Hell.

On Bed Bug Row.

We are trying to describe sin in its various phases. We now turn more directly to our subject. The writhing Vice Monster you see stretching its deadly tentacles over the city of Chicago is another phase of per-

sonified sin. We have walked down the Pariah Districts on the Levee where this monster fattens on the bodies and souls of our girls and boys to see sin in its more hideous forms. We have seen the painted pariahs solicit the long night through. We have heard her amorous tap on the lace-hung window pane as we passed by and have felt the indescribably sickening horror of Hell clutch our heart. We have seen the beautiful lust-clad dove in scant attire recline in careless pose on crimson divan in luxurious glass-walled apartments waiting the coming of her false paramours.

From cut-glass goblet or silver chalice she sips her death-nectar to-night and, perhaps, to-morrow night, and then, first gradually, then rapidly she moves down the line of shame-stalls until she reaches the dollar joint on Bed Bug Row. The "Painted Beauty" spends only a short time here, for Hell is in a hurry. Its tug-ropes pull hard now on her drifting barque.

Stale Beer and Cheap Cigarettes

In a room foul with cheap cigarette smoke, stale beer and fetid odors she lolls on frayed and crumpled pillows piled on worn and fourth-rate furnishings—a sight to make the heart grow sick. Dead now, generally, to the whisper of Hope and the voice of Desire

On the Line.

Behold the skulking men with lust-mad brain,
The harlot tapping on the window pane.

for better days, she sells disease and death to the "wandering boys" swarming the Levee all the night long.

Beer, cigarettes, cocaine, morphine and mad passion have burned out the last vestige of womanhood and we see before us a being lower than the brute. As our band bids them goodnight her blear eyes peer after us through the solid clouds of cigarette smoke, and she answers wearily, "Goodnight!" The door swings back on its wearing hinge when a wheezing laugh, fiendlike and low, like the wheeze of a disabled engine, follows us, and we know that her lungs, like the flues of the engine, are burned out. The Great White Plague has taken up its abode in her hollow chest.

Nellie Darling and Saintly Schemer.

A few weeks more and we stand in the morgue. Before us on a marble slab, still in her scant attire, lies the dead harlot—the poor child for whom Jesus died. They found her in her squalid quarters, in one hand a half-burnt cigarette, in the other an empty wrapper labeled "Laudanum." *Sin brought her there.* As we turn away the recording angel busily writes in a large volume the following startling charge: "Nellie Darling, one of the sweetest women God ever made, was

led astray by Saintly Schemer, member of Boulevard Square Temple. She might have been reached later by an aggressive church whose slogan was, "Holiness unto the Lord!" but for fear that she might be defiled, she drew her saintly robes aside, sat complacently back in her pew and sang, "Rescue the perishing." It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of Judgment than for—but a woman's scream in the District disturbed our meditations.

CHAPTER II.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

"The White Slave Traffic is a system—a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Ocean, with 'clearing houses' or 'distributing centers' in nearly all of the larger cities; that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is fifteen dollars, and that the selling price is generally about two hundred dollars—if the girl is especially attractive, the White Slave dealer may be able to sell her for four hundred or six hundred dollars; that this syndicate did not make less than two hundred thousand dollars last year in this almost unthinkable commerce; that it is a definite organization, sending its hunters regularly to scour France, Germany, Hungaria, Italy and Canada for victims; that the man at the head of this unthinkable enterprise is known among his hunters as 'The Big Chief.' "

The above we quote from a pamphlet written some time ago. It is the utterance of Hon. Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney, Chicago. While the same has been discovered and uttered by others, his

words lend agreement and weight to this now generally acknowledged truth. Upon the heels of this astonishing condition of things in the United States of America comes the following clipped from a Chicago daily:

Jury Agent Buys Four Girls.

"New York, April 29.—[Special.]—The grand jury investigating the so-called White Slave traffic has found that not only do the conditions described in magazine articles exist, but that a grand jury representative, James B. Reynolds, through women agents, has been able actually to purchase four Slaves, two of whom are mere girls. Three arrests were made today as a result and another arrest is expected tomorrow.

"Harry Levinson, who trafficked in girls on the east side, and Belle Moore, a negress, who sold white girls on the west side, are the principals. Aleck Anderson, a negro employed in the Union café in Broadway, near Fortieth street, also was arrested. Levinson was held in $10,000 bail.

"The girls purchased are all under 18 years of age. Two of them appear much younger than that.

Accident Spoils One Sale.

"The agents of Mr. Reynolds had negotiated for one girl only eleven years old, but when the time

came for her to be delivered, they were told she had fallen down, breaking a leg.

"District Attorney Whitman said to-night that it would have been an easy matter for the agents to have bought many more girls had not they insisted on having exceedingly young ones.

"The women who did most of the work relating to the purchases are college graduates. One of them is from Radcliffe and the other from Smith.

"They had little trouble after they once had their plans laid out, but they had to do considerable traveling. To the dealers they represented themselves as keepers of disorderly houses in Alaska and Seattle.

"Mr. Reynolds told this about two of the girls purchased: One of them when taken in charge by the agents asked if she might be permitted to bring along her doll, and another said she had been taken so hurriedly from a house where she had been detained since last September that she had left her Teddy bear.

Whitman Makes Statement.

"District Attorney Williams said tonight:

" 'Our agents were represented as purchasers of girls. Friendly and confidential relations were established with some of the most influential procurers and dealers. By these means valuable first hand in-

formation was obtained regarding the White Slave Trade. The agents were told the prices paid for girls, the methods employed in the business, and in some cases the corrupt relations existing between the traders and certain police officials.

" 'Trading during the present winter was described as exceptionally light on account of general alarm caused by the sitting of the White Slave grand jury. One large dealer told the agents that although two years ago he could have sold them all the girls they wanted at $5 or $10 apiece, he would not risk selling one now for $1,000. I do not care to say at this time just what price was paid for the four girls, but it was a substantial sum in each case.' "

To corroborate that the Traffic is on the track of our daughters, we continue to quote from sources that make it unquestionably certain that we are in the grip of a vice system so well organized that its machinery moves with the regularity of clock work. It is so well shielded and coddled by political tolerance that it seems we are at its mercy. The following wail comes from Omaha through *The Mediator*. It should wake up a sleeping, disbelieving or tolerant public:

"Madam" Martin and the "Gentlemen" of Omaha.

"The announcement from Washington that President Taft will include in his coming message to con-

gress a recommendation for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic makes us smile.

"The chances are that the remedies suggested by the president will be along the lines of the non-effective campaigns being spasmodically inaugurated by well meaning but misguided reformers over the entire country. It is all very well to go after the panderer who lives off the earnings of his Slave in a life of shame, but few if any of these human parasites ever get a sufficiently heavy jail or penitentiary sentence to strike a telling blow at the industry.

How to Crimp the Traffic.

"*The Mediator* feels called upon to suggest that the real way to crimp the traffic is to go after the brewers who control the sale of intoxicants in the houses of ill-repute and then to turn their attention to the landlord, who as owner or agent of the properties in which the prostitutes are housed waxes fat off exorbitant rentals and the revenues of related places of business which he compels his tenants to patronize.

"These landlords are very easily reached if the police department or the reformers will go to work along practical lines.

King of the Red Light.

"The case of M. F. Martin, philanthropist, king of the Red Light, etc., etc., is called to mind. A year ago a campaign against the White Slave Traffic was inaugurated, but did anyone hear of this man Martin being severely punished? Then later this summer Isadore Zeigler on behalf of the Jewish societies prosecuted a few of the pimps and caused a few more to leave town, but while all the hue and cry was on, what was done to Martin?

"It is true that Martin's cribs were closed up, but only temporarily, for the captain of the White Slave Industry immediately proceeded to improve the properties by adding another story and doubling their capacity, and many of them again are thriving as more refined establishments of prostitution.

"This man Martin, who donates to charity, and sometimes to the police relief funds, is a stench in the nostrils of decent people.

Disgrace to the Fair Name of Omaha.

"By decent people *The Mediator* does not mean prominent business men, or large property owners who may be members of one or more of the several country clubs, and who at the same time are using Martin as an agent for their properties in the lower

part of town. We mean those persons who on general principles are opposed to the immoral traffic even if it reduces the income from their property.

"It is a disgrace to the fair name of Omaha and a blot upon the character of the community that such men as Martin are permitted to exist within the commonwealth.

A Type of Blood Suckers.

"We desire to call the attention of the several civic leagues, charitable associations, church societies and others engaged in the work of suppressing the White Slave Traffic the case of this man Martin. If it is desired to break up the industry of enticing young girls into lives of shame, the surest way is to start in on the blood-suckers of this type.

"*The Mediator* is willing, and even anxious, to assist in any such crusade, not only against Martin, but also against the property owners whom he represents. Again, we suggest that the surest way to eradicate the evil is to prosecute the king of the blood-suckers and to investigate the elite for whom he acts as agent."

The same old story of official tolerance and church inactivity is again brought to the fore and the same consequent conditions prevail. It seems Omaha is blessed (?) with the same kind of city government

as is Chicago. The quotation shows, however, that the Traffic in Girls exists. The disgrace brought upon a city by such a course as charged by *The Mediator* is keenly felt by all her clean people. Strange as it may seem, the high hand of corrupt rule forces this foul thing upon her liberty loving citizens.

Sin seems to have the upper hand now, but we take courage; we know that our blessed Lord will some sweet day close this awful reign of sin. As we pass through the vice haunts of Chicago, we think of the glorious change our coming King will usher in and we rejoice that then, if not before, this awful traffic in our daughters shall cease.

To show again that the Traffic in Girls is not simply the exaggerated conception of a few, and that the saloon and the brothel are inseparably linked together, we quote an editorial from *The National Prohibitionist* of January 28, 1909:

The Traffic in Girls.

"Now will you fight? Will you rise and with all the might of your manhood and your citizenship smite the liquor traffic and all the corrupt powers of Hell that are allied with it and with it arrayed against the homes of the American people? Will you?

"If any man can read the series of articles upon

the White Slave Trade, which begin on the first page of this paper, and not feel himself compelled to swear war to the death against the colossal system of shame and crime of which this unspeakable infamy is a part, we are at a loss to understand what manner of man he is.

Saloon Evils Touch to the Quick.

"The saloon, the most obvious form of the liquor traffic, has inflicted its evils upon us so long that it is with difficulty, perhaps, that some of us appreciate what society would be without its curse. Our normal state of social life has so long been far from healthy that, like the victims of some insidious disease, we fail to recognize our real condition. But here the same vile power that has inflicted the saloon's evils upon us touches us at an uncalloused spot, and touches to the quick.

"Perhaps we have grown used to the butchery of our boys. Perhaps we can look into the upturned faces of youths in whom there is the possibility of divine manhood and know that, with unfailing certainty, if the saloon be allowed to continue its corrupting work, a certain large percentage of them will live drunkards' lives and fill drunkards' graves, to the anguish of their loved ones and their own ever-

lasting shame and ruin, and still be unmoved to action.

Twentieth Century Vice Sodoms.

"But is it possible that we can look at the sweet and innocent girls of our homes and know that the same power which gives us the saloon, the same vile greed for dirty gold, the same organized political corruption, the same conniving old party officials—that these are allowing to exist and operate an organized Slave Traffic to steal those pure creatures for instruments of vice in the Sodoms of our twentieth century civilization, to drag the white lilies and the fair roses of our homes as harlots through the reeking sewers of our rotting cities—can we know this and not spring to arms as one man?

"If we can sit silent and content, or if we can restrain ourselves to 'moderate' protest, in the face of such facts as these, are we men? Are we not rather, slugs and worms?

A Call for Revolution.

"If the political system which has been built up in this country were a thousand times more wonderful than it is, had it to its credit innumerably more achievements of greatness than it has, were its states-

men flawless in every other particular, were there no other blot or mar on all its structure, were there not one other point at which just criticism could be urged against it, yet did this one infamy exist, this protected Slave Traffic alone were—*is* a call for revolution that will sweep clean the places of power from the Capitol and the White House at Washington down to the pettiest police station where corruption and tyranny rule the whole land through.

"We say it again, if our government were immaculately clean, if the fraud and crime that disgrace us in governmental places, high and low, had no existence, the Traffic in Girl Slaves, fostered and abetted by the officeholders who have been placed in power by the Republican and Democratic parties, were alone enough to call down the damnation of God through the arms and votes of honest citizens upon our whole political system.

American Liquor and Girl Traffic.

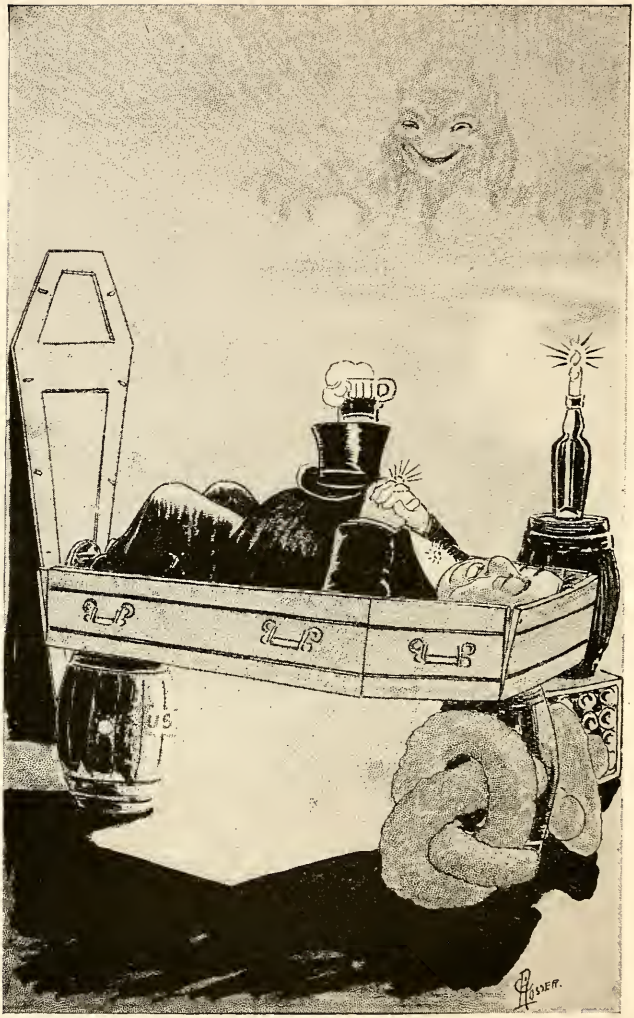
"If it is hard for you to appreciate all this in the abstract, let your thoughts come nearer home. When people have asked you in the past if you were not afraid that your boys, your own sons or grandsons, might become drunkards, you have sobered a little, but felt sure that you could protect them by home

surroundings and education. Now we ask you, What about your girls? Are you fools enough to believe that any home surroundings or any education can certainly protect them from the Slave Drivers of Hell?

"Isn't it time for you to join the revolution against the American liquor traffic and the American Girl Traffic, against the government owned thereby, against all the powers of darkness that are allied with them?

They Are Preying for You.

"Let us not obscure the subject with words of general meaning; let us make the matter very plain. When it is true that both the Democratic and the Republican parties, by platform utterances and platform silence, by evil laws enacted and needed laws neglected, by maladministration and the ignoring of notorious infamies from the White House down to the police station, have supported and are today supporting the traffic in drink and the Traffic in Girls, isn't it time for you, not only to be or become a voter of the Prohibition ticket, but to become a 'red-hot partizan' of the Prohibition party, employing every power at your command to drive out of office the *corrupt powers that prey,* and put the Prohibition party in control of the government?



The Bier that Made Milwaukee (In)famous.

Ho! see the Brewer on his *bier*, and—well,
Milwaukee *beer* has sent his soul to Hell.

"In the name of American girls, slave and yet free, we ask you: *Will you fight now?*"

This editorial, of course, lays the blame almost altogether at the door of the saloon. We wish to say, however, that even the Prohibition party will fail if it will not supremely honor CHRIST, THE HOPE OF HUMANITY. We know it is a fact that wine and women figure together in this affair; that the saloon and the brothel are evil twins of vice, the one leaning on the other. In one of our recent West Side slum tours in Chicago, we saw this strikingly demonstrated. The chief of police had issued orders that no intoxicants must be sold nor served in the lewd resorts after May 1, 1910. In former visits "booze" was always in evidence and the "girls" in consequence were shockingly boisterous, boldly unchaste and inapproachable.

On this particular night when intoxicants had been ruled out they sat, almost invariably, quietly bending over a piece of fancy work. It seemed the spirit of the District had gone out of them. When approached on the subject of home, mother and Heaven, the serious face and downcast eye evidenced sane and solemn reflection. O that the Church would rouse and rise to her privilege! How we long to see her drive the saloon and the brothel from our fair land. Where all other methods have failed, she can not fail.

Full Salvation the Absolute Cure.

The writer cares little how the liquor problem is settled; whether through a party or some other way. He votes as he prays; viz., for its absolute prohibition. However, the *only* hope of its complete destruction lies in CHRIST, THE HOPE OF HUMANITY. We have no trouble with the man or woman who has been first soundly and scripturally converted and then, subsequently, sanctified wholly. When Jesus changes the human heart, there is no more trouble with wine and women—with booze and lust. When the love-stroke of His power falls on the slave of sin the clanking chains of habit and desire are riven and we may turn the freed soul loose along miles of saloons and sections of Red Light resorts. He will pass them all without a falter in his step or a single evil impulse in his heart. We love to exalt our Christ. He is the Cure for the *cause*.

Original

BREAD OR BEER? WHICH?

Three beers a day for one whole year!—
Brother, please let me have your ear!

Let's see what this snug sum would buy,
Kind friend and careless passerby:

One barrel of flour, four twelve pound hams,
Ten quarts of beans, one bushel of yams.

Potatoes we have some bushels three,
And soap, one hundred bars, I see.

Crackers, corn starch, each twenty pounds,
Help to make up these victual rounds.

Then macaroni tubes, and rice—
Ten pounds of each at standard price.

Prunes and raisins, and coffee, too—
Ten pounds of each, and not yet through.

Three twelve pound turkeys, young and good,
Make up this grand supply of food.

Cranberries, of course, with turkeys go—
Five quarts, the finest kind that grow.

Then oranges from Florida—
Four dozen on a silver tray.

Ten pounds mixed candy, rich and sweet,
This round of food supplies complete.

Four barrels *full*! and yet there's more,
For, as the last one we explore,

We find a purse with pockets two,
And each contains a treasure true.

In one five dollars—gold piece here—
Marked, "A new dress for mother dear."

"Shoes for the children," thus 'tis wrote,
Wrapped round a new ten dollar note.

Three beers a day for one whole year!—
Brother, please let me have your ear!

Figure it up. Which shall it be?
Beer? or the list of things you see?

Original

A DRUNKARD'S HERITAGE

I

A leaning shanty to cover his head,
A three legged stool and a creaking bed.

A cupboard empty of things to eat,
A dull red gleam on a Roman beak.

A crazy chair with a broken back,
A window pane out filled in with a sack.

A clock with the hands taken off to pawn,
A bony old hound with a lazy yawn.

A floor without carpets or rugs or mats,
A musty old attic for owls and bats.

A "Home, Sweet Home" motto upside down,
A "Little Brown Jug" just brought from town.

A drunken orgie "with a friend or two,"
A hole in the floor where the rats come through.

A time worn trunk without hinge or lock,
A rusty old gun with a broken stock.

A home where you hear no joyous sound:
A home where a thousand woes abound.

A home where grim Want holds sovereign sway,
A home where the Spoiler works sure decay.

II

A faded woman sad vigil keeps,
A nameless dread through her senses creeps.

A shuffle and fumbling at the door,
A gleam in his eye not seen before.

A drunken madman—Ha! snakes and toads!
A thousand demons with fiery goads.

A frightened child at its mother's knee,
A Hell on earth for the luckless three.

A dread commotion, a frightful scream,
A blow and thud—would God 'twere a dream!

A hatchet dripping with human gore,
A murdered wife on the oaken floor.

A frothing demon in human form,
A bed all rumpled and tossed and torn.

A fitful slumber, then half awake,
A burning thirst naught but rum can slake.

A shambling forth from his work of death,
A blear eyed mortal with panting breath.

A yard where the weeds and thistles grow,
A path leading down to the depths of woe.

III

A low saloon and a drunken brawl,
A glint of steel and a sick'ning fall.

A jail, a judge, and a jury box,
A "guilty" verdict his sad soul mocks.

A rope and a scaffold, a long black cap,
A hangman who springs the gallows trap.

A cheap pine coffin of rudest make,
A mound of earth, at his head a stake.

A scene of horror no pen can tell—
Another drunkard has gone to Hell!

CHAPTER III.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE (CONCLUDED).

The brothel is inseparably linked to the rum-curse. The former could not exist in its vaunting form unless bolstered up by the intoxicating brews of Perdition. The "Family Entrance" and the rear wine room of the saloon are feeders for the lust mills farther down the line. Here the girl is lured and ruined and then flung into the foul embrace of Madam Passion in the Scarlet House on the Levee. God pity the poor drunkard reeling down the line of sin. No drunkard will ever reel over the gold paved streets of Heaven. No drunkard's song shall rasp in ribald discord where the love-lutes of the redeemed strike harmonious measure.

That men should engage in the buying and selling of women in this "enlightened age" shows the deplorable depths into which sin will drag them. That a man (?) should take from our home our fair daughter and sell her for fifteen or twenty dollars to the Madam on the Levee will scarcely be believed by the uninformed; but it is even so. The horror of such

a living death almost makes one reel with madness. Let us draw the picture, if we can.

Meadows and Babbling Brooks.

It is a beautiful morning in May. A few filmy clouds scurry across the sky after their fast disappearing mates. A soft South wind blows across the meadows where cattle and sheep graze contentedly on the banks of a babbling brook. Along the white gravel road winding to the village, drawn by two gentle ponies, a young girl about eighteen years old is leisurely driving to market in the handy-wagon. After the butter and eggs have been exchanged for groceries, she stops at the Post Office for the "mail," which consists of a few letters from distant relatives, several advertisements from the village merchants, and two or three newspapers.

After the evening work is "done up," the papers are looked through. A certain advertisement for "Girls Wanted—easy work and good pay" attracts the eye of the young girl. Naturally ambitious to make her own way, the "add" holds for her unusual attractions. For days the matter is talked over between herself and her mother, until finally a letter is written. A return reply holds out an even more flattering proposition.

The beautiful green of the far rolling meadow, the music of the brawling brook and the quaint old farmstead have suddenly lost their charms. The city with its smoking chimneys, roaring traffic and blinding pleasure accelerates the fever-tides of desire, and she plans for this easy, money-making position.

The Father's Forebodings.

Again the ponies draw the spring wagon over the white winding road to the village. Beside her sits father, his face betraying a not altogether pleased expression; but the daughter's glowing description of what she means to do enlivens the drooping spirits of the man. The cattle and sheep grazing on the banks of the murmuring stream occasionally look up as they pass, contentedly chewing their cud, and the lambs gambol over the sun-kissed slopes of the meadow; but the girl sees no beauty in all this now. She pants for the city's rush and roar and pleasure.

The ponies are tied near the station and father helps her out. Then he pulls the little leather bound trunk from the wagon and sets it tenderly down on the depot platform. Together they hasten into the office where he buys the ticket for her to the city. The half hour wait seems all too short for the man, but the gay little thing at his side is eager to be off.

At last the whistle of the train is heard and soon it shoots around the curve. "All aboard!" shouts the conductor. A hasty kiss, a last loving embrace, and she is off for the place of her dreams.

The Empty Home.

As the last coach swings around the yonder bend the strong man wipes his eyes with his blue bandanna handkerchief, heaves a great sigh and turns slowly to his empty road wagon. With a heavy heart he climbs into the seat and turns the ponies' heads homeward. Home! O how empty will it be now since she, the light of the home, is gone. For him, too, the meadows have lost their greenness, the lambs gambol unnoticed on the lea and the brook sighs and murmurs in unison with his saddened spirits to the sea.

While father unhitches the ponies old dog Tray comes limping sadly through the half-swung gate, in his kindly eye an enquiring look. Mother now hurries up to see just how she got off on her journey. Then the man with downcast head leads the ponies to the barn, mother returns to the house, and in a trembling voice says, "Come, Tray, old fellow! she is gone. We will miss her so, won't we?" The faithful dog wags his bushy tail, as though saying, "Yes, it's true! we shall miss her so!"

The Last Farewell.

With breaking heart he bids his child farewell
Enroute to languish in a living hell.

Nearing the Toils.

A heart beating high with hope speeds toward the "easy position." The click of the wheels on the rail ends are sweet music to her as she hurries along. Soon she will be where she can earn something so she can "help the folks at home." Her vivid imagination hangs beautiful pictures on the galleries of the Future. Mother must have help and father must not work so hard in his declining years. The rosy bow of promise hung low on the distant horizon of her future.

A long blast and they near a suburban station. Here the Parmelee baggage men board the train, loudly calling, "Baggage Checked!" In a little while tall chimneys shoot by her window, and the smell of the Lake is borne to her on the wings of the East wind. The rattle and roar of the city grows louder and more confusing. A little trembling seizes her, but she must be brave now—for their sake.

The Large Apartment House.

At last. She crowds out with the hurrying throng and finds herself in one of the city's large depots. With satchel in hand she walks timidly along the long line of cabs, thoroughly confused by the shouts and noises incident to an incoming train. "Cab! cab! any part of the city!" call the line of men. Unused

to the ways of the world, honest to the core and believing all others so, she timidly approaches a cab man, shows him the "add" and asks to be taken to its address. With a queer look on his face, unnoticed by her, he hands her into the cab, slams to the door, and drives, and drives, and drives—until he stops before a respectable looking apartment house on——.

Shall we draw the curtain and proceed no farther? No! let us follow her through. She has been kindly received and told to wait in her room and rest until later, when arrangements will be made as per the "add." She waits for some time when suddenly the door opens and she is confronted by a well-dressed stranger. Instinctively she draws away from his advances. A nameless fear clutches her heart. The words and actions of the man make her shrink back with terror into the farthermost corner of the room. While father and mother, with old dog Tray under the table, are eating their lonely evening meal on the dear old farmstead, God pity the daughter in the clutches of the White Slave Trader.

A Dozen Painted Beauties.

Come with me now on a slumming tour. We pass down the line of shame stalls, stop before one and ring the bell. The door swings open and we see al-

The Cab Route.

A pander from the Madam's low retreat
Makes ruin of our Innocence complete.

most a dozen "painted beauties" seated on crimson tufted divans. Brush the blue smoke of a dozen cigarettes aside and, through the fetid odors of stale beer, ribald song and lewd-flung jest, see the girl of the ponies, meadows, brawling brook and the far away farmstead.

The pallor of death is rouged red on her hollow cheek. The slender fingers twirl a half-burnt cigarette. By her side sits a being custom demands we call a man. He is about fifty years of age, with the leer of lust and foul whiskey in this bloodshot eye. A loose fitting coat, frayed at the seams and daubed with street filth from his last drunken roll in the gutter covers his leathery anatomy. A frazzle of gray beard adds to the general unkemptness of this Red Light habitue.

A Vision of "Home, Sweet Home."

See him now as he leers at her of the farmstead. An instinctive tremor of dread creeps over her already outraged womanhood that shows in loathing on the still fair features of the soiled dove shrinking back in the shadows. A significant look from the watchful Madam spurs her to "business" activity.

The lewd loveless lout leering at her side drags her still deeper into the depths and—then a picture

of old dog Tray, the parting at the farmstead and the drooping figure on the depot platform flashes before her tear-dimmed vision. As she lies on her couch of shame after the night-orgies are over the music of the babbling brook steals softly down the halls of memory and she longs for "Home, Sweet Home."

The Sad Sequel.

We see before us a room filled with narrow white beds upon which recline the White Slaves of the Red Light District in the last stages of their miserable existence. Upon one of these, with hectic flush on her sunken cheek and hollow chest laboring for breath, lies stretched and still the victim of our picture. A tear steals down her fever flushed cheek and she murmurs incoherent words of childhood days. In memory she romps again over the greensward and through woodland glades of care free youth. The music of the singing brook mingles with her long drawn sigh, and now she cries softly to herself. Mothers, fathers, look upon this picture of a common occurrence and then ask God to finish this frightful thing that lies across our city without a single law in its favor.

Her fingers work nervously with the bed clothes. Then she babbles of evening lullabys and sweet goodnights in the home-nest where the flickering twilight

The Lonely Parents.

Where twilight shadows fall at close of day
The lonely, grief-torn parents kneel to pray.

shadows play. Poor child! An ashen hue creeps up from the valley of death and lays its filmy mist over her sin-seamed features. Suddenly the white slender fingers clutch at some hope of support in the hour of dissolution and then the mists thicken. A slow sickening thrill and a shivering of her wasted frame and her soul trails out into the Great Unknown.

The farmstead lonely days drag by and no news comes from the absent one. Enquiries reveal no trace of the lost one. The weeks drag into months, and the months into years; but she who bade them a merry goodby that beautiful May morning sleeps in an unknown grave in the potter's field. Mother's tottering steps grow feebler fast and father's doubtful expression of the morning ride has given place to a wistful far away look; but she for whom they watch and wait will never return. The beautiful rose that shed its rich fragrance through their humble home lies crushed beneath the iron heel of the White Slave Trader.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW FACTS AND INCONSISTENCIES.

"The evening sun went down in a broad sea of light, and even after it had sunk below the purple horizon, flashed back a flood of tremulous rose-colored radiance, which, taken up by a thousand filmy clouds, made the whole sky above like a glowing tent of ethereal brightness. The shadows of the forest aisles were pierced by the rose-colored rays; and, as they gradually faded, star after star twinkled out, and a broad moon, ample and round, rose in the purple zone of the sky.

"A large fire had been made in a cleared spot, and smouldering fragments and brands were lying among the white ashes. One or two horses were tied to a neighboring tree, and wagons were drawn up by them. Around the fire, in different groups, lay about fifteen men and women, with heavy iron shackles on their feet, asleep in the moonlight. At a little distance from the group, and near to one of the wagons, a blanket was spread down on the ground under a tree, on which lay a young girl of seventeen, tossing and moaning in a disturbed stupor. A respectable-looking mulatto

Dearborn Street, Chicago Levee.

Here gilded vice in "segregated" wards
Takes patronage from Uppertendom's lords.

woman was sitting beside her with a gourd full of water, with which from time to time she moistened the young girl's forehead. The woman rose as the trader came up."

The Slave Coffle of the Trader.

The reader will recognize the above as a quotation from Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Dred.* The slave-coffle of the trader is brought back from the years of memory and we see again the nefarious system in full swing. But just a few years after these words were written by Mrs. Stowe the thunder of artillery shook the foundations of the unscriptural structure and a million men and women were made free. The kindly earth drank up the crimson life-tides of the Blue and the Gray, and the passing years have healed the wound and we are brothers again.

Under the shadows of the dear old flag has sprung into existence a slavery that to-day outrivals in cunning and cruelty that of the Black Slave Master; viz., the White Slave trade. It reaches from shore to shore and counts its victims by multiplied thousands. Abetted by corrupt politicians, aided by lust-dealing individuals and tolerated by a too long slumbering Church, the vice moves forward unchecked from conquest to conquest.

A Light or a Policeman.

The writer once heard a lecturer say that a good light in a dangerous quarter was worth more than fifty policemen. We can see how much he prized light and how little confidence he had in an officer of the law. This applies to the Red Light District. They hate real Gospel light there more than they do the police. We are told that there is not on our statute books a single law legalizing the demoralizing, the prostitution section of Chicago. And yet we see the bluecoats change corners and shift tired positions from one foot to the other in the District with the vice machinery in full operation twenty-four hours in the day.

A Pair of Bi-Focal Glasses.

When the chief of police was approached concerning the Red Light District, he said: "Wait! I'll show you what I'll do finally!" When the mayor was marched upon by the good women of our city he, too, fenced for time, and said, in substance: "Wait! I'll appoint a committee to investigate conditions down there!" We have patiently waited, but for some strange, unexplained reason they have done nothing to change conditions. Both the mayor and the chief of police know exactly what the conditions are and what the people of clean morals want, but vice goes

Vice in the Arms of Law.

See weak Law chambered with the Jade of Vice,
Taking the System's blood-stained tribute-price.

on under official tolerance. The Octopus on the Lake describes the vice condition of Chicago. There is no one better equipped to kill this vice monster than the mayor and his police force. Why does not he do it? Echo answers, W-h-y?

The officer who would do his duty but dare not because of the man "higher up," has our sympathy. One does not need to put on a pair of bi-focal glasses to see that the near and the far men are very closely allied in their decision to let present vice conditions continue. Rumor says some hard things. A watchful eye discovers more. The Madams declare they are patronized by politicians, policemen, and even preachers. In this city a prominent divine (!) was trailed in a cab to a respectable (?) resort on the Levee.

Dame Rumor Abroad.

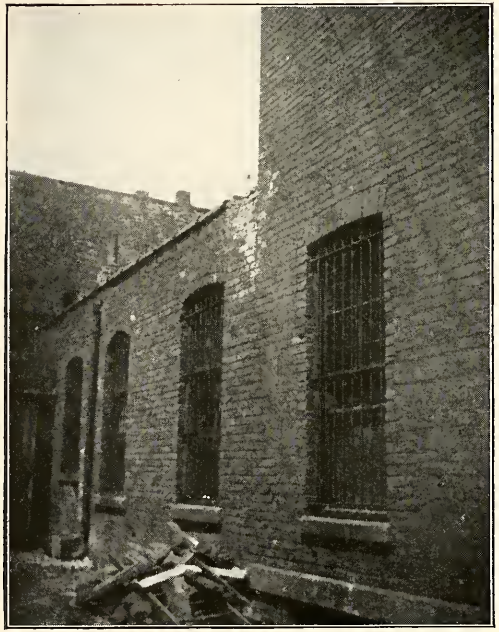
Let us once for all understand that *sin* lies at the bottom of it all. We need not be surprised that officials who lay no particular claims to saintliness should wink at Lust. Neither need we grow pale when Dame Rumor declares that a prominent preacher rolls down the Levee to meet his amorous loves. It is in the heart; in the blood.

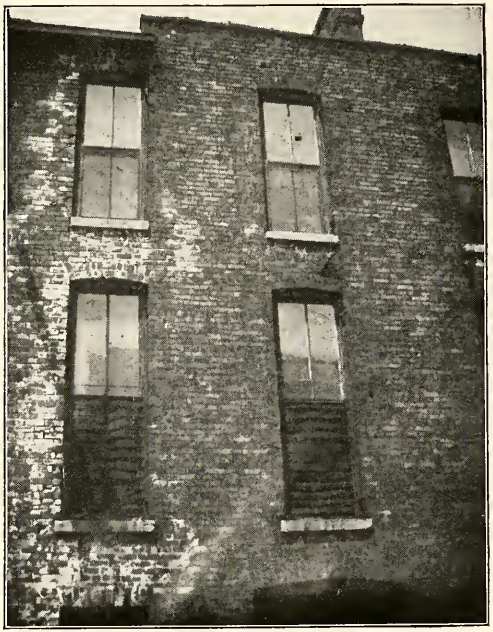
In our first chapter we charge the nominal church with a greater sin of negligence than the non-profes-

sing city officials. Both are to blame for our present frightful vice conditions. If the mayor and his cabinet *wanted* the vice demon chased out of Chicago, he would be chased out in less than twenty-four hours. And if the officials remain inactive, then the Church can drive the demon from our city. How? Get a few drums and flags, and under a Christ-united cry march into these vice sections and beat it into them that they must leave. Keep it up. Swing the Gospel light. Never quit until the "Madams" and "bouncers" and "panderers" and "procurers" and "cadets" and "regulars" and "pimps" see you mean business. When the officials "higher up" see that the Church is determined to root out this evil they will send orders down the line that will remove from this city this illegal curse—the Octopus on the Lake—the Red Light District.

Religion on Parade.

But what shall be done with the poor Slaves who are in the toils of this worse-than-death life? Here is a problem that might tax an angel, but we believe it can be mastered. First, open the prison stall of every girl who is held there against her will. Let the Church who so glibly sings "Rescue the Perishing" now put into practice her song. Here is work indeed for her





Two Barred Levee Dens, Chicago.

The iron bars the law decreed must go
To-day entomb the White Slave in her woe.

to do. These poor girls need to be told that Jesus loves them more than a mother. But, at the same time, do not forget their temporal needs. They are not wanted by respectable (!) people. Will *you* care for them now? Presuming that you have drummed the vice district clear, are you willing now to call her your sister, erring though she may have been? Salvation in action is quite different than religion on dress parade. Provide homes for these poor girls, without so much stressing the "rescue" part of it. When you provide for her physical comforts she will listen to you in spiritual instruction. When the Church gets under this burden as Christ did when He wept over Jerusalem we will be surprised how many of our fallen daughters will be rescued.

Salvation in Action.

We concede there would be some characters whom safety demands should be placed in jail. But even here we must not forget her. She is some mother's child. Some one is weeping for her in the old homestead. Show her that you love her. Do not *pretend.* If you cannot love her, get alone with God somewhere and ask Him to kill you out to your abominable spiritual pride. When you have struck bottom you will

be able to love her even as Christ loved you. This is what the fallen woman wants—real love.

In her book, *The Underworld Sewer*, Josie Washburn, who speaks from years of experience, says: "A kind word spoken to us, a look of sympathy bestowed upon one of us, an act of kindness toward one of us, or a sentence which shows that there is a brighter side to life; such interest expressed by a woman whose soul has not been tarnished, are messages of love that are repeated again and again to associates in the underworld. It does more toward reforming our girls than all the punishment meted out to us, and all the prayers offered up in our favor from the pulpit and the pews.

"We have a high regard for a respectable woman, and if she chance to meet us, and would treat us with such consideration, *she would be cherished as a guardian angel, and in our trials and sorrows, that kind act would remain as a guiding star.* Such is the understanding of real Christianity by the underworld woman; and no other can have any effect upon her. The professional way of reforming is a mighty cold-blooded affair."

Dying for Love.

The words of this precious woman exactly tally with the trend of this book, and with what Christ teaches. They do not want our crusts of sympathy doled out

to them from the back door of our church. They want to know and feel that we love them. This and this alone will win back to us our erring daughters. How we should like to see a concerted move toward the attainment of such an ideal.

Lest we forget, we should like, also, to deal with the problem concerning the men rounded up on the levees of vice. True, they still move in the best society, no matter how deep their social crimes have been, while our erring sisters are spurned and ostracised; this should not be so. Yielding to *sin* has made them largely responsible for our prevailing vice conditions. A white cravat, a pair of polished shoes, together with polished manners has too long been their passport among us. If our standard of action toward our erring sisters is correct, then must we apply it to our fallen brothers. Scripture makes no such discrimination, however, for which we thank God and take courage.

Gather the youth shackled by the chains of sin and vice from the White Slave centers and tell them of Jesus. Send them back to mother. Those who are in need of temporal help must be provided for in a practical way. Those who are persistently bent toward sin and ruin must be placed behind bars and there taught obedience to law. They must be told, also, that Christ can save them to the uttermost.

"Rounding Up" the Men.

This infernal discrimination between the sexes has been detrimental to real progress. One who has tasted the dregs of this spirit pertinently asks: "Is there any reason why the man who pays the woman money to send her soul to Perdition shall be respected, while the woman who from necessity accepts the donation, shall go to jail, or be driven into the District?" She makes a master stroke as she continues: "Try 'rounding up' and jailing the men once in a while."

Right here, before we leave this subject, we call attention to another high crime the public seems to have lost sight of. It has been decreed by our wise city authorities that the woman in the District must be examined periodically by a physician. Such examination cards may be consulted by the male habitue who frequents the resorts. This is done, they tell us, to guard against contracting and spreading dangerous diseases. Very good for such commendable (?) forethought. Now tell us, ye wise (!) rulers, *who examines the men, and where may we consult their clean bill of health?*

Eighty Cases a Day.

Several years ago the writer and his brother strangely happened into a physician's office whose work was not exactly clear to us. After being ushered

through a large room with rows and rows of leather-covered chairs against the wall we finally came into the private workroom of the noted practitioner. The office was littered and crowded with unnamable instruments, the use of which we cannot describe. Although the hour was growing late, two men were still in the large waiting room hoping to receive "treatment." After the usual formal introductions were over, he said: "Gentlemen, if you are in search of striking 'cases,' I can furnish you with some very remarkable ones?" Being assured we would take advantage of his kind offer should we need them, we asked:

"Doctor, how many 'cases' do you handle daily?"

"My average run," said he, "is eighty cases."

The lewd woman is forced to display in her resort her card certifying to her physical condition, while the lewd man may sneak off up State Street or other places and seek to rid himself of a disease already contracted, or worse still, carry it abroad to drinking cup or towel or—some pure girl. The whole thing is a farce. Our danger lies not so much in the fallen women as it does in the fallen men.

"Indiscreet" Man Our Daughters' Foe.

Not long ago a prominent business man in Chicago told the writer that in past years he had been "in-

discreet'' (note the glib, harmless appearing word), and had been under a physician's ''treatment'' for two years without any noticeable sign of improvement. Finally, tiring of this endless strain, he sought the advice of another physician, who seemed to succeed in at least curbing, if not curing the dreaded disease. ''But,'' said he, boldly and unblushingly, ''I know that I will never be entirely 'cured' or rid of that awful disease contracted years ago. I am told that it may break out at any time, or appear in following generations.'' For God's sake, let us get beyond our false and simpering modesty and look this national evil squarely in the face!

If one physician in Chicago treated eighty cases in a day, how many did other physicians treat? Can you not see that even though our daughters are pure, they face the awful fact and peril that many men are not; and the diseases they did not contract in the brothel because of a chaste life, they may yet contract from him who has been a frequenter of the Red Light resorts.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT IN THE WEST SIDE SLUMS.

At ten o'clock (May 3, 1910) a band of seven left the Bible Rescue Mission, 90 West Madison Street, to slum the district lying west of Halsted on Madison. We had seen and heard the testimony of God's miracles of grace, viz., John Stewart, Superintendent of the Mission and Dick Lane, the one time all-round notorious crook and safe blower. With a strong Irish accent John Stewart announced: "I am goin' to read the Fairst Psalm, an' it's a daundy!" Under the harmonious flavor of a peculiar soft modulation of voice lay a deep undercurrent of pathos and love for men.

When John Stewart is gone we shall still hear the low rich and musical play of his words as he quaintly commented on his lesson. Fast nearing the seventieth milestone of his life he nightly tells men that Jesus can save them. They listen to and believe in him. God bless him!

The Smile That Wears.

Then came a twenty minute testimony by Dick Lane. The old man wears the smile that never comes

off. He sits on his chair lightly, always ready and eager to tell what the Lord has done for him. When his turn came he nimbly jumped to his feet, his eye (he has but one, the other being glass) sparkling and his face wreathed in a glory smile he told in simple language how real salvation had changed a crook into an honest, respected man. His experience, of course much abreviated, appears elsewhere in this work.

The night was raw and chilly as we left the Mission. The yellow glare of a thousand electric lights and the raucous night noises made it seem we were entering the borders of Dante's Inferno.

A casual observer would scarcely have discovered the West Side vice dens, but to those who knew the earmarks of Madam Vice it was easy to tell where her chattels were stalled. One after another haunt was entered, tracts distributed and, wherever expedient, the inmates urged to leave the old life for the better one in Christ.

Flight after flight of stairs were climbed and den after den entered, and yet there were more. Fifty or more were visited between the hours of ten and one o'clock. We had by this time worked the intersecting streets, Peoria, Green, etc., as far north as Lake Street and numbers of blocks south. Many places, solid half blocks at times, were passed by for safety's sake.

The slum tour closed at Paulina Street. How far west the dens stretched time forbade us discover, and how far the cross streets were infested north and south we were not permitted to determine that night. We were convinced, however, that "segregation" of vice is a dismal failure in Chicago.

Blocks of Shame Stalls.

There is a marked difference between the West Side vice section and the Red Light District of Twenty-second Street. The segregated feature is more in evidence on the South Side and Lust more vaunting. The absence of that frightful tapping on the window pane and the bold solicitations of the enchantress was conspicuously absent in our West Side tour. However, the inside shame-stall settings were in every respect similar to that of the South Side system.

On one cross street near Madison Street stood an imposing five-story hotel. Its general appearance and peculiar arrangement aroused suspicion. The band climbed the first entrance flight of steps leading to the first floor and, sure enough, there was the transom sign, "Office, Hotel A——."

Not yet satisfied, the workers retraced their steps and entered a side door leading to the basement apartments. There, in rooms most luxuriously furnished

sat six or eight beautiful young girls, their faces yet fresh in the beginning of the life. The Madam greeted the leader with a feigned welcome as he exclaimed, "Ah, here you are! I had been wondering where you had gone!" He had met her elsewhere in his slum work as an old hand at the business, hence the familiar greeting.

Hotel White Slave Trap.

A glance at the chattels revealed that this was a "house" of "fresh goods," held for the more exclusive. Every evidence lent color to the fact that this imposing structure with its basement full of beautiful girls, its hotel office blind, and the "Furnished Rooms" on the upper floors was especially favored by a corrupt city administration. No doubt agents and advertisements run for hundreds of miles out of the city, saying: "When you go to Chicago, be sure to visit the Hotel A——."

The chief of police had issued orders that no intoxicating liquors must be sold or seen in all houses of prostitution after the first of May. The effect in the dens was marvelous. Comparative quiet reigned. When they had had their "booze" a few sips set them going, and they did not care what they said or what they did. But to-night they sat aimlessly about,

busied over some bit of fancy work, or looking discouragingly into the future. This proves that liquor and lust are twins. The constant assertion of the Madams was that success was impossible without liquor. This should encourage our W. C. T. U. and Prohibition people to redouble their efforts to knock out the liquor demon. In doing this it will be a long step toward cleaning out our vice sections.

No Beer and High Rent.

One Madam on Madison Street lamented the fact that she could not now continue her business since the liquor restriction and the climbing rents. Some one asked:

"How many girls have you?"

"I have only two," was her reply.

"How many rooms have you here?" was the next query.

"Twelve, but only ten I can use."

"How much rent do you pay?" asked Mr. Clarkson.

Unhesitatingly she replied, "I began here about seven years ago and paid thirty dollars a month rent. To-day I pay eighty-five dollars, and they threaten to raise it to one hundred dollars. I bought this winter two ton of coal every ten days to heat my rooms.

When the chief of police issued the no-liquor order, I determined not to pay the exorbitant rent. I told the landlord I would pay only sixty dollars after the first of May; no more. He answered he guessed we wouldn't quarrel about that. Yesterday when I asked the agent whether I was to pay at the rate of sixty dollars a month, he answered: "No! you are to pay the old rate!"

Here sat a cold-blooded Madam before us who talked as calmly of her business as though she were dealing in hogs and cattle. Her source of income consisted of "two girls." Her rent was eighty-five dollars a month. Her winter coal bill to heat her rooms cost about fourteen dollars every ten days, or about forty dollars a month. Her gas bill would undoubtedly exceed ten dollars a month. The grocery bill would greatly add to the already large bills. On top of this would come the bills for shoes, to say nothing of gaudy dress, etc. The very best figures we dare recognize as conservative would run her monthly expense bill to one hundred fifty or two hundred dollars. *The two girls' earnings, besides their own percentage, paid the bills, with a large lap for profit.*

A Shoe Seller's Story.

The luxurious furnishings in many of these places would dazzle our common people. If two girls bring

in such heavy revenues as we are led to deduce (the Madam said she had a brisk trade), what must the returns be where we find from six to a dozen soiled doves in the lust parlors of our city? Figures and facts are stubborn things. We continue:

A shoe seller in the Red Light District said a Madam had come into his store and selected ten pair of shoes of ordinary price, *and had paid him ten dollars a pair for them.* At least five dollars a pair, or fifty dollars on the whole, was a secret understood silence bribe from the Madam to the shoe seller to help foster the damnable thing. The last we heard he was still selling shoes at the old stand, and the Madams were buying them. It is safe to say that the shoe man is never heard testifying to holiness, nor is he even noted for his piety. He probably contends that "segregation" is a good thing?

We rang a certain door bell on a long stair landing on Madison Street. A shuffle and commotion on the inside told us that they were getting out of the way some things not to be seen by those admitted. They know by the peculiar twist of the bell crank or touch of the button that some one other than a "customer" is at the door. Presently the door was opened and we passed in. The ladies at once handed the Madam tracts. "My girls are all out to-night, and I am here

alone,'' said she. Mr. Clarkson took a Judgment tract and stuck it into a man's hat band lying on the piano, saying as he did so: ''When he comes out he may read it.'' Although the Madam had laid on a very heavy coat of rouge, her face was a puzzle at this statement. She saw she had been caught. Just then a girl's smothered cough in an adjoining room put the finishing stroke to the Madam's lie, and she coldly bowed us out.

Samson at Delilah's Feet.

In another place visited that night we found two specimens sitting, the one busied with bright-colored finery, the other attending to ''visitors.'' In a tufted settee near the highly painted harlot, sat an intelligent, portly man who seemed bent on opening a conversation. His well worded language betrayed culture of a high degree. Said he: ''I have a little girl at home. My wife is dead. For some time I sent my little daughter to Sunday School, but I learned that her lady teacher drank whiskey on the sly, so I took her out. I am disgusted with that sort of thing!''

That Sunday School teacher's traitorous act had painted religion in distorted colors, and he turned away from it in disgust. Instead of being at home with his ''little girl,'' he sat at the feet of the Delilahs

A Brothel Service.

Kneeling with one amidst the strife and din,
They seek to lead her from the paths of sin.

of Sorek. Like Samson of old, he went out, and wist not that his strength had departed from him. What an awful awakening at the Judgment there will be when the Sunday School teacher, the man of culture and the painted women meet to square life's accounts. In the meantime the Christless nominal church crowd, the cultured habitue and his scarlet paramour keep lock-step to Perdition.

As we left, the gaudily dressed woman with the bright-colored sewing coughed, and then laughed as she made some light remark. The fatal "wheeze" from her fast decaying lungs told us that only a short time longer would she sit in her place when she would be done with "the life." A great wave of pity swept over the writer as he left the place with the lost inmates and their cultured visitor. A picture of Christ weeping over Jerusalem flashed out from the past, and the question, What can be done? thrummed on the soul's tense-drawn senses.

How Can We Save Her?

From stall to stall we wend our sad way, each full of the inhabitants of Lust. The discordant notes of their self-playing instruments drown the voice of conscience, and the slow pains of a living death eat their way along the nerve strands of their polluted, wasting mortality. Such is the life of a harlot.

As we returned to our home at three o'clock in the morning the awful burden of this Twentieth Century sin lay heavily upon us. Before we closed our eyes in sleep our heart ached for the poor unfortunates so few care to save. Our first waking thoughts took up the sad lament. As we write we pray that God may raise up a work among the *holy people,* free from sectional isms, that shall reach the unfortunates in the Red Light Districts of our great cities. Only those who really have the Pentecostal equipment are fitted to work in the slums of our city. If these would go into these "highways and hedges" with the heavenly equipment, this politically intrenched vice monster will be slain.

We believe that if all false modesty were laid aside by even "holiness people" and the unction of the Holy One be upon them our cities would be rid of this curse. The writer contends that the sweet story of the Cross told by those who have learned in its shadows will be effective. As Brother Bud Robinson so often says, "With one arm around Jesus and the other around a lost world," we shall succeed. Remember, Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me" (John 8:32.). Those who substitute the word *drive* for the word *draw,* fail.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIFE STORY OF NELLIE.

The steady tramp of belated shoppers and theatre folk still beat in rhythmic time on the cement flagged pavement. The glow and glare of a thousand electric lights fell on the hurrying throngs and costly displays of merchandise in the windows of Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s large department store, Chicago. From the opposite side of the street a man lurched toward a little band of White Cross Midnight Missionaries stationed here. For some time he respectfully listened to them as they sang and testified and preached the power of the Cross. Approaching one of their number he asked the privilege to speak to some one on a matter of great importance. Whether he was genuine or not, it was evident that the man was in some sort of trouble.

Stating his case briefly, he said: "I have a wife who has deserted me. To-night she lives somewhere in the rows of saloons and dives on the Levee. When I heard you pray and sing and tell about how God can save us from sin, I thought you might help me to find my wife and persuade her to return with me to my home?"

The Girl Wife on the Levee.

Not so much for the man's sake, whose story seemed questionable, but for her sake who was in the deadly clutch of the Vice Demon, assistance was promised. As suspected, it was learned later that the man had been divorced from a former companion because of incompatibility (!). Employed as a cab driver, he had afterward met this girl and married her. Some of his daughters from his first companion were nearly as old as the girl wife who had deserted him. But she had a never-dying soul, hence an effort must be made to save her. "For the Lion of Judah can break every chain!"

The search for the young woman was immediately begun. Her rendezvous was soon found and a note left inviting her to call at the missionary's home on a certain date. At the appointed hour all were anxiously waiting for her to come, each wondering whether she might not disappoint them as such characters so often do. But soon footsteps were heard approaching, followed by a timid knock. As Mrs. Clarkson opened the door a beautiful young woman stepped in. Her hands and face were pinched and blue from exposure to the cutting wintry winds. She had on neither gloves nor muffler, and shivered as the warm air struck her.

Mrs. Clarkson invited her to sit near the stove to warm and sought to make her feel at home. She took the proffered chair and sat down by the fire. With an oath about the bitter cold weather she asked if there was any beer in the house. Surprised when informed that they did not drink beer, she asked for a cup of hot tea. The tea was soon steeped and Mrs. Clarkson retired with her to the kitchen.

The Sermon at the Tea Table.

As they sat up to the tea table, she asked: "How do you manage to keep yourself so young?" This question directed the conversation into salvation channels. She was told how the grace of God makes the old look young; how Heaven's cosmetics far outrival the drugs and nostrums of the world; how a sanctified heart makes a beautiful face; how the haggard, careworn expression disappears from the countenance when the Prince of Glory comes in; how divine power transforms the sinner and preserves the footsteps of them that fear Him. The influence of the spell was weaving its charms around her.

The little sermon at the tea table held the listener in its power while she sipped her tea. No one knows of the struggle in poor Nellie's breast as she caught a glimpse of better days. The old life held nothing but

sorrow and shame, but here flashed before her mind a life clean and beautiful. Should she embrace the welcoming hand extended to her, or should she go back to the dives on the Levee?

The Octopus on the Lake.

Still she wavered, still she debated, still she wondered what to do. Suddenly the slimy tantacle of the Octopus on the Lake drew on her strength with a sickening thrill and she slipped back into its fatal embrace. Hurriedly she arose from her chair and said she must be going. Every entreaty of the husband (?) and missionaries to remain with them over night was turned aside; she was going. Just as she reached the door Mr. Clarkson flung himself at her feet and begged her to remain until they had knelt together in prayer. Immediately he poured out his heart to God in her behalf. Once more the Two Voices played alternately on the senses of her soul. Once more the rosy hope of a new life flashed before her awakening mind. As the man of God prayed Hell sent a thousand demon reinforcements, and the battle was lost. Her will had decided and the attending angels winged their sad flight back to the realms of bliss.

Fearful that they might lose so lovely a prize, it was thought she had been accompanied by someone

The Octopus on the Lake.

The monster's slimy tentacles drag in
The fairest forms to grace the dens of sin.

from the Levee District who had waited outside. The poor creature's nervous actions pointed to such a conclusion. God knows the forces of evil employed to keep her in the toils. He employed every effort to save her, but she would not. However, before she left she promised to meet the man who claimed to be her husband in a certain department store in the city. She also agreed to return to his home after he should purchase for her certain articles of clothing she was in need of. With this she went out into the howling storm and the sin and the ruin.

Tricked at the Steamer Dock.

Upon the appointed time they met as had been agreed. The clothes were purchased. Besides this, he gave her a roll of money. Under the pretext that she must go to a certain place before she could finally go with him she left him waiting for her at the steamer dock. With the tickets for their short voyage across the lake to his home in his pockets he waited. But he waited in vain. She never came back. He had been tricked out of his money and now he must return without her.

Before she had left the house that cold winter day Mr. Clarkson had told her that he and his wife were her friends; that if at any time she got into trouble

to let them know and they would help her. Not many weeks had gone by when Mrs. Clarkson received a card from the County Jail stating that she had been arrested. She closed with the hope that they would come to see her. As soon as possible they repaired to the jail and found her behind the bars. As she came forward to speak to them, she said: "Oh, Mr. Clarkson! you did not expect to see me here, did you?"

Red Light Watch Dogs.

She told them she had been arrested for robbing a man of forty dollars, but was sure she could beat him at the trial. She begged Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson to be at the court on the day her case was to be tried to take her home with them in order that she might break away from her old companions and associations, and thus be saved from her wretchedness. Several times before this she had escaped the slums, but always stood in fear and terror of the alderman. In his ward is the largest Red Light District and White Slave Quarter in the world. He had constantly kept his sleuth hounds at her heels. When she got into trouble at the police stations he bailed her out. Her beauty of face and graceful form had kept her under the vigilant surveillance of his Red Light watch dogs. She declared they were always sure to follow her to

take her back into the life of White Slavery. Every time she would wind up the same old way. Gradually she slipped down the rungs of the ladder.

The System, safe under a winking police force, plied its trade of death and destruction boldly. The weak protests of a weaker church was met with profound contempt by the gang. The heavy blows delivered on the Levee by a few of God's White Cross Missionaries were often turned aside by methods known and stooped to only by the most lawless element that ever walked the earth. It seems the Devil has controlling power of the situation. Unless there is an awakening soon we shall yet see a greater calamity than was the visitation of God's wrath upon San Francisco. When once God's day of mercy closes this nest of vipers will feel the bolts of His displeasure and crash into the yawning mouth of Hell.

Wincing under the truth of this statement that such a condition was tolerated by a corrupt city government, Mr. Clarkson promised to meet her on the day of her trial. Before they left they commended her to Him who knows every heartache of His erring children. God knew of the beating heart behind the prison bars. In spite of human ostracism and blame, He loved her still. He was waiting to put His arms of tender love around her to carry her back to the

innocent days of childhood. He was waiting to put into her heart a power that no tool of Hell could overthrow—if only she would yield to His loving entreaties.

Found Dead in Bed.

The day of trial came, but through some trick of the enemy Mr. Clarkson and his wife were just a few minutes too late to meet the girl. She had been discharged and had left the station with some of her old friends. This was the last time they heard of her for some time. Of course, as is always the case, she was addicted to the use of cigarettes, morphine, cocaine and liquor. In spite of her youth and all that could be done to turn her back she lived in the worst kind of vice and sin. One day Mr. Clarkson was handed a little clipping from a daily paper. It read as follows:

"Nellie W—— was found dead in bed in her room at No.——, State Street. Supposed to have committed suicide by taking an overdose of morphine. Has a husband and little boy in St. Louis," etc.

Mr. Clarkson and his wife hurriedly boarded a car, fearful that this was the Nellie they had been dealing with. When they arrived at the number they found it to be a large saloon with a brothel in the rear, and "Furnished Rooms" overhead. In one of these rooms Nellie had been found dead.

As they came in the Madam wanted to know their business. When they told her she requested them to speak in low tones as she did not want the other girls in the place disturbed. They were sitting around smoking and drinking seemingly with no thought of the coming Judgment in mind. To keep them in shape for "business," they must not hear any talk of Nellie's sad death. These things threw a gloom over the girls that made them ugly and morose. It would drive away custom. Custom brought dollars, although dollars brought death, and death brought damnation.

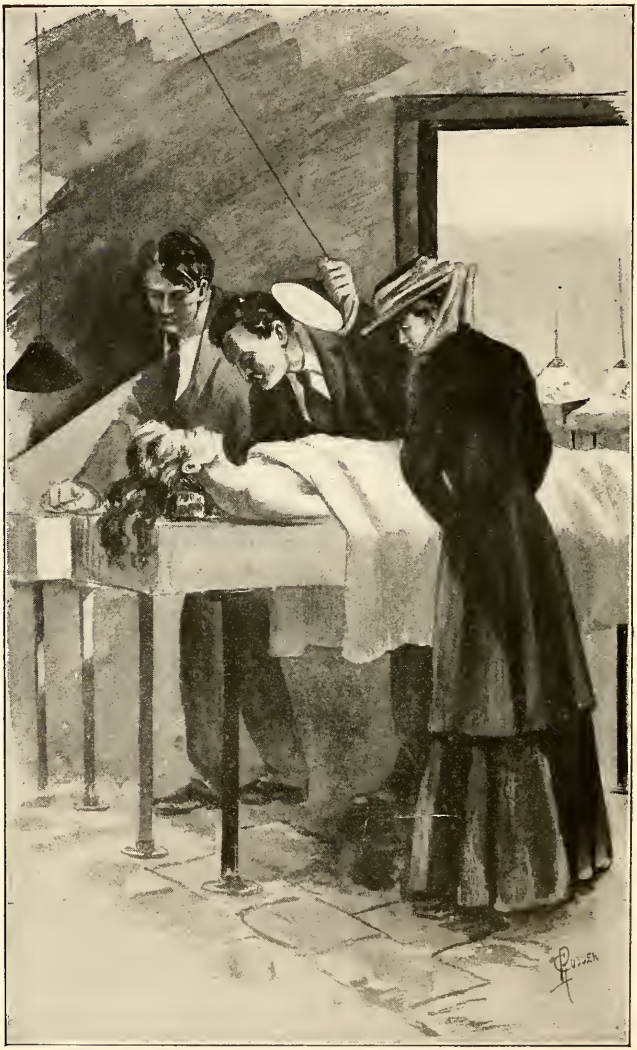
On the Rim of Ruin.

Heigho, ye fiends infernal! congenial associates of this nefarious trade, we bid you welcome here. The smoke of the Pit impregnates our squalid apartments and soothes our troubled senses as we loll on the rim of ruin. From sin-encrusted lips we blow the blue vapors of death, drawn from Turkish coffin spikes, into your peering, ghostly visage. As we quaff the high licensed brews of Bacchus our mortal senses thrum and our brain reels under the mad spell of passion that no human indulgence can assuage. The mortuary, the pauper's field and the Hereafter strangely disturb our sensual meditations. The curtain of the future must not be lifted, nor the punishment of the lost be dragged

to the fore as the price of our infamy. With our degraded mortality on the rack of dissolution and our lost spirits already in the throes of terror because of an approaching day of reckoning, speak not to us in such a place and at such a time as this of death, Hell and the Judgment.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson asked the Madam to allow them to see the room in which Nellie had died. She gave them the key and told them to go upstairs and look. There they were informed that she had been taken to the morgue. Soon they were at the place and asked to see the girl they had tried so hard to save. The undertaker granted their request and took them into the room where the dead girl lay.

To judge by his actions then, one would infer that he was an extremely kind-hearted man. How often are our inferences founded on the saintly actions of individuals whom we later find to have been wolves in sheep's clothing. Humanity is a total failure without the grace of God. Education, culture, morality, churchianity, invention, vaunted progress, prohibition, abstinence, the Keeley Cure, Reform Homes and a thousand other things without grace fail when man comes face to face with sin. God alone can so change the heart that man may stand in the teeth of every temptation. When will men learn that a heart made



In the Morgue.

There, on a marble slab, the harlot, dead,
Lies with a cobble stone beneath her head.

clean by the transforming grace of God is the *only* safeguard against sin?

A Cobble Stone for a Pillow.

Several bodies lay in the room covered with sheets waiting for some one to claim them lest they go to the operating table or to the unknown grave. Among them they found Nellie. The undertaker removed the sheet. There, on a common marble slab, with a cobble-stone under her head for a pillow, lay "some mother's girl"—Nellie. A yellow express tag was tied to her toe. Would some one claim her and give her a decent burial? or must she find her way to some medical dissecting room where sin-hardened students fling coarse jokes over her outraged remains?

As the young man pulled back the sheet and turned on the electric light that hung just over her head the beautiful face that had been the curse of her life was beautiful still. The lone missionaries at her side thought of all she might have been. Their tears fell like rain. The undertaker, accustomed to harrowing scenes like this by years of experience, brushed the moisture from his eyes, and said: "It's too bad! She was a beautiful girl!"

Just a few days before she had been in these undertaking rooms to look at another dead girl who had

been taken there; now she lay here herself. Strange indeed were the culminating incidents of this poor girl's death. Her loose brown hair hung uncombed over the rough cobblestone picked up in the street. Her thin white hands lay still by her side on the marble slab. The ugly red mark down her breast made by the surgeon's knife in the post mortem examination, now roughly drawn together by occasional stitches, added pathos to the tragic death of the lonely girl. The examination had revealed her lungs wasted away by the ravages of the Great White Plague.

The Undertaker's Story.

As the missionaries turned to leave, the undertaker furnished another leaf in the sad history of this child of shame. He said some time ago he had been in a house of ill fame where he saw Nellie. She had asked him to buy her a drink, but he had refused. As he turned to the door to leave the room she barred his exit and threw her arms around his shoulders. While in this attitude he caught her trying to steal his diamond shirt stud. Drawing back he struck her a brutal blow in the eye and knocked her against the wall. (The public at large still patronizes this viper.) Several days after this incident she came to his undertaking rooms to look at one of her dead sisters in sin,

She recognized him as her visitor of several nights before, but did not speak. In deep thought, she stood for a moment looking upon the form of the dead harlot, and then passed out. Her eye was still black from the blow he had given her. Little did she think that only a few days later would find her in the same undertaking rooms on a marble slab, with a sheet for a covering and a cobble stone for a pillow. Surely, "the wages of sin is death."

Draw the sheet back over the beautiful form. Leave her to her undisturbed slumber. Shed a kindly tear for our erring sister who so sadly missed the path of righteousness. Send up a prayer to a long suffering Christ that this nefarious traffic in virtue may receive its death-blow. Oh, what if *my* girl were lying there? What if *your* girl met such a fate? Arouse, ye slumbering churchmen! Awake, ye sleeping donothings! Here our nation's girls die in the slave-coffles of the trader. Insist on the enforcement of laws that will strike from our fair daughters the shackles of shame! Put to death quickly a corrupt officialdom, and let our girls be free. Open the narrow windows of their prison stalls and let them know our Christ. His "go and sin no more" will restore them to lives of respectability and give them a home in Heaven. It may be your neighbor's daughter down there. What if it were your own?

No Friends in Death.

When asked whether any one had been to see about the remains, Mr. Clarkson was told that several husbands (?) had been telegraphed. Her parents, who were supposed to be good Presbyterians, had also been notified, but no one had offered to do anything regarding the burial. He next asked whether the man he thought was her husband had been notified. The man answered that he had not notified him. After all, not one nickel would her friends (?) and husbands (?) who lived with her, and loved (?) her, give to bury her. They had been very attentive to her while she was alive, but now that she was dead, they bestowed their love upon another. She who had been the beautiful and sought after in life, could not find one in death to give her decent burial. Poor child!

Her parents sent word that they had been deceived into sending money for her burial once before, hence they would not do anything. Her downfall, as far as could be learned, came about as follows: She had been married when but a child, and soon became the mother of a beautiful baby. Later she lost her husband, and then took desperately ill. During her illness she was attended by a physician who prescribed for her morphine, which led her to become addicted to

the habit. When her baby died she began to drift. She fell into the hands of unscrupulous men who wanted her for her beauty of face and symmetry of form. They wanted her where the low sound of the dulcet keeps time to the pulse's fevered beating. The Octopus soon had its tentacle thrown around her, and the sad sequel in the morgue closed her life's last drama.

Absolutely under the influence of the drug she would pick pockets whenever opportunity afforded. Again and again she was sent to jail. Other habits fastened upon her until she reached the last rung in the moral ladder. The marred piece of beautiful clay reposed on a slab in the undertaker's establishment and her soul had gone to meet God.

This is only one case among many who drift toward such a doom in the city of Chicago. Thirty thousand women in this city alone are adrift on the sea of social sin. Multiply this by twenty (and safely more), and you have the number of degenerate and diseased men who are keeping step by their side on the downward tramp to Hell.

Whether Nellie died as the paper stated or whether she was murdered makes little difference to a corrupt city government, or to the passing pleasure

seeker. "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!" is the cry of lust-filled humanity. Our lovely daughters must be sold to swell the bank account of the White Slave Trader.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.

To-day, the mother in her home, the father at his business, are confronted by a new problem, which they know not how to solve. Words are acquiring new meanings.

The nomenclature of the under-world invades the sheltered home. Let us illustrate by relating recent actual occurrences in an average home.

It was evening, the mother was sewing, the children were reading, the father at the lodge and two older daughters at a party. John, aged ten, looked up from his daily paper and said: "What does prostitution mean, mamma, and what is a White Slave?"

Startled, the mother hesitated over her reply, "Why, I suppose it is a white person that is bought and sold," she said.

John rattled his paper as if not quite enlightened and Mary, aged twelve, began:

"Mother, what is the great Black Plague?"

"Why, daughter, what are you reading?"

"Just *The Ladies' Home Journal,* mother, and it

says that the great Black Plague is killing more people than the White Plague, tuberculosis, but it don't tell what the Black Plague is."

The mother was glad to hear voices in the hall, and the two older girls, entering, diverted Mary's notice.

By the flushed cheeks and angry eyes, mother knew there was trouble before the older girl, Nellie, exclaimed: "Mother, don't ever ask me to go anywhere again, with that kid, till she knows something! I was so mortified I thought I should drop!"

Cadets, and What They Are.

"What did she do?" asked the mother, encircling with her arm the now sobbing younger girl, Bessie.

"She talked about 'Cadets,' and said she thought they were just splendid, and she wished we knew some, here."

"Cadets!" echoed the mother, bewildered.

"Yes," sobbed Bess, aroused to her own defense, "and I had a perfect right to say it. She needn't dictate what I shall say, even if she is three years older. Of course cadets are nice, at least Cousin Harry is, at Annapolis, he looked so fine in his uniform!"

The mother looked again to Nellie. "But, don't you know, mother, that 'cadet' means a bad man who gets his living by enticing girls into evil lives? The precep-

tress had a meeting with all the high school girls, and she told us never to use the word, and never, never to talk with a stranger, even with a lady, in any place."

"But how was I to know?" stormed Bess, "and you rushed me away from the party as if I was a naughty five-year-old. Besides, I don't believe it, anyway, till I see it in the dictionary."

John already had the huge volume open on the table, and read out: "Cadet: A younger son of a noble house. A student at a military or naval academy."

"There! I knew I was right!" cried Bess.

Mary, who had been a silent, wide-eyed listener ever since the girls entered, here flourished a daily paper and said, "Listen, let me read this: 'Two young men, suspected of being Cadets, were yesterday arrested in Kansas City. When searched there was found upon one of them a list of addresses and ages of girls in most of the large towns of Kansas and Missouri.'"

"No doubt," said mother, "your preceptress was right. But, I am afraid, Nellie, that you acted too hastily with Bess; probably no one noticed anything unusual in her using the word with its accepted meaning."

"O, yes, mother, for I saw the boys exchange quick glances, and some of the girls blushed, and there was a dreadful silence."

Story of a White Slave.

After her children had retired, the mother, while arranging the room for the night, began looking over the disordered contents of the family reading table. She set herself to an examination of the periodicals accumulated there. She read again the notice of the arrest of the two young men. In the *St. Louis Woman's National Daily* she was confronted by a head-line, "Story of a White Slave."

The Woman's World for January, 1910, contained an article entitled, "Taft takes up the Battle-cry," in which Walter Wellman was quoted as saying, of the report of the Immigration Commission:

"It is an amazing, a wretched story, told with brutal bluntness and exactness, calling a spade a spade."

She noted at the foot of the cover-page of *The Woman's World,* the words: "Largest Circulation in the world—Goes into Over Two Million Homes." She also found, quoted from this congressional report, these words: "Owing to the difference between European and American views regarding prostitution, co-operation for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic can be expected only along certain lines."

She stopped to ponder. "The difference between European and American views—" This mother had never traveled abroad. But she had some valued friends of foreign ancestry, even foreign birth.

His Point of View.

As she thought, her eyes idly caught a line in the local weekly paper, folded to show the "patent inside." It was a joke. It told that an American had invited a visiting foreigner to attend his silver wedding. "Wedding?" questioned the native of southern Europe. "Yes," explained the beaming American, "you see, we have lived together for twenty-five years." "Ah!" said the foreigner, "I see, I see! So now you marry her!" It was headed "His Point of View."

"I fear it is true," sighed the mother, "their viewpoint is different."

Taking next the *Ladies' Home Journal* she read the two editorial pages headed, "My Quarrel with Woman's Clubs," in which Mr. Bok says: "What has the average Woman's Club done on the insistence by the parent of a clearer understanding of self and sex by the child? And yet, back of this question lies one of more tremendous import to every woman than any other; the fearful increase of the great Black Plague. What has the average Woman's Club done to agitate or prevent the needless blindness of over thirty-three per cent of little blind babies? What has been done by the average Woman's Club towards the curse that is the one direct cause of sending eighty per cent of the women of to-day to the operating table? What has the average Woman's

Club done toward the repression in newspapers of indecent advertisements relating to private diseases?"

This mother was a white-ribboner. Her Union was federated with the woman's clubs of the little city where she lived.

She well knew of the glorious victories along the lines of Purity in Literature and Art which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had won, and she longed to record the bright list as a reply to the well-known editor.

But just then the father came home.

The "Beast and the Jungle."

"What, not gone to bed yet!" he said. "I see you are reading 'The Ladies' Home Destroyer,' as usual."

The mother, who seldom had time to read, smiled a tired smile at the accustomed pleasantry, and turned next to *The Delineator*, where she was faced by an article, very plainly written, concerning the causes of infant blindness.

The father had settled down with the new January issue of *Everybody's Magazine*. He stirred uneasily in his great chair.

Presently he burst out, "Just listen to this!" and he read from a communication in Straight Talk, page 131, signed by initials only.

"I have read the opening installment of Judge Lindsey's 'The Beast and the Jungle.' Of the things he describes I have first-hand knowledge. I have strolled, with a police lieutenant, along Denver's Red Light District and seen the rows of unspeakable 'cribs' with their half-clad, peroxided, painted denizens. I have seen the utterly shameless flaunting of vice, so revolting that one wonders that it has any attraction for even the most depraved and debased of men. I have seen the open solicitation that goes on night after night and even in broad daylight along three or four blocks of this street. I have heard the lewd, the outrageously, disgracefully obscene conversation between these 'crib-dwellers' and the males that passed along the street. And I have seen automobiles loaded with Denver's 'best society' men and women and young girls not yet out of their 'teens roll along this street on sight-seeing tours, Market Street and its 'cribs' being one of Denver's sights."

"Isn't that awful, Mary? Why it seems to me that the lid is taken off and Hell is uncovered, right in our sight and in the sight of our children. Even young girls looking down into the bottomless Pit, as if fascinated."

"Awful," sighed the mother. "We used to be taught these lines, when I was young:

" 'Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

To-day's Awful Dangers.

"But now we are told that letting the sunlight into dark places will purify them; that sinking the lancet into the festering ulcers in our cities will cleanse them. I suppose this is a phase, a necessary phase, perhaps an unavoidable one, of this vital question; but it hurts me so to have the children hear and read such dreadful things. Of course it hurts me worse to realize that they are in deadly peril, and that knowledge is some protection. Why, John asked me, just to-night, what prostitution was."

"I believe he has been reading this piece about Denver," said John's father, "for he asked me what a 'crib' was, and here I see some of his pencil marks on the margin of the page."

"The time has come when we have to do something," said mother, "we must instruct them so that they will not use wrong words and say embarrassing things among their young companions," and she told him about the trouble of the two girls at the party.

Said father, "It seems hard that we cannot keep them from knowing these dreadful things, at least while they are little.

"When I was young, we used to be warned against the weakness of our own natures, the traitor in our own bosoms, and exhorted to keep our hearts with care, to be pure and honest and true to the one whom we should some day meet and marry. It seems now that being honest and well-meaning does not protect the young any more. Fiends go about and trap mere children by means of their best and highest ambitions and their unselfish desire to help those they love.

"A country boy in the city, innocent, inexperienced, ignorant, is at the mercy of the first painted woman who is kind to him, and older men think it a joke to trap him into sin and its following disease. He has just about the same chance for his life and his integrity as he would if thrust into a den of wild beasts and poisonous serpents. And as for the girls, shielded and kept ignorant at home, any day they may meet the polished and winning 'procurer,' in the street, the railway station, the hotel, the waiting-room of a department store, the ice-cream parlor, at an entertainment, or even on the very school-grounds."

Died in a "Millinery Store."

The mother had picked up another paper from the table and read aloud. "A beautiful and cultured young lady, a graduate of Toronto University, replied to an

advertisement for a traveling companion. By correspondence a tempting offer was made, and she came to Toronto under arrangements to meet her employer. Her family, not hearing from her, followed her to the city, and found that the address given in the letters to her was a vacant lot. Every effort was made to trace her, but the young lady has never been heard of since.

"In response to a newspaper advertisement a young girl from eastern Ontario came to work, as she was led to believe, in Mrs. M.'s millinery store. Not hearing from her, her family grew frightened and her brother came to the town where she was supposed to be, inquiring for Mrs. M.'s millinery store. The men on the street laughed at him. Finally a person, out of pity, informed the young man that Mrs. M.'s was a house of prostitution. The young man learned that his sister had died in that house and been buried some weeks before."

"So we must not only teach our daughters to refuse to answer all strangers who accost them, but to avoid answering advertisements. It is not from within, but from without that danger comes. A girl's ambition to earn money is used against her. A woman's tenderest affections are used to destroy her. Almost anyone would trust a devoted lover who proposed marriage. And investigators say that the Cadets marry girls and

then sell them into slavery or live on their earnings. I have read that, in spite of all the many precautions taken, one-tenth of all the innocent and honest emigrant girls who come with high hopes to this land of the free and home of the brave, are lost and ruined and sunken into shameful lives. It is too pitiful."

The father spoke again. "A great deal of this evil is done by foreigners, and I do believe that the root of the trouble is laziness. They come from countries where the highest good is just to lie in the sun and sleep. They do not, they cannot, understand the love of work, the dignity of labor, the joy of accomplishment.

"It is such men as these who stop all work at forty, or as soon as their little children can work in factories; such men as these whose wives scrub office buildings while they live in idleness; such men as these who go to Ellis Island and claim girls whose friends have failed to meet them, deceive the authorities, marry the girls (who do not understand a word of our language and do not know they are married), and then these men live at ease on the shameful earnings of the poor victims.

Worse Than African Slavery.

"How far apart, how worlds away from the old, high standards of our pilgrim fathers! away from the New England conscience, with its sturdy honesty, its stern

industry and frugality, its holy reverence for womanhood, its tender nurture of childhood!

"And how far away from the chivalry of the Southern gentleman, who grows eloquent over 'the unwritten law' which, he claims, justifies the murder of the man who insults his womenkind!

"We are paying for our lax immigration laws of the past, paying for our selfish apathy and blindness, that permitted vice to get a stranglehold on our cities. A rude waking has come. The transition is so sudden that it amounts to shock."

"Oh!" wailed the mother, "it almost drives me distracted to think of it! It is worse than the old English press-gang, that seized unsuspecting boys and pressed them into the British navy. It is as if the old times before the war had come back and white girls were enslaved even more than the black ones."

"How long would slavery have lasted, if every white man knew that his own daughter was in danger of being bought and sold? It is far worse than African slavery, for many of the black slaves were happy and many of them were good, even deeply religious; while no woman, though she be deceived and made an innocent victim, can be happy after she has been ruined, can live happily in sin, or when surrounded by vice. The lists of suicides show this.

"It is as if our children were walking over a bridge they think is safe, and they dance along, laughing, without a fear, till suddenly a plank is gone, and they plunge into awful depths of black water. I often wonder what those women, who were afraid to permit Miss Willard to introduce a Purity Department in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, would think of the situation to-day!

"And what do the people who refused to take the Purity periodicals for fear their children would read them and be shocked, think to-day, when every daily paper contains revelations far beyond the guarded and delicate utterances of the Purity magazines?"

Turning again to the table, they saw a large envelope addressed to the mother.

Facing the Problem.

It was Senate Document No. 196, of the 2nd Session of the 61st Congress. It was a partial Report of the Immigration Commission, on The White Slave Traffic. It has been sent into thousands of homes. In order that it might be understood, foot-notes are given, telling the meaning of terms and names used in the Red Light Districts of cities and used by people who make a living by vice, by seduction and law-breaking. Side by side these parents went over the dreadful pages, before they locked it into a drawer.

It was now very late. The mother, feeling as if she could never sleep again, took up, for comfort and to divert her thoughts, the latest issue of her own particular paper, *The Union Signal.*

Miss Willard's pictured statue spoke to her from the cover, of sweet reasonableness and consecrated eloquence. She turned the leaf and found this heading, "The House Passes the Bill against Traffic in Women." Below was the text of Section 3 of the bill.

In her nervous and overwrought state it semed to the mother that she must hide even her favorite paper away from her children.

Then came the thought that they were in daily danger and must have all this knowledge.

So these troubled parents, like conspirators in the dead of night, perfected a plan whereby they might carefully teach their children of various ages; teach them just what words and allusions must be avoided in speech, even though they are commonly seen in print; teach them the new meaning of old, innocent words; above all, teach them not to loiter in public places and not to converse with strangers of either sex at any time.

So at last, after most fervent prayers for guidance, they sought their pillows, but not to sleep, for upon their hearts pressed heavily the Problem of Today.—Mrs. McVean-Adams.

The above was taken from *The Light*, B. S. Steadwell, Editor, La Crosse, Wisconsin, U. S. A. While we do not uphold the "lodge-and-party" feature of the article, and do not, by printing it, commend all the periodicals quoted as good reading matter for the home, we use it to show that, no matter what periodical or magazine we read to-day, the White Slave problem is before us. We see, too, by the well taken ground of the writer that it behooves us to warn our children in the home circle of prayer and Christian training against the dangers of to-day. There is absolutely no other way. It is high time to throw away all false modesty and plainly tell our children in well chosen language what they must confront.

Some Causes Found.

The saloon is responsible for the brothel. Without the saloon the brothel-trade would largely diminish. The modern, lukewarm Church (Club, would be a better name) is also largely in partnership with the gang that traps our daughters into a life of shame. We substantiate this serious charge by asking, How about the saloon buildings? Are not many of them owned by church members? Is not much of the property in which the business of prostitution is carried on owned by church members? If not, then our charge is incorrect. Is it any wonder that our modern fat-jowled,

money-mad church member can not see Calvary? He seems to be satisfied with his brothel rent-receipts and seems not to be aware that the Devil is holding before his eyes the dollar-marked glasses through which it is impossible to catch even a glimpse of the world's crucified Redeemer.

What is needed more to-day than anything else is not reform, but a return to the God of our fathers. America has gone mad with pleasure and prosperity. We need more holiness evangelists who will preach against *sins* and *sin* until this proud money-intoxicated, pleasure-seeking and lust-serving generation is awakened. The soft sophisms and empty platitudes of the hireling must give way to an evangelism that preaches the old time Bible Hell, repentance, restitution, pardon for actual sins committed and cleansing from sin inherited. After all the rubbish of iniquity has been swept aside it is then we can talk of heaven. God save us from sickly sentimentalism!

On the other hand we need to be saved from the rasp and harshness that makes all uncomfortable in our presence. We need to get a million leagues away from Bushism—the false doctrine of unchristianizing all who do not pronounce our Shiboleth. Let us beware of the Buzzard and the carrion. God wants us to be gentle and kind and full of tenderness. This does not mean

"I Can't See It!"

The Devil's dollar sign before his eyes
Hides from his sight the bleeding Sacrifice.

that we need spare sin. God's man avoids both extremes—that of being harsh and uncharitable on the one hand and soft, sickly and sentimental on the other. Thank God for a clean heart, a level head and a love for the whole human race!

CHAPTER VIII.

DEALING WITH THE LOST.

We have learned that the truth is best emphasized by repetition. "For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little" (Is. 28:10). The heart-breaking chapters, "The Life Story of Nellie," and "Mary, a Tale of Sorrow" in this book are only two of the many sad incidents that lead us into the depths of an Outcast's suffering. Her silent sobbing in the Slave cribs of her brutal master speak eloquently of unnamable suffering, and God sees her. When the bowl of wrath is full we shall see it poured out over the head of this nation in unmeasurable depths of woe.

In this chapter we relate the shorter history of "cases" brought to light by the White Cross Midnight Missionaries. We draw from Mr. Clarkson's private data, and seek to clothe it in language both clear and plain. As we proceed we see clearly that *sin* lies at the bottom of every case; that only through grace is the transformation and better life possible. Reformation is what the world prates about, but *transformation* is what is needed,

and what grace accomplishes. A thorough regeneration and a subsequent "second work of grace;" viz., entire sanctification, is a sure and lasting cure for the sin life. Any other method is but beating the air.

While this book, as the title suggests, deals more specifically with the White Slave or fallen woman, yet we devote considerable space to the fallen men. If we are face to face with the fact that thirty thousand fallen women infest the vice resorts of Chicago, we face the still sterner fact that by their side tramp a hundred thousand fallen men who are in need of real salvation fully as much as are their fallen sisters. We must not lose sight of the fallen men.

In our slumming tours through the Red Light District we have seen the streets there literally thronged with boys and men. We have seen the sad answer to our mothers' song-query: "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" The "wandering boy" is found near the "wandering girl's" resort. One is as much lost as the other. One is as precious in the sight of God as the other.

Betrayals and False Promises.

In one of the midnight slum tours (Nov. 5, 1909), the White Cross Missionaries dealt with about two hundred unfortunate girls. One beautiful young woman, after talking to them a while, said: "I have never known

a mother's love, nor known what it is to hold her guiding hand. I have two little boys to support. I want to get out of this life of sin!"

Another poor girl had a father and mother, but they kept a resort, hence she naturally drifted into a life of shame. She had never had a chance to become a good girl. Still another sadly said: "I was married when very young, and soon thereafter discovered that my husband was untrue to me. He frequented houses of prostitution until he contracted a dangerous disease which he brought to our already miserable house. Then he deserted me and left me to support my little boy of five and the little girl of seven."

The poor child was the picture of despair. She was sick and already on her way to the hospital, the morgue and a pauper's grave. As the weight of her great load of sin pressed upon her weary soul, she added: "I am forced to lock my children in a room and come here to this miserable resort in order to get a little money for our support!" The look of discouragement on the poor girl's face was a sight to make angels weep, though the low chuckle of fiends seemed to come from every crevice of the ill smelling resort.

"Why Don't They Get Out?"

An uninformed and ignorant public asks, Why don't they get out? Let Josie Washburn answer the question.

She has tasted the dregs of the life in every phase and is therefore the most competent authority on the question. Her answer exactly voices the conclusion of the writer. She says:

"Do you think that the underworld women have no pride and are destitute of all feeling? Do you think that when the policemen add insult to injury that it does not hurt her? Do you think that when the people of her acquaintance pass her by unnoticed that she feels no pang of pain?

"Do you think that when the Sisters who are following in the footsteps of our Savior (?) refuse to give the fallen women the care which she is paying for, because she is a sinner, that she does not feel grieved and hurt over this treatment?

"A fallen woman has the same feelings that others have; there is no difference.

"She will always remain a woman, and is conscious of all the injury and injustice heaped upon her.

"If you have the idea that there is one woman in one thousand who remains in the business as a matter of choice, in the name of humanity allow yourself to be shown that you are mistaken.

"I repeat the assertion that there is *not one in a thousand,* except the dope fiend, the drunkard or the imbecile, who do not daily wish and plan for a deliverance from the life.

"We remember our homes where *peace, purity and love reigned; we long for it*: but public sentiment and conditions put us in the underworld forever.

"Your opinion makes us an Outcast, a Beggar, and a Slave. All nature speaks to us of love and peace; the animal kingdom respect us as it respects you.

"In fact, *all of God's creatures are our friends, except the good men and women!*"

Some Reasons Why.

You may say her answer is somewhat bitter, and even that it is not true? that you do love her; that you are not in any way connected with her continued miserable existence there? Let us see. Is it not a fact that there is a double standard of recognition relative to the fallen in sex? Is it not a fact that he who ruins the life long prospects of a young woman is passed, with scarcely a reprimand, while the poor woman is weeping her life away because she is snubbed, ignored and ostracised.

The prime mover in the sad drama comes to our altar of prayer. A glad unanimous shout goes up at once "over one sinner that repenteth." We gather around the praying man, beat him on the back, and pray unctiously that this sinner may be redeemed. Suddenly the light breaks over the tearful scene and another

glad united shout rends the air and glad hands of fellowship are eagerly extended. We, with you, thank God for the transformation, and should like to see it repeated a thousand times in similar cases. But now we will turn to the other case.

In the rear of a large audience sits a woman with a sad sweet face. Evidently her soul is in deep trouble. Occasionally she wipes a tear from her pale cheek, and seeks to hide her emotion by holding the song book high before her face. The sermon had cut a wide swath through the thorny fields of sin and the Spirit wooed tenderly. The climax brings the mourner to the bench, among whom is the woman of the sad face and stiffled emotions.

Food for Reflection.

She kneels at the altar of prayer and, in her desperation, confesses her past life of sin. The unanimous shout is lacking and in its stead we hear ejaculations of "Poor woman! hope she is genuine? Fear she is at the altar for no good," etc., etc.

In spite of adverse criticism the glory strikes her soul. A subdued sort of encouragement is extended to her. The "rouse" and the "ring" of the other victory seems lacking for—"she is a woman of the street." We have heard them say, only recently, "I couldn't have her in my house, you know!"

Yes, we know. We know too well. But while you read, is it not dawning on you, my saintly friend, that she is just as precious in God's sight as you are? What right have you to draw your purple robes aside, lest they touch the dress of scarlet? Has not grace put you and her on the same level? But why pursue the weary task? God help the Christian people to lay their false scruples and whims by and treat her who has been unfortunate as Jesus did. Remember, he said to her "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." Are these not precious words to a sinner? If they brought pardon to her, did they not bring pardon to you? Where is the difference?

In the Wilds of Sin.

The accounts of the great White Slave Traffic in the newspapers the last few months show what a difficult matter it is to escape the toils of the Trader. No matter what the cause of the woman's downfall may have been or how she has been trapped into the life, the only cure is in the blood of Jesus. If we, as His disciples, draw aside from the erring and repentant what hope have they left? May God sweep through the hearts of His people such a wave of real love for the lost that they may turn to us confidently for help. If they are turned away from us to whom shall they go?

One Saturday night in the Red Light District the missionaries were stationed at the doors of the resorts to plead with men and boys not to enter the places of sin. Hundreds were turned away as a result. Quite a number requested prayer at the street service. Seven men and one woman knelt in the street to pray for themselves. Messrs. Wakefield and Clarkson were met on the street by a young man who requested them to pray for him. Drawing aside into a doorway they prayed for him and commended him to God. The boy had been in the country but two years, and ten months ago had drifted into the Red Light resorts. Realizing his danger, he sought to escape from the toils through the power of redeeming grace.

A Personal Devil.

Two workers took a young man much the worse for liquor home. Although two o'clock in the morning when they reached his home they found his mother still faithfully watching at the window for her "wandering boy." Who knows how many poor mothers are keeping silent vigil at the window tonight for him who has gone the downward path to ruin. The toils of the liquor traffic and the tentacles of the Vice Monster pull him farther and farther into the meshes of sin. We long to see the day come when both liquor and vice shall be driven from our shores.

A great joy, indescribably sweet and precious, floods our heart as the certainty of such an event is in prospect. The personal Christ will conquer a personal Devil:

"And I saw an angel come down from Heaven, having the key of the bottomless Pit and a great chain in his hand.

"And he laid on the Dragon, that old Serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years.

"And cast him into the bottomless Pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season" (Rev. 20:1-3).

"And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison,

"And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.

"And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of Heaven, and devoured them.

"And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the

lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever" (Rev. 20:7-16).

That a personal Devil is at the head of all sin is true. The "Big Chief" of the White Slave Traffic is governed by this "Prince of the power of the air." In our scripture quotation we see his finish. The day is coming when the saints' triumph shall be complete. We shall then have no more a personal Devil to fear nor to lead us astray. Evangelist C. W. Ruth quaintly says: "Some day God is going to bury the Devil face down, so that should he attempt to dig out he will dig deeper. He will lock his grave and hand the key to the Sadducees, for they do not believe in the resurrection."

Selected

TWO SINNERS.

There was a man it was said one time,
Who went away in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed; and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And the Christian people threw open the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms abloom,
Crying: "God bless lady, and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond love led.
And Love, unchecked, is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in Heaven;
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is stoned while the man may go.
And a brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said, frowning: "We shall not call."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CHAPTER IX.

MARY, A TALE OF SORROW.

"Once she was pure as the snow, but—she fell;
Fell, like the snow flake, from Heaven to Hell;
Fell, to be tramped like the filth of the street;
Fell, to be cursed, to be spit on, and beat.
Fainting, famishing, dreading to die,
Selling her soul to whoever will buy.
Wickedest wretch that goes shivering by,
Takes a wide sweep lest she wander too nigh:—
Merciful God! has she fallen so low?
And yet she was once like the beautiful snow."

Yes, but how came she to enter these paths?

Go with me, and I will tell you; I will show you a house that ought always to wear the sign of mourning; for there lives a man more guilty than the Herod who slaughtered the innocents! They died in infancy, and went to Heaven. The mothers of Bethlehem wept their children slain. But they were children fondly nestling in their mothers' breast; and, though ruthlessly torn away, they winged their flight to join those angels, who are said to be "ministering spirits."

Mothers! which of you would not a thousand times sooner lay down your little child beneath a weeping

willow, than have that child grow up to womanhood, to become the sport and victim of the seducer, and then a loathsome cast-off thing, the betrayed, and the double-betrayer?

And you, mothers and daughters, especially you whose elevated position invests you with great moral power, how long will you shrink from performing a duty to yourselves, by spurning from your presence those ignoble pretenders to be gentlemen, dressed in the height of fashion, well skilled in etiquette and the conventionalisms of good society, but who, while they may not offer the slightest insult to those in their own station of life, are well known to be guilty of conduct such as ought to brand them with infamy, and exclude them from all respectable society?

Is it not time that you exclude such creatures from your social circles, your drawing-rooms, your very acquaintance, and let them fall to their true level among the deepest dregs of the morally degraded? Until you do this, the work of the social reformer will be painfully slow, and many poor Marys will still be the subjects of tales of sorrow.

In the Mill.

Mary, the subject of this narrative, during the earlier part of her life, resided in a small village north of Rochdale. She, like most young people, was full of

life, and joined her rustic playmates in their innocent amusements. As she grew up, many remarked that she would be a handsome woman. She had a pretty face, and a good figure; possessions, which, to many, have proved fatal gifts.

Her domestic training had not been all that one could wish. Yet her family, of which she was the youngest, had an average respectability. Mary's attendance at the chapel in the neighborhood was, for several years, quite encouraging. The more thoughtful of the congregation feared that she was over-fond of dress, and the question was sometimes asked, How does she get the means? With an answer to this question, the painful part of our narrative begins.

At the mill where she worked, she, along with others, received her wages every fortnight. On one occasion she received a half-sovereign more than was due. She counted the money over and over, but still the coin was there. She looked at the man (or rather fiend) that had paid her. He saw her confusion, and with a smile, said, "It is all right, Mary. I know what you have received. You can keep the piece of gold for yourself."

Piety Safeguards Chastity.

May returned to her work with a face like scarlet. Her flushed countenance caused several to ask her

what she had been doing. She jokingly answered, "You must wait till I tell you." But though she tried to sing, and look cheerful and happy, the worm was at her heart. Thoughts to which she had hitherto been happily a stranger had entered her head, and in spite of herself, troubled her. To use her own expression, "I was uneasy that day."

But what shall we say of the wretch who, by the piece of gold, had tempted this yet innocent girl, and had given rise to hopes he deliberately intended to blast? Well would it have been for Mary if she had cast the piece in his face, walked out of the mill, and never again entered it.

We know that many young females fall victims to their own improper conduct. An excessive love of finery beyond their means, bold and forward behavior in the presence of men, light and frivolous conversation, Sunday walks with merry companions, attending theaters and singing-saloons, keeping late hours and neglecting home duties—all these are judged to be indications of easy virtue; and, as a rule, the judgment is just.

But there is a dignity in true modesty, which renders the libertine powerless, and makes him feel his own degradation; and, however men may pretend to flatter the forward, they only admire and respect the

modest. Man's impudencé is instantly rebuked where the woman's heart is fortified with true religion; for after all, piety is the best security for chastity.

Grapes in a Cop-Box.

We know one who, finding a bunch of grapes in her cop-box, put there by the master under pretence of looking for something, carried the grapes after him, into the counting-house, cast them down at his feet with indignation, and went home to tell her mother. She knew the man, and read his motives. Her mother wept, and exclaimed, "Ellen, I have long thought well of you; but now I thank God that he has given me such a child and that he has given you so pure and noble a spirit. We are poor, but we will leave this place and trust to Providence."

Ellen is now the honored and respected wife of an honorable and respectable man. But one in the same mill, who did not reject the allurements thrown in her way, now finds her name cast out as evil, and is the mother of a child of shame.

We have no wish to cast undue reflections, but observation leads us to the conclusion, that the moral character of the employer of labor, whether manufacturing or agricultural, is a fair criterion of the moral character of the employed. I know a mill par-

tially owned by a man of the turf, that has in it more bettors and gamblers than all the mills of the neighborhood; and another owner, who bets his money on foot-races, has brought many of the hands to poverty by leading them to imbibe the same spirit. "Like master like man," often holds good in more respects than as regards either horse or foot racing.

A high moral character in employers, managers, and overseers, is a great blessing to the hands; and the reverse a great curse. And we are glad to say that many employers have a sincere regard for the moral condition of their hands, and take the best means to insure their welfare in this respect; for there is no doubt that virtue and integrity prevail among our factory operatives, quite as much as among any class of the community.

The Fatal Half Sovereign.

As Mary returned home that night, she separated the half-sovereign from her wages, and hid it in a part of her dress. She looked strange, and was so unusually silent that her mother asked her if she was unwell. "No," was the reply, though she retired early to bed, but not to sleep. She was restless and miserable, and rose in the morning unrefreshed. She sighed to tell some one, but durst not. She wished to

hide the money, but could not tell where, for she was afraid it might be seen, and then what must she say respecting it?

But soon the half-sovereign grew to two, then three. Fine dressing followed. Whispers of scandal soon became out-spoken. She left school and chapel; left her home, driven away by her father; and one night in a lodging-house, became the mother of a still-born child.

Mary's mother privately contrived to see her, during her confinement, but it was a sorrowful meeting. The rest of the family would not own her, and she left the neighborhood. Where she went to was best known to the giver of the first fatal half-sovereign.

Two years after the revelation of her shame she might be seen walking our streets. But how changed! The rustic health and cheerful smile were gone. There was no mistaking what she was then, nor why she was walking the streets; the mark was upon her. Poor Mary, does the wretch who gave you the half-sovereign, who first beguiled, tempted, and ruined you smile upon you now? No. He has destroyed the peace of your home, and from that home they spurned you. He saw you innocent and happy, and blasted all your hopes. The scorpion's sting would not have proved so fatal to you as that villainous wretch. Now he does not know you; he despises you, and threatened

to send you to prison, the last time you asked him for something to buy you bread. Poor Mary!

Had Mary been wise, there was some hope still left for her.

On the Street.

While penning this short story, a young female has just entered my house and sits before me. She comes to beseech me to take her from a life of sin and sorrow, to the Home for the Penitent. A kind lady (not the first time in such cases) consents to take her. And now the young woman, yesterday on the street, is sheltered in a home of mercy, that to many has been a home of joy, from which after two years, they have come forth new in heart and new in life.

The blessing of Him who had not where to lay His head, rest on the homes of the benevolent Christian ladies who have thus provided a merciful retreat for their fallen and erring sisters.

But Mary did not go; she lived on a life of crime and wretchedness.

A Midnight Knock at the Door.

Late one evening a gentle knock at the door arrested my attention. The knock was evidently from a timid hand. There is in the midnight knock a disturbing influence peculiar to itself. When the tramp-

ing of feet has ceased, and the rumbling wheels of the last conveyance die away in the distance, and stillness reigns around—when, quiet and thoughtful, you sit gazing into the darkening embers of the wornout fire, calmly reflecting on the past, or speculating on the future—in such a moment a knock instantly arrests every wandering thought and commands immediate attention. Such was my experience on the night I was requested to visit the subject of this narrative.

Unlocking the door, I found a poor woman on the steps. She was without bonnet, her head and face were covered with a shawl. On my inquiring her errand at so late an hour, she informed me that a woman in the back street was very poorly, and wished to see me as soon as possible. And she added with evident fear, and almost in a whisper, "She is a woman of the streets."

Bidding her wait I stepped back into the house, and put on my boots, coat, and hat. On returning to the door, though the night was dark, I saw another person standing several yards distant. She was tall and slender, and seemed clothed in white. The moment she saw me she ran down the street at her full speed, and was instantly out of sight.

"What is the meaning of this? Why was yonder person standing looking this way; and why does she now run swiftly away?" I asked.

"I do not know, sir," was the reply.

"Yes, I think you do; and I wish you to tell me before I go with you one step," I observed.

"Well, then, sir, she should have come for you herself, but being dressed as she is, she wished me to come and she would show me where you lived."

The Place of Infamy.

Our way to the place of infamy and suffering was down a notorious street. Near the bottom are several miserable courts. Down one of these we groped our way in absolute darkness, and at last reached the house of sin and sorrow. It was the home of Mary.

I have witnessed many scenes of wretchedness, but none surpassed the one I saw that night. In a small room, with a damp flagged floor, on a pair of old bed stocks, under a bundle of rags, lay the wasted and worn form of what had once been a beautiful woman.

A chair without bottom stood beside her head, across this was a narrow piece of wood, placed there to hold a cup of water. A thin candle that stood over the fireplace dimly revealed a sight sickening to behold. I laid my hat on the floor, and bending over the poor creature, asked if she wished to see me.

"Yes, sir, I do. Yes, I do. You went to see Ellen, and you went to see Lizzie; they are dead; and now

my turn is come." Then raising herself up, with look of wildness truly dreadful, she exclaimed, "But there is mercy! there is mercy! there must be mercy! I know Christ died for sinners. Yes, yes, I know that Christ died for sinners, and I am a sinner! and oh, what a sinner!"

She then fell back exhausted, and lay some time without power to speak. When she recovered, I replied, "Yes, thank God, Christ died for sinners, and for the chief of sinners. How long have you known this?"

"Ever since I was a scholar in the Sunday School. I there learned to read the Bible. There I heard the Gospel preached. When I was about eighteen the minister often spoke to me about joining the church and giving my heart to God. Those were happy days, happy days! Oh! could I but call them back. But no, no, they are gone."

And again raising her voice she repeated, "But there must be mercy, there must be mercy, Christ died for sinners!"

"Had you not left the Sunday School, and had you sought and obtained salvation as the minister wished, how different would have been your state. In an evil day you left school, lost your virtue, and lost your peace."

"Yes, and an evil day it has been. I have a thousand reasons for cursing that day; and to curse one villain more than the day. My blood is on his head, and my curse has long followed him. Can mercy ever reach such as he?"

"You Will All Come to This!"

Just at this point the door was softly opened, and a tall, slender young woman in a light dress entered. She was followed by four others, all gayly attired. The youngest, a girl of about eighteen, had curled her hair, and wore a light dress, neck-beads, and bracelets. The five quietly drew near the bed, and silently gazed on poor Mary.

For some time not a word was spoken. Mary was the first to move or speak. She fixed her eyes with a steady gaze upon the group, and said with a deep sigh, "You will all come to this!"

I have heard the roar of the surging sea, and the wail of stricken sorrow. I have heard the sobs of agony for the dying, and the groans of the suddenly bereaved; but that one sentence stands out among all as the most fearful, the most truly dreadful. Many events glide from my memory like the lessening reverberations of the echo. But this holds its place. What a scene!

The young, the gay, the thoughtless, blooming with health, and buoyant with hope, decked in fashion and show, taking their last look at one of their companions in sin; that companion in ways of transgression—wasted and worn, covered with filthy rags, in the most wretched poverty, sinking rapidly down to the grave, and, as she feared, down to Hell—in the calmness of death looking on the guilty group, and deliberately predicting their doom.

The Dying Magdalen.

We catch this sentence of the dying Magdalen with a hope that it will never die till its sound is heard in the gayest saloon, the casino, and every house or place of ill-fame throughout our land. For to all such characters the words are true, and terrible as true; except they turn from their ways of wickedness, "they will all come to this."

I was leaning against the wall, under the dim candle, when the fearful prophecy was uttered; and turning to the youngest, asked if she had heard it.

"Yes," said she, "I heard it."

"Yes," I observed, "in this place we see the beginning and the end. This poor creature now lying in such a pitiable condition, was once as you are. And unless you forsake the life of sin you are now leading, you will soon be as she is."

Then addressing them all, I said, "Surely you now see, in this dying woman, what are the wages of sin. Is it not enough to make you fall on your knees, and cry for mercy and forgiveness? Enough to make you tear the very hair from your heads, at the bare thought that you have the name of——"

While speaking, the younger girl buried her face in the neck of one near her—who caught hold of the young creature, and they sobbed aloud. The others turned to the wall and wept. The dying penitent calmly said, "Mr. Ashworth, kneel down; beg of God to have mercy on us all—especially on me, a broken-hearted sinner."

We all knelt. Yes, we all knelt, and wept, and prayed. How frail are words at such a moment. My trembling voice was lost in sobs, in groans, and tears.

Ellen and Lizzie.

On a subsequent visit Mary again referred to Ellen and Lizzie, two of her former companions. She knew I had been with them in their last moments, and wished to know if they had any hope in their death. She evidently concluded that if they were pardoned, she, too, might possibly be saved. I urged her not to allow anything that might admit of a question to draw her mind from the only foundation on which a sinner could trust for salvation.

One of these girls, Lizzie, a few days before she died, sent an urgent request that I would come immediately to see her. On my entering the room she requested every person but myself to go out. When all had left, she turned her face towards me with a look of despair, exclaiming, "Oh, I have not sent for you to read the Bible, or to pray with me. It is now too late! God will not hear prayers for me. A lady brought to me a Bible many months since, but I pawned it, for how could I keep a Bible and live as I have lived? The sight of it made me miserable. I have sent for you to confide to you a secret, for I cannot die until I have told you."

With anguish of soul she communicated to me the long-kept secret, but it can do no person any good to make it known. On the day she died, she begged I would not leave her one moment. About twelve at night, she had a most terrible conflict. She grasped my hand and screamed out, "Shall I go to Hell as I have hold of the hand of a Christian?"

For some time our hands were locked together. On telling her I wished to read and pray with her once more, she loosed her fingers. One of her attendants ran out to fetch a Bible, and another lighted a candle, for we had been some time with only the flickering of the fire for light. I read in the ears of the dying Mag-

dalen, the last portion of God's word she ever heard, from Psalm 103; and kneeling down, prayed for her the last prayer. As I knelt by her side she again clasped my hand, heaved one deep sigh, and breathed her last.

Died in the Work House.

The other girl, Ellen Bland, died in the workhouse. During her sickness she refused to see any of her former companions; she wept and prayed night and day, and was greatly distressed on account of the disgrace she had brought on her family. Most bitterly did she bemoan her conduct to her mother. No one saw her die. The old nurse took me to look at her body, laid out in the deadhouse. Her features bore the stamp of pain and suffering. I laid my hand on the cold forehead, and breathed a hope that the sorrow-stricken countenance did not indicate more than her last struggle with the last enemy.

I was near being the only mourner for Ellen. On the day of her funeral, I walked alone behind the hearse containing her remains, but on arriving near the cemetery, two of her young companions, gaudily dressed in borrowed black, joined me, and when Ellen's body was lowered into its dark, narrow bed, they both sincerely shed for her a tear.

In a Pauper's Grave.

And thou, poor Mary, soon followedst thy frail sisters to their resting-place. Poor Mary, the wanderer from the Sunday School; Mary, the betrayed and the betrayer. Mary! poor Mary! Thy worn and wasted form now lies silent in a pauper's grave.

Fain would we hope that He who of old pardoned the sins and restored the soul of one who washed his feet with her tears, turned not away from thine, but said to thee in His divine compassion, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee."

"For at the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones a young man void of understanding. . . . In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night, there met him a woman with the attire of a harlot, and with an impudent face she said unto him, I have come forth to meet thee. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield. He goeth after her as an ox goeth to the slaughter, as a fool to the correction of the stocks, as a bird to the snare, till a dart strike through his liver. . . . But he knoweth not that it was for his life and her house is the way to hell."

Terrible words of inspiration, and terrible retribution, for where did this impudent woman come from?

Ask the rich man that with the half-sovereign first tempted poor Mary.

NOTE. This chapter was written by Mr. John Ashworth, and may be had in tract form at 9 cents a dozen, 60 cents per hundred, postpaid, from the Asher Publishing Co., 429 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAFFIC IN WOMEN.

In the May *Union Signal* (1910), Mrs. Rose Woodallen Chapman, Superintendent Purity Department, National W. C. T. U., has a series of articles under the above caption covering the territory under question so thoroughly that we beg the privilege to use it entire against the twin evils; viz., the saloon and the brothel. Once and for all time we declare ourselves opposed to the legal protection of these social vices. These chapters are followed by Hurd's Revised Statutes of Illinois (1908), to show that the Hag in Scarlet has not a single law in her favor. This will give the public a clearer conception of the sad situation. Please study carefully:

"It is hardly necessary to state to members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union that there is a traffic in women, of all colors and all races. As an organization we have been familiar with these awful facts for years, and we have striven to do all in our power to have the nefarious business completely stamped out. To-day, however, so many new facts are coming to light concerning it, that it will be well for us carefully to

review the situation as it is at the present time, that our information may be authentic and up-to-date.

"We will not turn to the newspaper and magazine articles that did so much to make the terrible situation known to the general reader, and, therefore, did so much to bring about the present noteworthy activity on the part of those officers who have power to deal with the evil. Rather we will turn to those authenticated documents whose words bear the stamp of truth and cannot be discredited by being ascribed to the imaginative writers of fiction.

"The most thorough official investigation of this traffic in women has been given by the special committee of the Immigration Commission, which began work in November, 1907. Its researches were necessarily limited to the questions of the importing of women for immoral purposes and the leading astray of immigrants within the legal limit of three years after their landing. The report upon this subject was transmitted to Congress in December, 1909, and a portion of it was printed as Senate Document No. 196.

A Few Quotations.

"A few quotations from this document will make it clear to every one just what the situation is at the present time. Says the report: 'The recruiting of alien women

or girls to enter the United States in violation of section 3 of the immigration act, or to live in this country in violation of this provision of law, is carried on both here and abroad.

" 'In the judgment of practically every one who has had an opportunity for careful judgment, the numbers imported run well into the thousands each year.

" 'To secure entries into the country contrary to our law, these immoral women or the deluded innocent victims of the procurers are usually brought in as wives or near relatives of their importers.

" 'Many of these women come through the port of New York. Of late, many come by way of Canada. On the Pacific coast, San Francisco and Seattle are the chief ports of entry.

" 'The prize offered to the victim is only that of higher wages and better economic conditions.'

"These authoritative statements show that a traffic in women does exist; but, judging by the questions raised by some of the newspapers, the real question to be decided is the extent and character of this traffic. The paragraph that seems to be most widely quoted by the newspapers from this report is the one which states that the commission has been unable to learn of any 'great monopolistic concern whose business it is to import and exploit these unfortunate women, trafficking in them from country to country.'

"Yet the report goes on to state, 'There are two organizations of importance, one French, the other Jewish, although as organizations they do not import. Apparently they hate each other; but their members would naturally join forces against the common enemy.'

French Headquarters.

"And again: 'In several cities there are French headquarters—that is, a meeting place where French importers, procurers * * * congregate, receive their mail, transact business, drink, gamble and amuse themselves in other ways. Through these mutual acquaintanceships, sustained by common interests and a knowledge of their common affairs, they assist one another in the business. Sometimes small groups of individuals are organized to assist one another for a time, each going abroad in turn to send or bring girls into the United States. One combination discovered was formed between a fugitive from justice in Paris, a man in Seattle, and another in Chicago, the man in Paris supplying the girls to the Northwest through Seattle and Chicago.'

"The report is very conservative in its statements, which should make more convincing the facts which it presents. 'To guard against the sensational beliefs that are becoming prevalent, it is best to repeat that the agents of this commission have not learned that all or

even the majority of the alien women and girls practicing prostitution in the United States in violation of the immigration act were forced or deceived into the life. * * * They have learned * * * that alien women and girls in considerable numbers have been so deceived or taken advantage of by procurers that they have found themselves in conditions which practically forced them into practicing prostitution; and that all of those engaged in the exploitation of these alien women and girls use every means of degrading them, in order to keep them in the life as long as they are able to earn money.'

"The next question that seems to call for consideration is as to whether or not these unfortunate women are really kept in a condition of slavery. The most prevalent notion for many years has been that practically all of the women in the life, whether they went into it of their own free will or not, remain in it of their own volition and therefore cannot be called slaves.

"Turning to the report, we find that it speaks in general terms of 'many girls brought here innocent, betrayed into a slavery rigid in its strictness and barbarous in its nature.' And again, 'Most pitiful for the women and most brutal on the part of the men are the methods employed for exploiting these women imported contrary to law, both those coming willingly to lead a vicious life

and those lured into the country as innocent girls by deception and by their affections.'

Procurer Shares Profits.

"'The procurer may put his woman into a disorderly house, sharing profits with the madam. He may sell her outright; he may act as an agent for another man; he may keep her, making arrangements for her hunting men. * * * If she tries to leave her man she is threatened with arrest. If she resists, she finds all the men about her leagued against her; she may be beaten; in some cases when she has betrayed her betrayer she has been murdered.'

"'Of her earnings she gets practically nothing; if she is docile and beautiful and makes herself a favorite with the madam, she may occasionally be allowed to ride in the parks handsomely dressed. * * * She is usually kept heavily in debt in order that she may not escape. * * * Frequently she is not allowed to leave the house except in company with those who will watch her; she is deprived of all street clothing * * * she often contracts loathsome and dangerous diseases and lives hopelessly on, looking forward to an early death.'

"'But,' say many, 'why don't the girls make their escape? Surely in this free land of ours no one need be kept in subjection against his or her will.' On this point, also, the report has something to say:

"'An innocent girl often revolts bitterly against the life and refuses to submit until compulsion is used. * * * If she tries to escape, he may apply for aid to any other man (in the same business) in any city in the United States. These men are constantly traveling; they frequent the same clubs and are in close correspondence. If she has been seen by other men they make a business of remembering her, and her photograph, in case of escape, would be sent to other places. Not only do they wish to help one another, but they wish also to impress upon their own women the difficulties and danger of attempting to escape. In many cases it appears as if the police made little effort to assist the girls. * * * Instead of feeling safe with the police they are usually threatened with the police by their (masters) and sometimes they are arrested and punished on some false complaint. Not only the keepers of disorderly houses but even saloonkeepers and the keepers of the 'hotels' patronized by people of this class, naturally side with the men. All the women known by the girl are either unwilling or powerless to help her.'

Regular Business of Recruiting.

"In addition to the importation of women for immoral purposes, there is a regular business of recruiting going on from among those who have lately come into the

country and who are easy victims because of the ignorance of the language and the customs of the country. The report says of this method of procedure: 'Those who recruit women for immoral purposes watch all places where young women are likely to be found under circumstances which will give them a ready means of acquaintance and intimacy, such as employment agencies, immigrant homes, moving picture shows, dance halls, sometimes waiting rooms in large department stores, railroad stations, manicuring and hairdressing establishments. The men watching such places are usually suave in manner, well dressed, and prosperous looking. They become acquainted as intimately as possible with the young aliens, then use every conceivable method of betraying them.'

"One other question must be touched on before we leave this report, and that, very naturally, is this: 'Are our own, native-born girls in any danger of this kind of slavery?'

"The work of this special committee was limited to the question of the immigrant girl. Yet on the above question it has this to say: 'It is probable that a somewhat larger proportion of the American girls are free from the control of a master; and yet, according to the best evidence obtainable * * * nearly all the women now engaged in this business in our large cities

are subject to (masters) to whom they give most of their earnings, or else they are under the domination of keepers of houses, a condition which is parctically the same.'

"This is the condition in general, as the investigators of the Immigration Commission found it. In the next article we will take up a consideration of some of the results of the recent investigation carried on in New York City.

"For the past two years Chicago has been fighting valiantly to purify itself of this terrible evil and much has been accomplished in the way of successful prosecutions and the passage of more stringent laws. Indeed, it has doubtless been Chicago's inspiring warfare that aroused other portions of the country to follow in the same line of endeavor. Chicago's story is well-known by this time, however. The situation in New York is more recent and, therefore, calls for more detailed attention."

Judging by the prosperity and wide-open business of the Levee, the West Side and the Strand as late as July 1910, little progress has, after all, been made in Chicago. If one wants a glimpse of Hell it is only necessary to step from the elevated station at Twenty-second street and its red glare and raucous noises are there. Newspaper reports as to the lid having been put on the Traffic are misleading, to the certain knowledge of the writer of this

book. However, this article is true to the line outside of this particular phase.

A Special Grand Jury.

"A special grand jury was empaneled the first week in January to investigate the so-called 'white slave traffic,' and of this grand jury, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was made foreman.

"At the time of this appointment, the attitude of a great many seemed to be that of expecting the grand jury to prove the falsity of the accusations made against New York City as one of the great centers of the infamous traffic. This was the expressed opinion of the new mayor, and even Mr. Rockefeller himself was widely quoted as having said, 'If these stories are true they should be proved; if they are false, they should be silenced.' As the weeks went by, less was heard of the possible falsity of these statements, and on January 20 it was made known by the newspapers that, after a conference with Mr. Rockefeller, Mayor Gaynor 'expressed great surprise and seemed astonished to think that no great effort had been made by the police to stamp out the trade.' Further surprise was manifested by the mayor when the young millionaire told him that the girls (witnesses before the grand jury) had told how they had been stolen, sold and held against their will, afraid to

attempt to escape for fear of being killed or badly beaten by their masters.

"On February 4, the Board of Estimate voted an appropriation of $25,000 for carrying on the investigation of the special grand jury, and it was not long before the newspapers recorded arrests, indictments and some convictions.

"From a study of these cases a better idea may be gained of what this traffic in women really is than in almost any other way.

Guiseppi Picone Convicted.

"The first conviction was that of Guiseppi Picone, who induced fifteen-year-old Wanda Boshka to leave home with him and afterward forced her to support him. The next was that of Emilio Dicico who, with Joseph Marfio, took three young girls on a trip to Hartford, Conn., and sold them to the keeper of a resort.

"Samuel Buckle abducted his sister-in-law, who was fifteen years old, and brought her from Philadelphia to New York and sold her into a life of infamy.

"The stories of these girls, when secured in detail, is most pathetic. Take, for instance, the case of Louise Gunderman, a comely Swedish girl, who came to this country to be married to the faithful sweetheart who was at last able to make a home for her. Through some

misunderstanding of his directions, she found herself alone on the streets of New York. Her inquiries brought her no knowledge of her lover's whereabouts. She found her way, however, to the house of some of her countrywomen, and soon secured an honest position. At a social gathering she met Gustave Lagerman, one of the most noted cadets and panderers in greater New York. He used all of his arts of fascination upon the poor, lonely girl, painted a rosy future for her, and, telling her great tales of the different customs of this new land, succeeded in getting her to come and live with him. It was not long before she was forced upon the streets to earn the shameful money that enabled him to live in idleness.

"On the last night of the old year, the poor victim suddenly met her old sweetheart face to face. To him she sobbed out the story of her misery and shame, and he promised to aid her to a reformation. They were starting away together, but Lagerman, who had been spying upon them from a doorway, drove the lover away at the point of his revolver and chased the girl to her room, where he beat her cruelly and then destroyed most of her clothing, that she might remain a prisoner.

"With hope newly aroused, however, the girl did not give up, but managed to send word to her brother-in-law, who rescued her and caused the arrest of her 'master.'

"Unlike the stories of most of these victims, this one

has a happy ending. The 'slave-driver' was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The victim was married to her faithful lover, and sailed with him for the old country, where in time she might forget a part, at least, of her terrible experiences in this, 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

"In contrast to this finale is the fate of the girl wife of eighteen, who refused to return to a life on the streets to support her husband, just released from Elmira reformatory, and was shot by her husband as a consequence.

"Another case was that of a young girl of fine family who came from Venezuela to go on the stage. She has stated upon oath that she was forced into a life on the streets at the point of a revolver; she bears marks which she asserts were received in beatings which the man gave her; and since her escape from his clutches she has lived in constant fear for her life. Threatening letters which were written her by the man were put in the hands of the district attorney.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRAFFIC IN WOMEN (CONCLUDED).

"From these few instances some idea may be gained of what is going on in New York City. To be sure, no startling number of cases has been discovered, and no evidence that the courts will accept has been found as to the existence of any large syndicate or organization of men engaged in this traffic. Recalling, however, the widespread announcement that was given to the projected investigation to be undertaken by the special grand jury, and remembering the astuteness of these men, no one will be surprised at the small results.

"Of course, the men at the top get out of the way. Of course they covered up their tracks so securely that no legal trace could be found. But it must seem, to any right-minded individual, that enough has been found to indicate that a great deal more of this sort of thing is going on in the under-world than the newspapers, for instance, are willing to admit. Already they are announcing: 'No white slave traffic here—another slander on New York exposed.' But these self-congratulatory statements have little effect upon those who know of the

conditions unearthed in Chicago's two years' investigation and in the work of the National Vigilance Committees of the various countries.

"The results of the investigation in New York City may seem meager. Two facts, however, must be borne in mind. One is that the evidence now required under the law to secure conviction is of such a character as to make it almost impossible for it to be obtained. Certain definite facts must be proved. The testimony of the victim is not enough; it must be corroborated by another witness. But the very character of the acts is such that a man would see to it that no one else was put in a position to have knowledge of them. Hence, in numberless cases where guilt is morally certain, it cannot legally be proved.

"Then, again, the restricted meaning which it seems must necessarily be placed upon the word 'slave,' enables the statements to be made with some show of reason that there are very few 'slaves.' Too many of these unfortunate girls are ready to say that they are in the life willingly—some say it through fear of their keepers, doubtless, while others have become so hardened to the life that, seeing nothing else for them, they speak the sad truth.

Difficult to Secure Convictions.

"Every one can readily see, if it has been so difficult to secure the conviction of individuals, how almost im-

possible it must be to obtain legal evidence on this business. One society whose members are, according to the statements of investigators, in this traffic, keeps its skirts clear by expelling the unfortunate one whose occupation becomes known.

"Moreover, we of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union know that if there is no organized 'white slave traffic,' as is claimed, there is an organized liquor traffic, which is the very source and root of this terrible evil. Where is it the procurers meet? In the saloon. Where is it the poor victim generally meets her terrible fate? In the back room of a saloon or in a wine-room. What is it that is responsible for nine-tenths of the immorality among men? Alcoholic liquor, say the physicians who have made the closest study of immorality and the resultant diseases.

"While we arouse ourselves to greater activity than ever before over the atrocities of the traffic in women, we do not need to lessen our interest in the warfare against the liquor traffic, for when we strike at that we strike at the very fountain-head of this most awful evil.

"New York City, however, was not the only place where increased activity of officials brought out evidences of a traffic in women. On January 16, at Watertown, N. Y., a detective rescued three girls of respectable families who had been abducted by a man and a woman

from Utica, N. Y., on the promise of lucrative positions. The newspapers stated that the facts in this case indicated the existence of a well organized white slave syndicate operating near the Canadian border.

"In Los Angeles was discovered a man who has been making periodical trips to Belgium, bringing back each time a woman who, he claimed to the authorities, was his wife, but who was subsequently sold into slavery. The man was arrested in Baltimore for enticing a seventeen-year-old girl from Dauphin, Pa., to that city. On one of the prisoners was found memoranda of names and addresses of girls in nearly every city in the East. A sixteen-year-old girl, employed in a typewriter factory in Grand Rapids, Mich., was enticed into a resort by two women and was refused her freedom. She managed to escape and brought action against the women.

"These fearful occurrences, recorded from all over our land, should enforce upon our minds two vital lessons.

"One is the need for drastic legislation in every state in the Union looking toward the complete wiping out of this nefarious traffic. A step in the right direction was the resolution presented to the 'House of Governors' by the committee on resolutions of the National Civic Federation, asking that uniform legislation should be adopted 'to suppress and prevent the procurement of women for immoral purposes,' so that no state should be

a harbor of refuge for those who make a business of thus exploiting women.

Traps in City and Country.

"The second lesson is one that needs to be learned by parents and young people everywhere, and that is that these traps are spread for young and innocent feet not alone in the big and wicked city, but in the smaller place as well. Harry A. Parkin, assistant United States district attorney of Chicago, says, 'I think it safe to say that every city, village and hamlet whose daughters are fair to look upon, has been or will be, as time proceeds, the hunting ground of some procurer or agent for the white slave syndicate. I make this statement for the purpose of sounding a warning to that resident, that mother, that daughter, who sits in the schoolhouse or church pew and believes that she is safe from the snares of the traffickers because of the remoteness or the inaccessibility of her peaceful village. It is not alone the large cities that furnish beautiful girlhood to lives of shame and debauchery. It is not necessary to go to New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia or Kansas City to procure beautiful and attractive girls. It is well known that out on the prairies in Texas, in Missouri, in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, in fact, all over our great west, there are as beautiful types of womanhood as ever graced God's

footstool. It is these that the trafficker is seeking. They are the ones who furnish the easiest victims for his snares.'

"Parents need to be awakened to the fact that they must be watchful always if they are to insure the safety of their girls, even when living in the seclusion of their own homes. Sometimes a young girl in the country or small town is allowed to marry a man from the city, whose polished ways have blinded her natural protectors to the necessity of a full knowledge of the character and history of the man into whose hands they must put the welfare of their child. Too often has the marriage proved to be but the convenient trick of the procurer, and the girl found herself his innocent victim.

"Says Edwin W. Sims, of Chicago, United States district attorney, 'I believe that there are good grounds for the suspicion that the ice cream parlor, kept by the foreigner in the large country town, is often a recruiting station and a feeder for the white slave traffic.'

"Then, too, the girl living at home sometimes thoughtlessly picks up acquaintances at the postoffice, the railroad station, when off on a picnic, and little by little comes under the insidious influence of one who is deliberately plotting her ruin.

"Parents should understand that these dangers are very real, and should do all in their power to guard against them.

Country Girl in Greatest Danger.

"It is the country girl who leaves home and goes to the city who is in the greatest danger, as all the workers along this line testify.

"To quote again from Edwin W. Sims: 'The recent examination of more than two hundred "white slaves" by the office of the United States district attorney at Chicago has brought to light the fact that literally thousands of innocent girls from the country districts are every year entrapped into a life of hopeless slavery and degradation because parents in the country do not understand conditions as they exist and how to protect their daughters from the "white slave" traders, who have reduced the art of ruining girls to a national system.'

"And again: 'In view of what I have learned in the course of the recent investigation and prosecution of the white slave traffic, I can say in all sincerity that if I lived in the country and had a young daughter I would go to any length of hardship and privation myself rather than allow her to go to the city. * * * But if circumstances should seem to compel a change from the country to the city, then the only safe way is to go with her to the city; but even this last has its disadvantages from the fact that, in that case, the parents would themselves be unfamiliar with the usages and pitfalls of

metropolitan life, and would not be able to protect their daughters as carefully as if they had spent their own lives in the city.'

"And again: 'Do not trust any man who pretends to take an interest in your girl, if that interest involves her leaving her own roof. Keep her with you. She is far safer in the country than in the big city, but if go to the city she must, then go with her yourself; if that is impossible, place her with some woman who is your friend, not hers; no girl can safely go to a great city to make her own way who is not under the eye of a trustworthy woman who knows the ways and dangers of city life.'

"Miss Florence Mabel Dedrick, a rescue missionary for the Moody church, Chicago, has, through experience, gained a true understanding of the situation. She contrasts the country girl and the city girl thus: 'The country girl is more open to the enticements of city life, being more truthful, perfectly innocent, and unsuspecting of those whose business it is to seek their prey from girls of this class. The city girl has had it drilled into her from the time she could walk that she must regard people with distrust, not speaking to strangers anywhere, accepting nothing from any one, and making confidants only of her own people.'

"Then, speaking of the dangers, Miss Dedrick gives

utterance to the following very practical words of warning: 'The danger begins the moment a girl leaves the protection of home and mother. One of these dangers is the fact that there are watchers or agents, either men or women, at our steamboat landings, railroad stations, everywhere, who seek attractive girls evidently unused to city ways, try to make their acquaintance by using inducements and deception of every conceivable kind, by offers of helpfulness and by showing every kindness.

Places of Danger.

"'Girls are offered refreshments, either to eat or drink. Many are secured in this way and realize, when too late, that the refreshing drink was drugged.

"'After coming to the city, homesickness may overtake a girl, and, even if warnings have been given, she may forget them, throw off restraint and pour out her heart freely to those of whom she knows nothing, and in this unguarded moment the mischief is done.

"'Another danger still, and a very serious one, is our lodging houses of today, many of which are houses of shame, hidden from public eye.

"'Rooming in one place and taking meals in another is a great danger, and one which her mother should guard against.

"'Another serious danger is the entertainment of

gentlemen friends in her room. Much danger might be avoided if every lodging house had a parlor where a girl could have some home life and entertain her friends occasionally.

" 'Without a moment's hesitation I would say, after much investigation, that one curse of our land today is the five-cent theaters. More harm is done right here in one night than could be undone in years.

" 'Ice cream parlors and fruit stores, in many cases combined, run largely by foreigners, are where scores of girls have taken their first step downward.

" 'There are restaurants selling wines and liquors, where many young girls go as waitresses, which hold dangers for every girl.

" 'The sign, "Ladies' Entrance," "Family Entrance," indicate what has often been the "entrance" of many a precious girl to a life of sin.

" 'The amusement parks are now becoming a serious menace to our young people. Advertisements are another temptation in store for the country girl.

" 'One of the most fascinating allurements of city life to many a young girl is the dance hall.

" 'Many girls have a great desire and ambition to work in a store in the city. I would never allow a girl to do it unless I knew beyond a shadow of doubt that she possessed great strength of character. A serious cause

for the downfall of many girls is the small wages which so-called Christians are paying—barely enough for mere existence.'

Manifold Temptations.

"All who are interested in the welfare of girls should carefully consider these manifold temptations. Then as we ponder how our girls may be saved, let those of us who are parents carefully consider these words of this experienced worker: 'There is a point in a girl's downward career, just at the beginning, where she may be rescued on the rebound, as it were, and untold suffering saved her, for she is very tender at this time, and easily influenced. The closed door of a father's home is the reason why so many go deeper down in sin.'

"A consideration of this subject would not be complete if we did not give some time and attention to its international aspects—not alone because our information is incomplete without this, but even more because in this view of the subject there is much that is helpful and suggestive for those desiring to assist in the safeguarding of women and girls.

"It will doubtless be of interest to many to know that this latest crusade for the suppression of the 'white slave traffic' had its beginning in the year 1898, as a direct result of the efforts of the secretary of the Brit-

ish National Vigilance Association. Determined efforts were put forth to convince the various governments of Europe of the necessity of their taking concerted action in this matter. Finally, in July, 1902, in response to an invitation from the French government, sixteen countries, represented by thirty-six delegates, met at the Foreign Office in Paris to consider what measures would be most effectual in breaking up these syndicates of evil. As a result of the deliberations, an international agreement was drawn up, and on May 18, 1904, this treaty was signed by the leading countries of Europe. It was presented to our government and, after careful consideration, its ratification was advised by the Senate and proclaimed by the President, June 15, 1908. It has been stated that this is the first treaty relating to social morality consummated between the leading governments of the world.

Ports and Depots Danger Points.

"It has been discovered that the chief places of danger are the ports of embarkation or debarkation and the railway stations of the various countries, and one of the articles of this treaty provided for having a watch kept at these places for persons in charge of women and girls destined for an immoral life.

"Since this work could hardly be entrusted to men,

and since it would be necessary for such workers to know several languages as well as to be possessed of much common sense and discretion, the British National Vigilance Association was authorized by the government to engage a large number of women workers, possessing the requisite qualifications. During the last five years they have met at the railway stations of London and at the most important English ports, 16,000 young women, 80 per cent of whom were of foreign nationality, and quite 40 per cent of whom would have been in moral peril if it had not been for this assistance.

"In France the society, *'Les Amies de la Jeune Fille,'* did splendid work; the women of the Catholic church, beginning in 1898, organized the International Catholic Association for Railway Station Work. The statement is made that the organization of this work is now so complete in Europe that it is almost impossible for a young girl to fall into moral trouble, if she will but avail herself of the help which is ready at all times and in all places.

"An act was passed in this country February 20, 1907, which attempted to prohibit the importation of alien women and girls for immoral purposes. It was made broad, so that it would prohibit, not only the importation but the keeping, even with her consent, any for-

eign woman or girl for immoral purposes. A decision of the Supreme Court, however, that the clause 'keep, maintain, control, support, or harbor,' embraced powers not given by the constitution to Congress, but reserved to the respective states, renders this portion of the act ineffective, and restricts the work of the Federal authorities to cases where they are able to prove that the defendant imported the girl prior to the time when she was found in his house of prostitution. As it is extremely difficult in the vast majority of cases to show that the person in whose house the alien was found was responsible for her importation, this decision will very materially lessen the number of Federal prosecutions.

"In another article in the treaty the contracting governments undertook, within legal limits, to exercise supervision, as far as possible, over the offices or agencies engaged in finding employment for women or girls abroad.

"Says the secretary of the British Vigilance Association, Mr. William Alexander Coote, speaking of this International Agreement: 'It is a woman's charter, which for the first time in the history of the world regards the moral well-being of a young woman as a national asset of great value to the country in which she lives.' But the agreement can only be of real value in those countries where the people have sufficient interest

in the welfare of their young women to organize themselves to assist their governments in its working.

The Traffic World Wide.

"The value of this International Agreement is evidenced by the following instance: On January 18 the officers of an international 'white slave' agency were raided by the police in Riga, Russia, on information received from Copenhagen, where fifteen Russian girls, who answered advertisements for young women to work as dairymaids, had been sent. Only one of the 'white slave' traders was arrested, the others having taken warning, but documents were seized showing an average profit of thirty dollars on each woman placed in Europe or America.

"Yet we are still far from a complete solution of the terrible problem. For instance, the *Matin* of Paris makes the statement that 2,000 girls are annually lured from the workshops and homes of that city by the agencies centered there for the exploitation of women. It is very evident that more stringent laws are needed, and more particularly adequate police support, and more thorough international co-operation. It is quite possible that another International Congress may be called to consider these and other necessary points.

"Of great importance is it for us to consider the dan-

gers that American girls run in foreign lands. Attention was called, in an article published in the New York *World* on January 23, to the fact that girls who go abroad bent on operatic careers are often made the victims of unscrupulous managers, agents, and orchestra conductors. Recently, stated this article, a consul at an Italian city communicated with the United States government, urging that protection be afforded young women from this country who are in danger of losing, not alone their money, in the efforts for operatic appearances, but their virtue as well. There is evidently need of doing something for the protection of American girls who go as students to foreign lands.

The Immigration Commission.

"It will be well to consider some of the most important recommendations made by the Immigration Commission in its report, and carefully watch to see whether they are carried out by our government, whether by proper administration or by new legislation:

" 'In carrying out the provisions of the treaty made with the leading European governments concerning the "white slave" traffic, as well as in the administration of the law excluding from this country alien criminals, there should be attached to our embassies in some of the most important countries, especially France, Great Brit-

ain, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Italy, special agents with authority to employ assistants who work in conjunction with foreign governments; first, in the way of securing information which might assist in the deportation of criminals and prostitutes found here; second, in the way of furnishing information which might lead to the prosecution in foreign courts of aliens for crimes committed either here or abroad, especially for inducing women to enter upon an immoral life and go to the United States to engage in immoral practices.

" 'The Secretary of Commerce and Labor should direct the special agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor, who would work in foreign countries under his immediate direction, to secure information not only regarding ordinary criminals, but also regarding prostitutes or young women who are presumably being taken to the United States for immoral purposes. Such information should be in most cases given in advance to the steamship companies, so as to prevent the sailing of such persons. Provided such persons so sail, information should be furnished our immigrant officials in advance of their landing.

" 'Government agents on the steamer whose duty it is to enforce the immigration laws, should likewise be instructed to give especial attention to passengers presumably connected with the "white slave" traffic.

"'At the chief ports of landing the matrons, as well as the members of the board of inquiry before whom cases that are presumably connected with the "white slave" traffic come, should be appointed with especial reference to their ability to detect and deal with such cases.

"'Doubtful cases of young alien women at ports of landing should be held until detailed inquiry can be made regarding the persons to whom they are to be discharged and regarding the places to which they are to be sent.

"'The right should be given to every inspector assigned to such duty to arrest on sight any alien woman found practicing prostitution, and also any alien man who appears to be living upon her earnings or who is supporting or harboring her for immoral purposes.

"'All persons violating the act who have been debarred or deported, if they later return to and attempt to enter the United States, should be declared guilty of misdemeanor and should be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years, and at the expiration of such term be deported.'

"'The penalties of perjury should be inflicted upon those taking false oath regarding the circumstances connected with these crimes.

"'The burden of proof regarding the date and place of landing should be placed upon the alien, if those facts are needed.

" 'The keeping or management of any house of prostitution by an alien, or the taking of all or part of the earnings of any prostitute, should be sufficient cause for deportation of such alien.

" 'Steamship companies should be required to take back from whence they came all debarred or deported passengers in the same class of passage in which they came to this country.

" 'Cases should be prosecuted in the district where evidence is most readily secured.

" 'The legislatures of the various states should be asked to enact laws requiring the detention of every alien woman convicted under the state laws of practicing prostitution, and further providing for the notification of the Department of Commerce and Labor of such cases, in order that immediate steps may be taken for the deportation of such women.

" 'The transportation of persons from any state, territory or district to another for the purpose of prostitution should be forbidden under heavy penalties.

" 'The legislatures of several states should consider the advisability of enacting more stringent laws regarding prostitution. It is suggested that the Illinois statute regarding pandering be carefully considered.' "

CHAPTER XII.

HURD'S REVISED STATUTES OF ILLINOIS, 1908

We insert in this work enough law against the Red Light Districts to sink a battleship. The following is taken from a leaflet, entitled: "By What Legal or Moral Right does the Officially Protected Red Light District Exist?" published by order of Cook Co. Woman's Christian Temperance Union. We invite you to study it carefully:

OF THE POWERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL. PAGE 318. SECTION 62—ITEM 45

To suppress bawdy and disorderly houses, houses of ill-fame or assignation, within the limits of the city and within three miles of the outer boundaries of the city; and also to suppress gaming and gambling houses, lotteries, and all fraudulent devices and practices, for the purpose of gaining or obtaining money or property; and to prohibit the sale or exhibition of obscene or immoral publications, prints, pictures, or illustrations.

Houses of Ill-Fame.

Page 352, Sec. 245 and 246—Houses of Ill-Fame.

An Act to prevent the licensing of houses of ill-fame, and the official inspection or medical examination of the inmates thereof, in the incorporated cities, towns and villages of this state. (Approved and in force March 27, 1874.)

LICENSING AND MEDICAL INSPECTION FORBIDDEN.

Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be unlawful for the corporate authorities of any city, town or village in this state to grant a license to any person, male or female, to keep what is known as a house of ill-fame or house of prostitution. And it shall be lawful for any board of health (or any member or employee of the same) now existing, or which may hereafter exist under the laws of this state, to interfere in the management of any house of ill-fame or house of prostitution, or to provide in any manner for the medical inspection or examination of any inmate of the same.

EMERGENCY. Whereas, the legislative authorities of certain cities in this state are about to license houses of ill-fame, therefore an emergency exists why this act should take effect immediately; therefore, this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Fine of Not Exceeding $200.

Page 724, Sec. 57 and 57A.

DISORDERLY HOUSE—ILL-FAME. Whoever keeps or maintains a house of ill-fame or place for the practice of prostitution or lewdness, or whoever patronizes the same, or lets any house, room or other premises for any such purpose, or shall keep a common, ill-governed and disorderly house, to the encouragement of idleness, gaming, drinking, fornication or other misbehavior, shall be fined not exceeding $200. When the lessee or keeper of a dwelling house or other building is convicted under this section, the lease or contract for letting the premises shall, at the option of the lessor, become void, and the lessor may have the like remedy to recover the possession as against a tenant holding over after the expiration of his term. And whoever shall lease to another any house, room or other premises, in whole or in part, for any of the uses or purposes finable under this section, or knowingly permits the same to be so used or occupied, shall be fined not

exceeding $200, and the house or premises so leased, occupied or used shall be held liable for and may be sold for any judgment obtained under this section, but if such building or premises belongs to a minor or other person under guardianship, then the guardian or conservator and his property shall be liable instead of such ward, and his property shall be subject to be sold for the payment of said judgment.

57 A. KEEPING BOATS, ETC., FOR PURPOSE OF PROSTITUTION. Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That any person who shall keep a boat or other water craft for the purposes of prostitution on any of the navigable waters of this state, breakwater or other stream, over or upon which this state has jurisdiction, shall be guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof, shall be confined in the penitentiary for a period of not less than one nor more than three years, and shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one thousand dollars.

Duties of Mayor.

Page 310. Sections 21-23-26-27. Duties of Mayor.

21. HIS POWER TO KEEP PEACE. He may exercise, within the city limits, the powers conferred upon sheriffs, to suppress disorder and keep the peace.

23. GENERAL DUTIES. He shall perform all such duties as are or may be prescribed by law or by the city ordinances, and shall take care that the laws and ordinances are faithfully executed.

26. TO CALL OUT MILITIA, ETC.—RIOTS, ETC. He shall have power, when necessary, to call on every male inhabitant of the city over the age of 18 years, to aid in enforcing the laws and ordinances, and to call out the militia to aid in suppressing riots and other disorderly conduct, or carrying into effect any law or ordinance, subject to the authority of the governor as commander-in-chief of the militia.

27. MISCONDUCT, ETC., OF MAYOR OR OTHER OFFICER—PENALTY. In case the mayor or any other municipal officer shall at any time be guilty of a palpable omission of duty, or shall willfully and corruptly be guilty of oppression, malconduct or misfeasance in the discharge of the duties of his office he shall be liable to indictment in any court of competent jurisdiction, and on conviction, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding $1,000; and the court in which such conviction shall be had shall enter an order removing such officer from office.

Sheriffs.

Page 2007. Chapter 125.—Sheriffs.

15. DUTY OF SHERIFFS. Sheriffs shall serve and execute, within their respective counties, and return all writs, warrants, process, orders and decrees of every description that may be legally directed and delivered to them.

17. CONSERVATOR OF THE PEACE. Each sheriff shall be conservator of the peace in his county, and shall keep the same, suppress riots, routs, affrays, fighting, breaches of the peace, and prevent crime; and may arrest offenders on view, and cause them to be brought before proper magistrates for trial or examination.

18. POSSE COMITATUS. To keep the peace, prevent crime, or to execute any writ, warrant, process, order or decree, he may call to his aid, when necessary, any person or the power of the county.

In addition to above the sheriff may under certain circumstances, call upon Governor for military force when unable to preserve peace. (Starr v. Custiss, Annotated Illinois Statutes, 1343, par. 399.)

State's Attorney.

Hurd's Revised Statutes, page 193, sec. 5, gives the first duty of the state's attorney:

"To commence and prosecute all actions, suits, indictments and prosecutions, civil and criminal, in any court of record in

The Moth and the Flame.

The human moths around the Red Light flame
Show law is truckling to the Jade of Shame.

his county, in which the people of the state or county may be concerned."

THE REVISED MUNICIPAL CODE OF CHICAGO OF 1905. PAGE 405.

Houses of Ill-Fame or Assignation.

1456. No person shall keep or maintain a house of ill-fame or assignation, or place for the practice of fornication or prostitution or lewdness, under a penalty of not to exceed two hundred dollars for every twenty-four hours, such house or place shall be kept or maintained for such purpose.

1457. No person shall patronize, frequent, be found in or be an inmate of any house of ill-fame or assignation, or place for the practice of prostitution or lewdness under a penalty of not exceeding two hundred dollars for each offense.

1458. Every house of ill-fame or house of assignation where men and women resort for the purpose of fornication or prostitution is hereby declared to be a nuisance.

Night Walkers.

1459. All prostitutes, solicitors to prostitution, and all persons of evil fame or report, plying their vocation upon the streets, alleys or public houses in the city, are hereby declared to be common nuisances and shall be fined not to exceed one hundred dollars for each offense.

Ill-Governed or Disorderly Houses.

1460. Every common, ill-governed or disorderly house, room or other premises, kept for the encouragement of idleness, gaming, drinking, fornication, or other misbehaviour is hereby declared to be a public nuisance, and the keeper and all persons connected with the maintenance thereof, and all persons patronizing or frequenting the same shall be fined not exceeding two hundred dollars for each offense.

Powers to Enforce Laws Ample.

The laws seem to be ample. The powers of officers to enforce them are ample. Yet this city of nearly one thousand

churches is reeking with an ever-increasing number of houses of prostitution, not only tolerated by those sworn to enforce law but actually **protected** by them.

The Mayor and Chief of Police have exactly the same legal and moral right to **protect** these 25,000 red-light criminals that they have to protect the operations of a band of counterfeiters, a gang of burglars or a nest of anarchists. **Not one bit more.** Let them deny it if they dare. Under this fostering protection the business of prostitution has grown to such proportions that the usual supply of depraved women is inadequate. The procurer and white slave trader are the logical results.

Arise ye sober men and women of spine and conscience and smite this cursed twin brother of rum and saloon politics! Blot it out! !

15,000 women imported into this country for prostitution in one year!

25,000 to 30,000 depraved women regularly kept to make profits for their keepers—and graft for somebody.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW GIRLS ARE TRAPPED.

Quite recently, while this book was in preparation, an estimable young lady employed in a certain Noon Lunch Club, Chicago, related the following: "A number of years ago when I had first come to Chicago, I was coming home from the White City one night with several of my companions, one older and more experienced than myself. Seated in the car opposite our little group sat a fashionably dressed woman with sparkling jewels and by her side sat a well dressed young man.

The Madam and the "Knocker."

We were having our pleasantry as well acquainted young people will, when I saw that I was closely observed by the fashionably dressed couple on the opposite side of the car. Finally the woman approached me and said: "Dearie, if you will get off the car with us (naming the crossing) the young man says he will give us a swell dinner?"

My older girl companion, suspicious at once, answered: "She's not going to get off with you!"

"You're a knocker!" snarled the woman, and then renewed her invitation, saying: "Come on, dearie; we'll have a swell dinner," etc., but of course I would not go. As they left the car soon afterward, in passing my window she said: "Dearie, you would have come, wouldn't you, if it hadn't been for the knocker?"

As we looked at the comely young woman who had had so timely an escape from a living death in the brothel, we shuddered. "Is it possible!" we exclaimed, as the Rev. Clarkson related the incident at the table where we were seated eating our noonday meal. Here she was a picture of health, a beautiful specimen of womanhood —the handiwork of God—saved from the Trader's clutch. How nearly had she fallen into the open snare.

One Saved. Where Are the 999?

We thought of the other unfortunates who had not escaped, and we mentally cried, "O, what can be done to stop this awful thing?" The choicest of our young women are yearly led by the thousands into the Harem of Lust, ruined in this world and damned in the next. The Church, O, the Church, if only she would awake! May God bring forces to bear on her false modesty and deferred activity until the painted Jade of Lust is driven from our land.

An exchange relates the following: "The White

Slave Traffic is carried on in our large cities to an extent almost unbelievable. Every device that human ingenuity inspired by Hell can invent is being used to entrap the unsuspecting young women and lead them into lives of degradation. These human vultures that prey on the innocent deserve the most extreme penalties; but it seems that such is their influence with many of the police they are rarely brought to justice. The following account is taken from the *Ottawa Guardian*:

The Young Country Girl.

"A deaconess, accompanied by a policeman, entered one of the resorts in the down town District of a large city and began to hand out leaflets containing words of warning to men and women seated about the tables. Coming to a young country girl with a frightened look on her face, she stopped and asked in a low voice:

"Do you know where you are?"

"'No, ma'am,' the girl answered. 'I just came in from J— to-day with Mr. Spaulding. He's got a place for me to work. We came here to get some supper. It—isn't it a good place?'

"The man across the table looked darkly at the little black-gowned woman who dared to meddle with his affairs, but was interrupted in the protest he would have made by the policeman, who promptly arrested him 'on suspicion.'

" 'He said he had work for me in one of the stores,' faltered the girl, as the deaconess led her away to a safe place. 'He has lived in J— ever since last spring and he was always nice to me. I wanted to earn some money so I came to the city. Mother and father were willing.'

Fifteen Girls Almost Ruined.

"Next day the deaconess went with the girl, not only as far as the railroad station, but all the way to her home in the small city of J—. The parents were shocked when they found how near their daughter had come to being sold into White Slavery. The deaconess stayed two or three days and made inquiry about the young man. He had posed as an insurance agent, but his real business had been to win the confidence and lure to the city the young girls of the town.

"Before she left the town the deaconess found fourteen other girls who had been approached by him, and were planning sooner or later, to take positions offered by him in the city.

"Fifteen innocent girls, and only saved because a woman, brave and alert, found the first one before it was too late!

"How long will fathers and mothers in country neighborhoods remain blind to this danger to their daughters?"

We begin to see how persistent these lustful leeches have grown. They crowd themselves up to our very threshold and almost demand the sacrifice of our daughters. Thank God, these fifteen young women were saved and the scoundrel punished! But who shall go after the thousands that have been caught in the System's net and are held against their will in the service of these soulless taskmasters? Today the question remains unanswered.

If *your* girl were down there, would *you* go after her? Yes? Ah, then; is not your neighbor's girl as precious in God's sight as your own? Church of the Living God, will you get under the burden? Sing no more "Rescue the Perishing" in your comfortable pew. Go from your beloved place of worship "into the highway and hedges, and compel them to come in."

Here is another "case" which rescue brought to light, taken from *The Safeguard*: "To do the work of the Lord requires not only the Lord's power but the Lord's wisdom. For in dealing with the great adversary of souls we have to encounter the subtlety of the serpent as well as the fury of the lion, and to accomplish God's purposes of mercy, requires guidance which the Lord alone can give.

"One day, while confined by sickness to the house, there came to me a pitiful letter from a young woman.

It had been flung out of the window of a house in Boston, to the ash man, who was requested to take it and mail it. The letter read somewhat like this:

"'Dear Mrs. Hastings: I am in great trouble, for God's sake come to me at once and take me out of this hell. Come to number —— Green Street, and inquire for Mrs. ——.'

"Being sick in bed and unable to go in answer to what seemed to be a most urgent and pitiful call, we could only take the matter to the Lord in prayer. Perhaps the result may best be told in the language of another, who was then a faithful helper in our home, and whose story in substance is as follows:

A Story of Rescue.

I was sleeping one night in my bedroom, when about midnight I was awakened by a voice calling:

"Annie!"

"Yes!" I answered, and sprang out of bed, but found no one there. "That is very strange," thought I, and I went into the hall and called to Mrs. Hastings, who slept in the room below, but there was no answer; so I returned to bed and composed myself to sleep.

When morning came and breakfast was over, and the men had gone away to their business, I prepared Mrs. Hastings' breakfast and took it up to her room. I said to her:

"You were sick in the night, were you not?"

"Yes," said she.

"I thought you called me at midnight, and I came down, but you did not seem to be awake."

The Prayerful Attempt.

"Shut the door," said Mrs. Hastings, and when we were alone she took out a letter from under her pillow and gave it to me, and said: "This letter came yesterday; I am sick and cannot go, and Mr. Hastings and I have been praying the Lord to lay it on some one to go and get that girl. Perhaps you are the one to do it. You go and see about it, and I will stay here and pray for you every minute while you are gone."

"I could not refuse, but started on this new enterprise. I went to Boston, walked to the designated place, entered the house without knocking, went up to the room and inquired for Mrs.——. A slender young girl, perhaps eighteen years old, came to the door. I told her Mrs. Hastings sent me. She requested me to wait there in the hall a moment while she returned to the room. I waited and waited, it seemed to me an hour, hearing earnest talk inside of the room. At length she came out and invited me in, whispering that she must introduce him as her husband. I found within the room a man, the expression of whose face was per-

fectly devilish. She introduced me to him as a friend of her mother's who had called to see her. He asked:

"'How do they know where you are?'"

And Satan Came Also.

"She evaded the question, and said that they had traced her from the depot. He remained awhile, and, of course, little could be said, but it was doubtless evident to him that his room was much more desired than his company, and after awhile he withdrew, first exacting a promise that she would not leave the house, and then going below and making such arrangements as would prevent her leaving if she desired to do so.

"When we were alone she told her story. She was the daughter of a widow in one of the New England States and had come to Boston to obtain employment. She was intending to make her way to the house of a relative in the suburbs, where she could remain until she could secure a situation. On arriving at the station she put her hand into her pocket and found that her purse was gone, and she was horrified and confounded and knew not what to do—a stranger and alone at night, without the money to make her way to the place to which she intended to go, and with no one to whom she could apply for help.

Just at this time a man came forward, and address-

ing her courteously inquired what the trouble was. She told him her story. He expressed great sympathy for her, and said that he knew an excellent Christian woman who kept a boarding house near, and he was sure she would accommodate her for the night. Much relieved, she went with him to this house and found shelter, and was assigned a room where she was bidden to make herself comfortable. The door, however, was not fastened, and this wretch came to her room and she was at his mercy.

"She had been there about a week, heartbroken and crushed. Her trunks were in the depot, she had no money, no friends, and no way of escape. I knew not what to do. The work was new to me, and I went back to Mrs. Hastings in Chelsea, and told her the story. It was the first time that I had ever seen anything like anger about her. She said:

" 'You go right back this minute and get that girl, and bring her to me, don't you come back without her.' "

The Second Attempt.

"I went to the house, but the door was shut, and I could not get in. I went then to the police station near there and told my story. The police captain was incredulous and gruff and discredited my statement. He said:

" 'You are bringing a very serious charge against that

house, you are slandering the house; there is not a disreputable house on that street.' "

"I insisted that my statement was correct, and referred them to the Scriptural Tract Repository where they could learn all they desired about me. The captain took me inside the rail and said: 'You stay here,' and then said to the officer: 'You go down to that house and see if there is such a woman there.' He went down and speedily returned, and said: 'There is such a woman there, but she is sick in bed.' The captain called two officers and said to them: 'You go down with this woman and get that girl and bring her out.'

Saved as by Fire.

"We started, and with one policeman to demand admittance, and another keeping in the rear in case he was needed, I was able to get into the house. I found the girl in bed, dressed her, picked up her satchel and took her out on the street, got her on board the street cars for Chelsea, two policemen following all the way until they saw her safely landed at the house, when they quietly retired. I took her checks and got her trunks from the station and brought them to the house, and we hid her, the most crushed and broken-hearted child you ever saw. She could not bear to see any one, and I doubt if any one in the house except myself and Mrs. Hastings ever knew she was there.

After a week or so we found her a place in a respectable family, as she did not wish to return to her home, and there she stayed for some two years, till after I had left the place and gone to other scenes. But she did not forget us. She came occasionally, bringing some remembrance or token of her grateful love to those whom God had used to deliver her from the gates of death and the road to Hell.

"This instance, which is literally true in all its details, may serve, perhaps, as a warning to some incautious young person who is ignorant of the traps and snares that are set for the unwary in the crowded city, and it may encourage others in the time of their distress to cry unto the Lord for help, assured that He who has so often delivered His people in the ages past, will not forget the cries of the helpless and distressed, but will prove Himself 'a present help in every time of need.'"

Rescued from The Strand.

While writing this chapter Rev. Clarkson brings the following report from the White Cross work on The Strand, South Chicago. Several weeks ago while his brother was slumming with his band there they entered a place where they kept nine girls. In their personal work they found one girl who manifested a desire to get out, but who said she could not because they would

not let her have her clothes (the clothes they are forced to wear while "on duty" remind one of the fig-leaf dress of Eve after she had fallen—so scant and lewd that to go on the street is utterly impossible).

They told the poor child that if she really desired to go they would take her in some way. By this time the Madam showed signs of nervousness, hence one of the workers was sent to talk to her in order to divert her attention from the girl. Again she said, "I'd like to go, but they won't let me go tonight!"

"Make up your mind quickly!" was the urgent plea; "you may never have another opportunity to escape!" Biting her lips, she cried: "I will go!" The Madam protested, but in vain. They took her with them and brought her to Rest Cottage where she was soon after soundly converted and a week later sanctified wholly.

Sold for Twenty-five Dollars.

Now comes her sad story of capture. She had been married, but her husband had deserted her, taking the baby with him and had left her without support. She applied for a situation and was sent by some one to a woman on the West Side. The woman's name was Mary (a procuress). She said, "I have no work, but I can take you to some one who has." She took her to The Strand where she was forced into the life of a harlot with escape barred by the usual subterfuges.

The Strand, South Chicago.
Here where the System's rows of shame stalls lie
Our fairest daughters are entrapped to die.

Two of the workers were sent back later to get her clothes; but they were not allowed to take them. The Madam went to the telephone and called up the proprietor, acquainting him with the circumstances. Impatiently he said, "You should not have let her go! She owes me money. Don't give them her clothes!" Some of the other girls in the house told the missionaries that the woman, Mary, had sold her to the Madam for twenty-five dollars.

Saloons Linked to Brothels.

The proprietor of this House has a saloon on the corner near the house of the woman to whom the girl applied for work. He is seldom seen in the vicinity, except when he collects his dues from his saloon and soiled doves. He certainly has a "pull" with the law. Chief Stewart has forbidden them to sell liquor in the resorts and to solicit from their doors and windows. The police come and go night and day, and they do both regardless of law.

The young woman is delighted to get out and is willing to appear as a witness in court against her procuress and captors. Rev. Clarkson has placed the case in the hands of the Chicago Law and Order League. The happy woman is earnestly praying that she may be reunited to her husband and baby. God bless her!

And so we might continue. Each case is different, and yet similar. The red hand of the Hag on the Levee—the White Slave Traffic—is on them all. The cry and sob of the Outcast should melt a heart of stone. Behind the bars of the System she pines and dies. The admired, the sought after, the beloved one is today the toy of degenerate men. God sees the falling tears and hears the heavy sighs. He observes the slighting glances of those who profess to love Him. Will vengeance slumber? God pity us when the bowls of His wrath are poured out on this trifling nation. Leagues from grace, truckling with *sin* on the rim of Hell, the awakening will be terrible.

Vice in the Arms of Law.

After reading and coming in personal contact with the White Slave situation today we almost feel like asking: Are our children safe anywhere except in Heaven? Redoubled vigilance must be ours and a grip on God that shall bring things to pass. We simply *must* clean out this national curse. Vaunting vice lies in the arms of Law clad in the habiliments of harlotry. Nonenforced law has gone mad after the shekels that drop from the knotty fist of the System. Where will this end? God speed every effort to kill this foe.

The Light, B. S. Steadwell, Editor, La Crosse, Wis-

consin, U. S. A., publishes the following from the pen of Rev. Wm. Burgess, entitled:

"Snapshots from My Kodak."

"The Western Union Telegraph Company."

RECEIVED

Chicago, Oct. 1, 1909.

To.....

Girl baby born. Cannot live. Mother doing well.

C.....

"This message received in a beautiful Wisconsin city during fair time. Twenty-four hours later the baby died and as the mother looked into its innocent face her heart almost burst; it was her Gethsemane. Had she borne her burden all these months—had she passed into the very portals of death for this? Was this all? No babe to cry its wants! No draught upon the fountains of her breasts! No response to her deep sense of love! Oh, how her mother heart ached and rebelled! Turning her eyes from the little dead body, there stood her husband. His tall, bony frame shivered convulsively as he strove to hide the tears which persisted in coursing down his whitened cheeks.

"The little mother looked and a new vision of life's

riches came to her. The next moment she saw her only living child—a happy, lusty little girl of four summers past, whose sunshine was only shaded by an occasional shadow, like an April passing cloud; her merry eyes were now dimmed with a sorrow that she could not measure. And the mother saw the still sweeter vision of love's living joys.

"They carried her babe away for burial and the little mother dreamed of it as an angel in heaven as she sang:

"'I would not see the distant scene,
One step enough for me.'

The Cage with the Glazed Top.

"That night of the telegraph message there was in the same city a girl of perhaps seventeen or eighteen. She was tall and attractive, with rare dark eyes and supple form. Her semi-naked body was the very expression of a sensuous life. She was one of four girls on exhibition in a certain crude and corrupt form of side-show. A roughly built cage was constructed, about eight by six feet. Men and boys paid their dimes to mount half a dozen steps to a platform built around this cage, from whence they looked down through a glazed top into the cage in which were the four girls, surrounded with mirrors so adjusted as to make them appear to be some

ten or twelve feet below. The entire show consisted of lewd looks and lewder dances of the girls with their bodies apparently upside down—an effect produced by the mirrors.

"What was that girl to the mother who a few years ago looked upon her innocent eyes and blessed them? Could any comfort of heaven come to that mother did she see her dark-eyed daughter in this hell? If demons rejoice that a soul is dead, would it be any compensation to know that the poor corrupted body is as carrion to the vultures who feed upon human souls?

"Probably that girl's mother, if living, hopes and believes the daughter dead. Would it not break her poor bankrupt heart if she knew her once beautiful and innocent child had fallen so low—lower, indeed, than one of whom Hood asked as if in tears—

"'Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?'"

CHAPTER XIV.

A WHITE SLAVE'S TALE OF HORROR.

"This is the story of a White Slave.

"And why and when a girl is a White Slave has been seldom more fully told than lately in Magistrate Gorman's office, when D. Clarence Gibboney drew, sentence by sentence, a tale of despair and terror from the lips of Dora Rubin, eighteen years old, brought here from Austria.

"As a consequence, Louis Kanter, of Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, is in Moyamensing prison under $2,000 bail for court.

"Dora laid bare all the secrets of her life. She stood on the witness stand, and held out her hands to Magistrate Gorman, asking him to tell her first what was going to become of her. She is a typical factory girl—comely in face and figure, and with great black eyes, that looked searchingly at everybody except the prisoner.

"Him she avoided. Several times he sneered at her story, and she grasped the constable's arm as though seeking protection. Several times she winced

as though in pain, and a physician, whom Mr. Gibboney had brought to examine her, cautioned the questioner to be as lenient with her as possible, for her condition was terrible. A soiled black skirt and a pair of beaded house slippers completed her costume.

The Slave's Story.

"This is her testimony: While under Kanter's influence she was known as Florence Feldman. She was born in a little province in Austria, and came to this country about a year ago to live with a brother in New York. Her father had been imprisoned for some political offense and her mother had died. She was about to be placed in a workhouse, when a steamship agent induced her to write to her brother. The latter sent the passage money, and she came to America.

"Her brother was a journeyman tailor, but the hard times cost him his position, and he joined the army. Then she went to live with a friend in the East Side in New York, and obtained employment in a handkerchief factory.

"A month ago she met Kanter in a cheap restaurant—Sol. Feinstein's—where she bought her meager luncheon every day. In her many visits to the place she had become acquainted with a man named Sam. Sam was a sort of Poo Bah around the East Side.

She did not know much about Sam except the things that the girls whispered. He also ran a dance hall. He always wore fancy clothes, and smoked gold-tipped cigarettes. All the young men went to Sam when they got into trouble with the police, and they were always freed. Sam used to bring gorgeous women to Feinstein's place, and the women would always tell the girls of wonderful stories of the races and the theaters. Whenever a new girl came into Feinstein's, Sam would buy her luncheon and ice cream. But, for all that, the girls were rather afraid of Sam, although they did not dare show it.

She Falls in Love.

"Kanter has blue eyes, great, heavy lashes and brows, even teeth and a frame like that of an athlete. Sam told Dora that Kanter owned the moving picture show that she and her friends visited at nights. Of course, he was attractive, and Dora fell in love with him. He was kind to her, too, walking back to the factory with her and asking her to meet him at six o'clock.

"That night he called at her home and took her to the moving pictures. Afterward he bought oysters and gave her a little gold chain to wear about her plump neck. Then he suggested going around to

a place where a friend of his had a phonograph. Lots of boys and girls were there every night, he said, and drank long glasses of tea and listened to the great artists sing through the phonograph.

"Dora was quite blinded by the glory of it all. The house was grand, and a Negro opened the door. The phonograph was playing somewhere upstairs, and Kanter told her to run along up—that he would be there in a minute. The house was in Broome street, near the Bowery, she said. Sam was there behind the glass door and several "grand ladies" were talking to him.

"Kanter joined her at the top of the stairs. He led her along a dark hall and opened a door. They seemed to be going away from the music, but Kanter declared that it was all right. He pushed open a door and also forced Dora, very gently, inside. There was nothing in the room but a chair and a bed. The blinds were drawn and the gas light was burning. Kanter put his arms around Dora and kissed her.

Her Dull Wits Awake.

"Then her dull wits awoke. She made a motion to leave, but Kanter put his back to the door and turned the key. She started to cry and Kanter became transformed from the suave friend to the de-

mon. He seized her by the throat. If she uttered a cry her throat would be cut, he said, and she fell to her knees and begged to be taken home.

"When she finally went home the woman with whom she lived berated her for being out all night. The woman questioned her, but she dared not tell of her experience. Then the woman told her that never again could she sleep in that house.

"That night as she was gathering together her few possessions Kanter called. He laughed at the woman's rage and told Dora not to mind, that he had come to marry her. And Dora was very happy once more and quite forgave Kanter.

"He told her that they would leave New York and Feinstein's and Sam. Sam was a bad man anyway, he said, and he, Kanter, was sorry he had been so rough. So they would go to Philadelphia, where everything would be well and they would be married. Dora believed all this and was so glad to see her troubles end so happily.

The Thin Man With the Cigarette.

"Two weeks ago they arrived in this city. Kanter took her to a house in Poplar street above Ninth street, where he had a room. Two men, Louis and Sam Fisher, were there, and Louis immediately came to

Dora and placed his hand on her breast. He told Kanter that Dora was a fine-looking girl, but Kanter waved them back, and said the girl was to be his wife. That again convinced Dora that Kanter was a good man.

"Kanter took her to the room, which was wonderful in Dora's eyes. There was a bureau with a big looking glass, a bed with a red quilt, a rocking chair and a little table with a powder puff and a comb and brush. A warm carpet was on the floor—something that Dora had never known before. It was very luxuriant and Dora was very tired. She fell asleep, only to wake to find a man in the room.

"It was not Kanter, but some little thin man with a cigarette in his mouth. She cried for Kanter, thinking him her protector. Kanter was in the next room, looking through a hole. He rushed into the room, but instead of defending the girl drew the long knife and told her that she would be murdered if she made a noise. He would cut her throat, he said, if she did not obey the strange man.

The Editor of a Jewish Newspaper.

"Kanter arrived soon after and told her that he could not marry her until they had lots of money. She must continue this life for a year, and then he

would marry her surely. There was nothing left for her to do, and besides there was Kanter's knife. But Kanter did not use the knife. Instead he kicked her and slapped her face. He did this whenever she became tearful and cried for her clothing.

"Next Kanter took her to a house in North Ninth street, conducted by a woman named Barnett. The girls there treated her more kindly, and she became one of them. Always at one o'clock in the morning Kanter called for her and took all the money from her. Then he would take her to a restaurant and afterward to his room in Poplar street.

"But one night a man came to the Ninth street house and wanted to kill Dora. What for she did not know until afterward. The Barnett woman told Kanter to take the girl away for she was very ill and could not stay there. Kanter took Dora to another house. This one was in a little street near Eleventh and Locust streets and was run by a Negro woman.

"There were two Negro girls and a white girl there. One night a drunken Negro attacked Dora and she forgot Kanter, forgot his knife, and threats and fled out of the house, clad only in a kimona. She ran to Eleventh street, where she stopped a strange man and told him what had happened. The man pitied her and called up a friend, the editor of a Jewish newspaper.

The White Slavers, Kanter and Sam.

"A kind-hearted woman cared for the girl over night, and in the morning the editor notified Mr. Gibboney. Then the girl broke down and pleaded with Mr. Gibboney to protect her from Kanter and Sam. Kanter was arrested by John F. Brownley, agent for the Law and Order Society. Brownley testified at the hearing and corroborated the girl's story. A letter, found in Kanter's pocket, was read by Joseph S. Prenowitz, a journalist.

"William E. Damon, a constable, testified that Kanter virtually admitted all the charges. Kanter did not testify, and his attorney, William T. Kelsh, offered no defense.

"After the hearing Mr. Gibboney said that he believed that the White Slave Traffic here was far worse than ever before. He would not say whether this case was one of many which he had under surveillance. He declined to talk about his future moves."

"There are thousands of such cases here," said Mr. Gibboney. "The conditions are awful. I am not prepared to say whether a syndicate controls the traffic, but I will have important information to make public within a short time."

The above is taken from the *Philadelphia Ledger*. We predict that newspaper notoriety is one of the

means to end this Traffic in Souls. Once the great dailies of our country take up the hue and cry, we hope for results. The nominal church seems not to rouse to her opportunity, we are sorry to see. One hopeful fact we record here for encouragement, and that is, the ministry is waking up to the alarming situation.

The writer was recently permitted to hear Rev. Chas. G. Kindred, pastor of the Englewood Christian church, Chicago. He is thoroughly awake on the subject of saloons and the Red Light District. He said, in substance: "*The Red Light District is tolerated by the Church.* We speak much of the sacredness of motherhood. She goes down to the grave to give birth to our children, and trains them for God; but the men *tolerate* the vice centers where her children are ruined! The 'far country' is not in Palestine, but just a little way around the corner from our residence. Every vice-spot is punctured by a church spire.

"If our flag were to be insulted in these districts, what would happen? Every boy in Illinois would shoulder a gun and avenge the insult. But they do greater insult than to insult our national flag; they insult our motherhood. Our men stand inactive by and tolerate it."

His eloquent charge fell clear as a bell, and car-

ried no uncertain sound. O that the churches of this city would unitedly march upon this Red Insult and throttle it to death!

White Slave Stockade.

The *Kansas City Times* of May 4, 1910, gives the following from New York: "Harry Levinson, under indictment as a 'white slaver,' told the District Attorney to-day that there are at least three 'stockades' in New York, in each of which from five to ten young girls are kept ready night and day for delivery wherever they may be wanted.

"Little effort, said Levinson, is made to recruit women from the street. The stockades are filled from the host of young girls who are unhappy at home, or who live narrow lives on their own earnings and long for leisure, good clothes, gayety and freedom from restraint. Women who wear good clothes make it a business to single out such girls and, first winning attention with an invitation to dinner, then describe the ease and pleasure of the alternative they propose.

"The girl delivered to the stockade, it then becomes the business of the proprietor to place his merchandise. In this end of the traffic, Levinson said, he was a specialist. His business was to find a house where

the girl was wanted. The house paid the stockade keeper a lump sum and allowed Levinson ten per cent of the girl's earnings. Levinson said he began as a salesman of women's raincoats."

From this we see that the System actually exists and does a flourishing and vaunting business. The seller of women's raincoats finds it more profitable to sell women's bodies and souls. The political world side steps in fear of official crimination. The nominal church sighs, folds her hands, and says: "We just can't do anything!" In the meantime our daughters are a prey to the lecherous, unhindered maneuvers of the White Slave Trader.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

I.

THE AUCTION.

Heigho! higho! Come, ye buyers!
We have chattels here to sell!
We are known as law defiers,
Walking on the brink of Hell.

Here is one! See, how she quivers!
Young and beautiful, and fair.
While ye bid, her fine form shivers
In an uttermost despair.

Ha! here comes a well drest Madam
Seeking chattels for her trade.
Buy, ye fallen sons of Adam!
Low the price to you is made.

Madam gets her! Fifteen? Yes, sir!
Cheap for such a likely thing.
Take her to your "House" and dress her—
Feelings to the Devil fling.

Here's another from the coffle.
Put her on the Auction Block.
Tho' the trade's declared illegal,
Bid!—nor fear the after shock.

II.

THE SYSTEM'S BOAST.

Ha! we laugh at law and order,
We care not for woman's tears.
Yearly we enlarge our border,
Trembling not with guilty fears.

Vaunting Vice, in scarlet trappings,
Hollow chested, painted jade,
With her ceaseless window tappings
Calls to passersby for trade.

Thirty thousand fallen creatures,
Crowded round the Red Light flame,
Brutalized, with blanching features,
Fill our nameless graves of shame.

We have here the Red Light chattel,
Moaning in her prison stall.
Choose ye! Buy! Cost? Less than cattle!
Do not heed her plaintive call.

III.

THE HEARTLESS FLAUNT.

From the countryside and city
We have trapped them for our trade.
We know neither love nor pity,
Care not how our wealth is made.

Take her from the arms of mother
To the brutes that tramp our street.
All your finer feelings smother—
Let her ruin be complete.

Fresh and sweet our stalls she enters,
Quickly passing down the Line
Of our city's wide vice center
Where the System's lure lights shine.

Next the hospital and table
And the surgeon's gleaming knife.
Heritage of "Nell" or "Mabel,"
Caught and sold into "the life."

Wrapped about with linen winding
  Lies the victim of our Trade,
Waiting for some mother's finding,
  Or the cart and sexton's spade.

IV.

THE SYSTEM'S DEFIANCE.

Buy, ye traders! There are others!
  We supply the world's demand.
We care not for crying mothers—
  Buy her! take her to the Strand.

If you want some fancy chattel
  For the Traffic on the Line,
We can furnish them, like cattle,
  Supple form and features fine.

What care we for tears and crying!
  For the System's sighing Slaves!
What care we for thousands dying!
  For the moon-kissed nameless graves!

Heigho! higho! Come, ye buyers
  We have chattels here to sell!
Buy their bodies, law defiers,—
  And then send their souls to Hell!

Spend no time in idle pity
  For the victims in your toils.
Fill the Levee of your city
  With the System's fairest spoils.

Drown the smart of Conscience speaking
  In coarse ribaldry and wine,
Close your ears to lost ones shrieking
  In their torment on the Line.

Let your heart, still harder growing,
Close to every tender tie.
And, though you must reap your sowing,
Every law of love defy.

* * * * *

V.

THE SYSTEM'S DEATH RATTLE.

Hark! I hear the rattling Stranger
Knocking at your wicket gate—
Hist! full well you see your danger,
But you see it now too late.

Justice calls for retribution,
Innocence demands redress,
Strikes the hour of dissolution,
In your utter hopelessness.

Seller, Traffic, Madam Passion—
Forces of the System's spell—
Shall, with all your traps and fashion,
Perish and go down to Hell.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SNAKE AND THE BIRD

The liquid notes of feathered songsters fell on the mellow morning air to the merry second of the winding brook that purled and played through meadow and woodland. With his tail swung, plumelike, over his back a red fox squirrel frisked merrily from bough to bough in the spreading elms while a "red-head" played a quick tattoo with his long sharp bill on a hollow limb. The busy hum of bees at work in the blossoming basswoods was pleasantly interspersed by the occasional musical screech of a blue jay. A chorus of excited caws on the eastern edge of the woods intimated that an inquisitive hawk or a prowling owl had invaded the sacred and select precincts of crowdom. A farmer plowing his corn for the first time "geed" and "hawed" to "Kate" and "Nell" in an earnest endeavor to center the row. All this comes rushing back on memory's wings—this delightful Spring morning of the other years.

Whispering Wind Fingers.

The writer had just climbed over the moss covered "worm fence" into this woodland Eden, fully alive to

all the delightful sights and sounds of the morning. The delicate scent of wildbloom lay sweetly on the air and the dew sparkled on the grassy dell fringed by the leafing hazel. The brook brawled noisily on in liquid song, the bees buzzed busily by laden with their load of bloom-drawn sweets and the under-tree air was heavy with a delightful, woodsy smell.

Nature—God's Out of Doors—was all atune. The whispering wind-fingers struck softly across the vibrant strings. The melodies that fell from Nature's Harp can not be described nor successfully caught on an Edison Amberol.

Here and there a corrugated mushroom had pushed its gray head up through the mold and dead leaves during the night, ready for the picking. The fat, fluffy fellows in the basket seemed to smile a merry welcome to each new-comer during the profitable quest. Presently the lid was closed upon the May-feast and we were ready to leave the woods to take the good find home to mother.

The Serpent in Eden.

In leaving the woods with his basket of mushrooms the boy's attention was attracted to the peculiar actions of a bird sitting, or rather crouching on a low-hanging bough. It fluttered its wings in an unnatural and

helpless manner as though in great terror and unable to get away. Beneath it was a plot of grass through which swung a larger and lower branch and there, closely coiled around the gnarled limb, with its head erect and its forked tongue darting in and out of its flat mouth, lay a snake. Intent only on luring its victim to death it had not observed the approach of the human intruder. Its eye shone with a crafty gleam which held the fluttering bird in its insidious charm. Here was a tragedy being enacted on Nature's own stage before a spellbound audience of one.

It was not long until the bird left the limb; but instead of flying straight away it flew in large circles over its enemy with the swaying head, ever and again emitting that deathlike cheep, seemingly utterly unable to break away from the coiled foe in the grass. The flat head with the out-darting tongue drew it gradually lower and closer. The evil charm of the serpent held the bird completely in its power. There was no escape.

Shorter and shorter still grew the rounds of flight and lower and lower still fell the circles to the darting tongue and swaying head. The victim panted from fright and exertion and its doom lay near.

The fox squirrel barked noisly overhead and a blue jay screamed in a near by thorn tree. The cawing of the crows had grown distant and dim. The farmer's

voice came faintly now from the other end of his corn field. In its setting of blue the sun hung like a golden ball, its rays filtering softly through the newly leafed boughs. From the hazel-fringed grassy slope a cool Spring zepher blew while Innocence lay under the lure of the Syren.

A Streak of Brown and Yellow.

See! the circles are narrowing and shorter now. The birdie pants and its wings droop almost helplessly by its side in its nameless terror. The agonizing cheep holds in its short, faint utterance a despairing quaver—a hopeless cry before the death-stroke is dealt by the swaying head above the scaly folds—presto! a rasping sound from the grass as the foe uncoils, a streak of brown and yellow, a low, last cheep and the drama is ended.

The woodland incident that transpired that spring-time morning is as fresh in the writer's mind to-day as though it had occurred but yesterday. More than thirty years have passed by, but the swaying head of the serpent, the birdie's cheep of terror and the final climax has never been forgotten. Let us see whether we can find a counterpart to this long-ago scene.

The busy day of a busy city had just closed. The street was still crowded with home-goers and late-stayers.

The Affable Stranger.

The stranger, schooled in his seductive art,
Soon wins the unsuspecting maiden's heart.

A young girl, perhaps not too carefully reared, walked briskly on when suddenly she was accosted by a well dressed stranger. Surprised, she stood a moment looking at the man, when he apologized, saying, as he tipped his hat: "Pardon me, Miss, but I thought I knew you!"

The Affable Stranger.

The too ready smile on the young girl's face invited advances and a conversation began. The stranger's affable manner and immaculate dress, his gleaming white teeth and glittering diamonds and his generally free-and-easy bearing disarmed a not too strong suspicion. The bird sat swinging on the limb and the snake lay in the grass ready coiled for the lure.

Home training counts. O, if parents would only erect and maintain a family altar and teach their children to pray in their early youth, they would be fortified against our modern free-and-easy social intercourse and street-strolling. In too many instances the children are allowed to play in the streets from early childhood, the parents little concerned what the awful harvest will be.

As they grow older they make the street a field for a wider acquaintance and pleasure. The cancer of sin has laid siege to their moral nature. The preaching of an arch-angel would scarcely stir in them a single long-

ing for holy living nor one remote conception of what life means. No wonder our altars are deplorably empty and our churches lamentably wordly.

Country vs. City.

"O, I wouldn't raise my children in the city for anything!" is the oft-repeated exclamation of country mothers. The writer contends that no matter whether it be in the country or city, training counts. He recalls some disgraceful things that occurred in our boasted Christian (?) land.

Near a certain Indiana town lay a beautiful cemetery (if we may call a cemetery so), made more so by a clump of pine trees standing on a central knoll. It was observed that during the twilight evening hours young couples daily sauntered toward this cemetery. Suspicion was aroused and private detectives detailed to watch the lovers. And there, on the bed of pine needles, in the presence of a hundred corpses in this lonely graveyard, lay the amorous lovers in the arms of Lust. To-day the public wonders why the beautiful pines were cut out of the cemetery. Ah, sir! we are face to face with *sin!* The only remedy is CHRIST, THE HOPE OF HUMANITY.

The writer has lived both in the country and in the city. While on a farm a year ago he was forced to take his children out of school entirely because of the

lustful language and evil practices in the toilet-sheds. He is convinced that the morals are as low in the country as they are in the city. He has nine children, some nearly of age, but up to this time they do not carry their own latch key. They have been taught obedience and do not care to indulge in the modern amusements young people think necessary to their happiness. Thank God for His grace that makes this a possibility!

Hickory and Prayer.

We repeat, Christian training counts. Evangelist E. A. Fergerson says that "hickory and prayer" are essentials in the rearing of children. He is right. There are too many Elis who do not "restrain their sons," and the result is wasted and blasted lives. To be stern does not mean that you can not be kind. Nor is it true that a punished child loves the parent the less.

There is a time when children must be "broke in," if you please. When they begin to stiffen out in your arms like a ramrod that is a good time to bend the twig, lest the tree grow crooked. In other words, children must be conquered. After this has been accomplished (God can help you to see how), then keep them conquered. It is false to assert that they will not love you; they will love you more.

A number of years ago the writer spent some time

each morning in a police court, more especially where the refractory juvenile cases were handled. He saw there little fellows scarcely in their teens charged with petty thefts and various misdemeanors. In most instances the mother sat beside her wayward offspring with red eyes and shamefaced mien.

The sentence of the judge was usually, in substance, as follows: "Madam, would you be willing to take your child into the adjoining room and in the presence of this officer give him a thorough strapping?" A reluctant "Y-e-s" came from her trembling lips and she filed out. Soon the lusty cries of the culprit were heard and the smiles of the spectators showed that the medicine was taking effect.

Would it not have been much better had she applied liberal doses of Solomon's ointment in the child's earlier training? How much shame and heartache she would have been spared. The saddest part of all is that, once her boy was hailed into court, he would almost invariably reappear until, old in years and crime, he filled a cell in Joliet or swung into eternity from the end of a rope at the spring of the gallows trap. What applies to the boy applies to the girl.

More Plum Sprouts Needed.

We have to-day, even among the holiness evangelists some who scathingly denounce corporeal punishment.

The writer is thoroughly convinced that mother's "strap-oil" was an excellent cure for lassitude along the lines of obedience in his own particular case.

True, some children can be controlled by a word or even a look, but this scribe was not one of that kind. Mother's "look" generally had to be supplemented by something more convincing. God bless mother! mother and the rattan; and father with his peculiar mode of punishment that did duty in lieu of a plum sprout. Each served its purpose and, together with their strict discipline and prayer three of their boys are today holiness preachers and all the children are saved. Praise God!

Who can measure the power of influence? A mother, awakened at last, came to an evangelist and cried: "O brother L——, please pray for my boy! He ran away to sea. I cannot understand what induced him to do such a thing?" The evangelist asked: "May I go to his room?" The request being granted, he entered the room, closed the door and sat down. His attention was at once attracted to a large ocean scene that hung in a beautiful gilded frame at the foot of the boy's bed. Arising, he left the room and said to the anxious mother: "I have found out why your boy ran away to sea!" Together they repaired to the room when the evangelist pointed to the painting where a vessel rocked across the white capped waves with a few sea gulls floating lazily on the lee side of the ship.

At night when he retired the boy saw the rocking vessel on the wave. In the morning the first thing his eyes saw was the vessel plowing onward to its distant port. A longing sprang up in his heart to try the swing of the wave and sail from port to port over the rolling main. The power of influence.

Fashion Set By Paris Harlots.

What are you setting before your children? Clean, pure pictures? A chaste deportment and a holy conversation? The father smokes. Ere long the son steals away and smokes dead grape vines, then the cigar stub and later the deadly cigarette, and the ruin is wrought. The mother dresses after *The Delineator,* or in still more modern fashion. The daughter imitates or exceeds and strolls the streets bedecked with jewels, garbed in so voluptuous a manner that her form is shown to full advantage.

Recently a young woman of this type was strolling back and forth on an elevated station in the Loop, Chicago. A dozen men oggled her lecherously as she strode and strutted, the demon of lust awake in every unregenerate heart. O woman, in the name of decency, please dress in a modest and becoming manner! Do not let the Paris harlot set for you a style that awakes the Lust demon in your unsaved observers and causes a good man

to turn away in disgust. The downfall of many a girl may be traced to her own or her mother's foolish, sinful, immodesty of dress.

More might well be written on this subject to good profit, but we refrain and return to our subject. Let us see what progress has been made. Ah, see! she has been induced to take supper with the affable stranger at a questionable restaurant. See how generously he has supplied her plate with the best of the House. All his epicurean tastes are doing service to-night to the undoing of his victim. The unsuspecting bird is held in the silly charms of a highly possible actual romance and sees not the gleam in the eye of the traducer. She does not hear the scaly rasp of the serpent's folds in the grass.

False Modesty Ruinous.

Mother, here is your daughter. See her now as she sits there with the tempter. Whether her training has been such as to warn her against the stranger and the wine room or not, here she is. Perhaps you are one of those who, so foolishly modest, prate about "innocency" and "chastity of speech?" If so, as you see her to-night, reflect on your false course.

Foolish woman! Had you taken the young thing aside to your room some quiet evening and said: "My precious daughter, I have some plain but necessary

things to say to you to-night. You will soon be a woman and should know what I am about to tell you in order that you may guard against the pitfalls and snares that are laid to catch you. There is a commercial price on your head, ranging from $2.50 to $1,000. Wicked men are ever on the alert to traduce womankind. Be on your guard. Avoid the suave stranger as you would a rattle snake. Our Red Light Districts are full of once unsuspecting girls—White Slaves, if you please, whose escape is so seldom probable," etc.

But no! you thought it highly immodest to talk thus plainly to the daughter God had intrusted to your care and training, and now, as a result of your false modesty, she lolls in amorous pose before the schooled man of lust. See the narrowing circles of the bird! listen to the low, scaly creep of the serpent's folds as he stirs in the grass, and catch the gleam of lust in his eye.

The Fatal Wine Room.

Next—exit, restaurant! Enter, wine room! See her now, the vain and flighty thing. The red wine is doing its work. The womanly self respect is going fast. Her wine-addled brain reels under the mad whip of passion. Her feet, made to walk in the paths of righteousness, find more congenial pose in mid air, servants of the nude Jade of Shame. Her attire loses its virtuous set

The Fatal Wine Room.

And there, with drugged potations at her hand,
She soon will be "another" on the Strand.

and her disheveled hair falls in careless strands over her lolling form. The clear blue eye, once pure as the overhead sky in its trusting glance, holds in its maudlin depths a strange, significant glow not lost to the viper in the grass.

This is the ante-room to Hell, this rear-saloon wine room. The voters have put it there, and now they allow it to remain there. Says one of this crowd: "We must have the licensed saloon in order that we may have cobble stones in our streets!" The echo of the lie has scarcely died when over these same cobble stones, bought and laid with the price of blood and souls, we hear the rattle of the undertaker's cart as "one more unfortunate" is borne to the potter's field.

Says another: "We must have licensed saloons in order to educate our children!" and then—to-night—the wine-trap in the licensed corner saloon springs, and the girl we educated on the price of this infamy is *un*educated and prepared for "the life," the hospital, the morgue, the cheap pine coffin, the cart rattling over the crying cobble stones and the nameless grave. We borrow of Hell a few burning dollars to enjoy life's luxuries we could better afford without the licensed saloon, and then send our children there for all eternity to pay off the principal and interest when the Devil forecloses the mortgage.

"Furnished Rooms" to Let.

The night is growing late. A cathedral clock strikes the hour of twelve. Good people (the people who voted) have long since been in bed. But here where the lights glow and the fire flies play a restless multitude tramps wearily on to its woe. Raucous, discordant, the electrical instruments of the dens in the District throw out their amorous call as the crowd of degenerate males tramps by, on to their doom.

The drunken girl had left the room of wine and ribald song with the affable stranger. The wicker doors of a near by dive swing in and then swing out, and they have passed from sight under the sign of the "Furnished Rooms." The bird's circles of flight are growing smaller now. Dazed and bewildered under the spell it follows the serpent's lure to the sad climax.

The chain of artifice is drawing to its close. Liberty has been left outside the swinging wicker doors and "the life" begun. Bolted doors bar all exit now. A Madam's watchful eye and cruel heart keeps close vigil over the stranding wreck. The lure was strong under the wink of a corrupt police administration, and the child became the victim of The Traffic.

A few jingling dollars dropped into the affable stranger's palm from the dainty, bejeweled hand of Madam Passion, and the ruin is complete, the rescue improbable,

Led to Shame.

Her brain on fire, he leads her from the place,
Through swinging wicker doors to her disgrace.

the early grave a certainty. The vote of a slumbering Church, the wine room in the rear of a licensed saloon, the pander's possible success, the shame-stalls on the Levee, the growing success of the System, this, all this evidences that *sin* has a frightful grip on humanity. Christ is the only Sure Hope of ever abolishing this stinking curse in our cities.

A Stern Summary.

The sequel to our woodland tale, accompanied by our suggestive photographs, is not an imaginary picture. The last stage of this poor child's career of shame closes behind the bars in the rear of some shame-stall on the Line. Here the weary days drag by as her life wears away under the awful debauchery she is forced to go through. Beer and drugs must buoy up the shattering forces of her outraged mortality in order that the days of shekel returns may be lengthened out to their maximum for her lord and keeper. Poor child!

The large pipe organ trills and groans and trembles under the touch of genius. Talent soars in trained rhythmics to the carved ceiling of the costly structure under the silent applause of the churchly, worldly crowd. Silks and costly array brush silently down the padded aisles and well groomed forms recline in cushioned pews listening with "itching ears" to the empty ethics of their

craven hireling. The newspaper calls this worship. We call it a farce.

A few blocks removed from this modern religious burlesque lie the shame-stalls of the System. The whole night through Lust, clad in her amorous robes of scarlet, walks over the prostrate forms of the System's Slaves. The bejeweled Hag leers through her latticed windows on the Line and smacks her thin, shriveled lips over her clanking chalice into which the vintage of woe from a thousand bleeding hearts has been pressed. The hollow chuckle of fiends is heard in the raucous rasp of the instruments, and the tramp of doom falls from the dragging heels of the Levee throng hopelessly adrift on the tides of sin.

Gilded Contrasts.

There seems to be a contrast between the pipe-organ crowd and the Levee throng, but in realtiy the difference is but slight. The only marks of difference is in the gilding and veneer. The latter flaunts the rag of vice openly, the former assumes a Pharisaical saintliness. The enormous rent returns from the brothels on the Levee row lie in the safety deposit vaults to the credit of many who are part and parcel of this Twentieth Century apostasy. The hireling does not rebuke, since his quarterage comes from this source. When Hell claims her own it is possible that the veneer crowd will be seated

In the Toils.

Now bolt and bar hold in the prisoner fair,
Caught by the well-schooled stranger in the snare.

a tier higher up in the sooty amphitheatre of the Pit, who knows? Is it any wonder that the Traffic in Girls is not wiped from our cities' maps? What are we to expect from this Christless crowd?

However, not all churches come under this arraignment. Some there are, thank God, who heroically fight this Evil. But even at that the progress is painfully slow. The hand of mercy and help is not yet too openly extended to the erring sister. With holiness on our banner and death to sin and compromise our slogan, the poor unfortunates have not yet found out that we love them. Where now the few fight the Traffic at its swinging doors, the many stand idly back in vain lament. However, we see signs of an awakening. Thank God for the coming day when the forces of our Christ shall march unitedly and determinedly upon the cowering, cringing Hag on the Levee to end her traffic in virtue! All hail the day!

We close this chapter with a tragic description of one whom the Serpent lured to her ruin. It was taken from the "Caught in the Crowd" column of the *Houston Chronicle* and reprinted in Rev. J. T. Upchurch's *Purity Journal*, entitled:

"Tragedy in Life."

"It is (and more is the pity) but one more example of hundreds of such instances which we can but too surely

find in and around our cities if we but take the time to observe.

"'A rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair,' Kipling's lines, never found more fitting application than in the sallow slip of humanity that shuffled into a Houston pharmacy last night to barter a dime for dope to rekindle around her parched brain the fever pictures of drugged delirium.

"On her yellowed features, in haggard lines, the pitiful picture of dissipation was so frightfully painted that those who saw stood aghast.

Blackened Teeth Seemed Only Fangs.

"Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes gazed upon you without seeing, her blackened teeth seemed only fangs for finding the bitterness of the wicked pills that had kissed her once roseate lips to sapphire blue.

"Her figure was too emaciated and lost in dirty garments even to guess at its symmetry in days gone by. Yet time was when this avatar of womanly degradation was a beautiful girl, for the clear-cut features living beneath the mask of despair told as much. A wayward curl echoed it as it stole from the mass of ill-kept hair in mockery of the past.

"She seemed more like a spirit from another world, careless alike of her ragged raiment and of the common

rabble as she moved along, lost in an all-consuming desire for drugs.

Vanity Eloped with Beauty.

"All instinct of womanhood had flown from her being; vanity had eloped with beauty, and honor was not even a memory. Dissipation joined hands with degradation to mould God's masterpiece a being at which shame itself must stand appalled.

"Poor little woman! Once your life was radiantly beautiful, as that of yonder girl in the polished carriage; your soul was as pure as the white rose that blooms above the green glacier. Now, your very touch is polluting, your life a curse, and your presence a reproach.

"Once you were a little girl, romping and rolling in the sunlight of a mother's love. Once you were somebody's darling; but to them you are dead, and silvered locks are bowed in grief as the evening of life fast turns to dusk.

Crooned to Sleep By Mother's Low, Soft Chant.

"Gazing on the disappearing form a picture comes out of the past; a picture as plain as the golden dipper is shaped by the stars at night's high noon; a panorama of the outcast's life. Born of love, nurtured through all the months of aches and pains, crooned to sleep by loving

mother chanting soft and low; then waking hours, and chubby hands clutch strands of hair and baby's face breaks wide to smile over mother's mock of pain; time runs on through light and love, and baby's lips are shaped to speak the holiest word that tongue may utter —mamma; then, tiny rattles grow still and dollies come to be scattered on the floor in early night, while marauding empress of two hearts steals quietly to mother's knee says in childish accents soft and low—

" 'Now I lay me down to seep,
I pray the Lord my soul to teep;
If I should die before I wake,
Receive my soul for Jesus' sake.
Dod bless mama and papa, an' make me a dood dirl.'

"The panorama shifts; the years have grown apace, the prattling babe of yesterday stands blushing on the threshhold of womanhood, laughing at the lengthening though gathering shadows of the years, budding ambition is just peeping above the purple horizon of life.

Only a Girl's Ruined Life.

"Around her stand buoyant friends of her youth. Among then the soft-tongued tempter, whom she loved not wisely but too well. Lured by love's all-consuming flame she took the downward plunge, and from the depths she sank still lower, until in seeking to forget sought

drugs and forged the chains that bound her soul to her appetite and made her a votary of vice. Somewhere out in the world is the man in whose heart is a great white gash of this woman's disgrace.

"It is only a girl's life ruined; only a human being down in the depths; only a woman's soul silently drifting down, down into the cold, dark forgetfulness of the tomb.

"A few more years and the 'rag, and the bone, and the hank of hair' will be sleeping beneath the running vine, thin wan hands will be folded across a motionless breast. But not a tear will be shed over the plain pine coffin. No loved one will press upon her brow love's last and holiest kiss. Rough hands will grasp her frail form and hurriedly cart it to the potter's field, where in ribald and jest the erring dust will be consigned back to the clay while somewhere in the world a scoundrel moves in polished circles seeking whom he may devour."

A HARLOT'S SOLILOQUY.

I am only a poor old harlot
  Adrift on the city street:
A mark for the wintry tempest,
  The rain and the falling sleet.
I am known as a Levee Outcast,
  Shunned by the passing throng;
Despised by the good and forsaken,
  Adrift on the path of wrong.

I once was as fair as the fairest,
  And pure as the drifting snow,
But I fell in a single moment
  To the depths that swirl below.
The pledge that he gave me was broken,
  The love that I bore he slew,
And now I am only a harlot,
  Adrift with the Red Light crew.

There is one I have not forgotten,
  The one from the other years:
The face with the lights and the shadows,
  The cheeks with the falling tears.
She weeps for her erring daughter,
  Adrift in the slums to-night—
O God! bless my dear old mother!
  She who taught me to know the right.

'Tis back to the days of my childhood,
  My mad brain would lead to-night,
Back, back to the fields and meadows,
  Back, back to the love and the light.
Far back to the dear old homestead,
  So safe from the world's alarms,
Back, back to the days of kindness
  And rest in my mother's arms.

I'm tired of the life on the Levee,
I'm tired of the sin and the strife,
They'll soon drag me out from the river
And mourn neither sister nor wife.
The hospital lurks in the shadows,
Disease has its hand on my heart,
The papers will say, "It's another,"
Then the coffin, the spade and the cart.

The yellow moon glares in the heavens,
The stars twinkle out from the sky.
The shredded clouds scurry to cover,
The populace hurries on by.
What hope can there be for a harlot
Adrift on the wide city street?
What hope for the Outcast so weary,
And the ruin so almost complete?

The cribs and the dens on the Levee,
The men tramping by the night long;
The noises and raucous confusion,
The harlot's debauch and lewd song—
All, all make me weary and heartsick,
So tired of the life in the toils.
I hate the whole crew and the System
Of virtue exchange and cheap spoils.

I'm tired of the life of a harlot,
I dread her deplorable fate.
I wish I were free from the trammels,
But fear that to-night is too late.
The clean and respectable people
Look down on me now with disdain,
O, all my repinings and longings
Are utterly useless and vain.

I know there's a Hell and a Heaven,
A place of a future estate,
What hope for the jade on the Levee
To pass through the Beautiful Gate?
The good turn aside as they pass me,
They want not such Outcasts as I—
O God! must I perish unpardoned?
And thus in these shame-quarters die?

But lately I sought out a shepherd
Well fed in his cozy retreat.
I told him my heart-breaking story,
And humbled myself at his feet.
He knew not the way of a sinner
Held down by this system of lust.
Instead of the soul-food I wanted
He threw me a beggarly crust.

It seems I remember a woman
Once stood in the presence of Him
Accused by the pew and the pulpit,
Just caught in the act of her sin.
He silently traced with His finger
Sweet words to the wandering child.
And when they cried out, "Shall we stone her?"
He silently wrote as He smiled:

"Let him without sin in your circle
"Be first to cast at Ler a stone."
And lo! they slunk out from His presence
And left the poor harlot alone.
When Jesus looked up from His writing
He saw not a churchling was there,
Save the woman, the Outcast, the harlot
Bowed low in her sin and despair.

"Pray, woman! where are thine accusers?
"Have they not condemned thee?" He said.
"Nay, Lord!" she replied, and she trembled,
As she saw He her life-story read.
"Then neither will I condemn thee,"
Said He to the sin-weary soul.
Then, "Sin no more. Go!" He said gently,
And she was made perfectly whole.

Could not He who saved that poor harlot
Give ear to my heart-weary cry?
I'm tired of the life on the Levee
And the crowd that goes wandering by.
I am faint!—things grow dark! I'm dying!
"O Jesus, have mercy!" she said—
They found her crouched low in the gutter.
The wand'ring old harlot was dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

REMARKABLE CASES OF SIN AND GRACE.

In a southwesterly direction from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, lie three "hotels" of questionable repute. They have been raided again and again and the inmates fined. In every raid the public was officially informed that the harlots had left the city. However, the closed cabs moving southwestward from the city in the dead hours of night toward these "hotels" led an innocent (?) public to conclude that the buzzards had found their way back to their old roosting places.

Dame Rumor and Madam Hoyle.

In one of these resorts Madam Hoyle one day closed her life's ledger. The reluctant undertaker had prepared the "carcass" for a decent burial. According to Dame Rumor it seemed impossible to find pall bearers to carry the dead harlot from the resort to her grave. Those who had been her patrons in the palmy days of dollars now absolutely refused to touch her rotting remains. Necessity finally succeeded in covering the dead degenerate with friendly clods and they left her there until the last resurrection.

The writer passed these notorious resorts many times during the Summer of 1909. The alternate raids and fines, and midnight cab maneuvers were still in progress. The city authorities were as tolerant of these vice-nests as Chicago is of her Levee. No doubt the probe would reveal the usual political corruption and official tolerance in Sioux Falls as it does in other misgoverned cities? What a frightful curse this fair but proud city of sin allows on her borders! Grace is a scarce commodity there, and holiness is a thing not desired in the churches. A tolerance of the "hotels" is the natural consequence. The spasmodic feints of the city to close these resorts fail to convince the innocent (?) public that there lies no corruption beneath. A sound, Christian city government would have made a Hoyle case impossible.

How sad to see this poor harlot pass thus into eternity. Even the stinking buzzards who had not yet wiped their red beaks from the gruesome feast of putrifying Lust refused to go near her disgraced mortality. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Madam Deeds and Conquering Grace.

To contrast this sad incident we take from Rev. C. E. Cornell's private scrap book the following striking event clipped from *The Evansville Courier*, April 3, 1905. It occurred under his immediate evangelistic services in

that place and shows that, no matter how low in sin a woman may have fallen, Jesus will save to the uttermost her who repents and believes. We give it exactly as the *Courier* has it:

"Mrs. Martha Deeds, the notorious fortune teller and keeper of a disreputable resort on Franklin Street, recently converted to Christianity, was the principal attraction at the revival services last night at Evans hall. The big hall was packed. Every seat in the auditorium was occupied and the sides of the interior were lined with men and women while men and boys filled every doorway and window. Many not being able to gain admission left the hall before the services commenced.

"There was silence throughout the big auditorium when Revivalist Cornell walked to the front of the stage and introduced Mrs. Deeds as one of the most notorious women in the city, who had recently found salvation at the Kingsley church meeting.

"Mrs. Deeds never faced so many people before in her life. The crowds that have heard her talk have usually been no larger than could be accommodated in the little police court room. Then as time after time she appeared in court charged with the violation of some law, she spoke in a low, strained voice as she made her plea for leniency and her promise to reform.

"Last night she walked boldly to the front of the

stage and at once began her discourse which was destined to cause many a man and many a woman to squirm and to wonder just how far she intended to go in exposure of rotten social conditions of the city. Mrs. Deeds excused herself for not being able to make herself heard all over the house on account of the very bad cold from which she is suffering, and then plunged at once into her subject.

The Madam's Ringing Testimony.

"'I have led a life of sin for many years,' she said. 'For nineteen years I have conducted an immoral resort in this city. I have been a fortune teller, and though I did not realize how wrong it was at the time, I do now. I have seen many homes ruined and I have seen many innocent girls sacrifice their virtue and their good name for the lust of money.'

"Sweeping her hands out over the audience she continued: 'Looking out at this audience from the stage to-night I see many people who have been frequenters of my house. Oh, I know you all. I could point all of you out. I see married women who have come to my house and married men, yes, some of you gray-haired men have come to me and offered money to procure the ruin of some young girl. Oh, I know you. I see some of you here to-night and if I wanted to I could point you out and call your names.

" 'Evansville is one of the most wicked cities in the country. I was a Christian woman when I came here. I was ruined here, but I intend to stay right here and live down my old life. My house is open to all Christians who want to come and pray with me. My house is now a house of God. No longer are the windows dark or the doors locked. I am not doing what I am for a show or an advertisement. I am trying to serve God and if I am not sincere in what I say to-night I hope He will strike me dead.

" 'I have been seeking to be a better woman for months. My old mother gave me a little Bible and for the past few months I have been reading it in the hope that somewhere in its pages I would find peace. I have worn it threadbare, but the peace I sought I could not find. I thought God was an enemy of mine until my eyes were opened and my heart was filled with love at the meeting a few nights ago. I want you all to be Christians.' "

O Matchless Grace! How Wonderful!

What a marked difference between Madam Hoyle and Madam Deeds. One lies dead in her harlot's den, no one willing to carry her filthy remains to the grave; the other redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, testifying to its wonderful power. The one has lost the love and confidence of an entire city and community, the

other is rising grandly under the marvelous transforming grace of God into the respect and admiration of the auditorium audience. O, matchless grace! how wonderful!

When Samuel F. B. Morse sent his first message along the wire before an incredulous public it clicked from the key at the other end, "What wonders hath God wrought!" When Madam Deeds lay stretched out on the floor in that revival under the stress of battling soul-forces and she arose a redeemed soul, by faith we hear the wireless instruments of the skies click out the glorious news to an incredulous world, "What wonders hath God wrought!" Marvelous, matchless grace!

What God does for woman he does for man. We give the testimony of several who have been saved from lives of sin. The object in giving these cases here is that hope for a better life may spring up in the heart of some poor lost soul to let Jesus come in. The men in sin are white slaves as well as the women in the System's resorts—slaves to sin. To those we say, Jesus can save you from the life. He can so completely change your desires that you yourself will be astonished, if you will let Him.

"Lion of Judah" Breaks Chains.

If you are a slave to tobacco, opium, morphine, cocaine, liquor or lust, there is deliverance for you by

simply quitting your sins, repenting, and by a simple childlike faith believe Jesus forgives you. As you *believe* He does the work you will *feel* the rich warm glow of His wonderful pardoning grace—the witness to the granted pardon.

We here give two testimonials only of men to the redeeming power of grace. We could give many more; but the two we give are corroborated by the thousands we do not give, hence these will be sufficient. We pray that God will use them to lead some wandering one into the fold.

"April —, 1910. I want to praise God to-night for a free and full salvation. He is able to keep us from all sin. I am so glad that Jesus ever came my way. Bless His name forever!

"On a Saturday night seven years ago (May 9, 1903), while walking down State Street in the city of Chicago in search of a good time, I was a sinner. I had been in the habit of going out on Saturday night to drink and carouse, frequenting gambling places and questionable resorts. On this particular night my steps were arrested by a man preaching the Gospel. I heard him tell how God had changed his life. Young men lately saved also testified that God had delivered them from the appetite of strong drink and other sinful habits. When they sang "There is power in the blood," I cried, "Oh God, if you could save those men, why can't you save me?"

"Brother Clarkson soon gave the invitation for all who wished to be prayed for to raise their hand. My hand went up. God showed me then and there what an awful sinner I was. He next asked all who had raised their hands to kneel with him in prayer. I knelt and asked God to forgive me. When the prayer was over I told Brother Clarkson that I had determined by God's help to lead a different life. We again knelt in the street and prayed, and bless God! He answered my prayer! He forgave all my sins.

"When I arose from my knees the burden of sin was gone. How Jesus satisfies the heart when He comes in. That night was the turning point in my life. Through trial and temptation Jesus has these seven years kept me by His grace. His grace is enough for me. His blood covers me just now, Halleleujah!

"JULIUS J. EK."

Ek's God May Be Your God.

Brother, what God did for Mr. Ek He is waiting to do for you. If he can keep Mr. Ek for seven years He can keep him for seventy years. He can keep you, too. There is no limit to the saving and keeping power of God. The Christ of Calvary is abundantly able to save and keep you till you pass safely through the gates into the "Pearly White City." Hallelujah!

Our next "case" is one of unusual interest. This man, Dick Lane, was a criminal for fifty years, but God saved him. To-day his shining face and ringing testimony would make you feel like shouting. The writer heard him recently in a Mission and felt the marvelous thrill of a redeemed life during his remarkable testimony. We will let him tell his own story, necessarily much abbreviate, as he told it in *The Life Boat*:

A Personal Letter From Dick Lane.

"Dear Friends: I take this opportunity to drop you a few lines. I am ten years and two months old the 16th of this month. These have been the happiest and sweetest ten years of my whole existence on earth. I met a good Christian man this morning whom I had not seen for years. We were up in the Stillwater pen together. We got to talking about prison life and he said, 'Dick, I don't see how we ever could have lived that kind of a life.'

"A great many ex-convicts come to me here and say the police will not let them alone; but if they choose good company the police will cease to bother them. I had the hardest work of my life to get them to leave me alone. When I came to Chicago the chief of police would not give me permission to remain in the city twenty-four hours, but after they saw that I was living

honest they did not trouble me. I believe every ex-convict has the same chance that I had. I am glad to say I have met many ex-convicts in Chicago and elsewhere who are now leading honest lives.

Idleness and Whiskey Work Ruin.

"If a man wants to make a success of life he must make up his mind that he has got to earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow. That is the great trouble with so many—they do not want to work—and what is surprising to me is that during my fifty years of criminal life, serving time in six different 'pens,' I met so many men who were industrious and saving while in prison, but as soon as they got out they got into the bad life. When a convict comes out of prison he often is not himself. The freedom surprises a man. It sometimes makes him so he does not know what he is doing for a while. If he goes and fills up on whiskey, then he is gone.

"Three of us who were formerly convicts sat down in a gentleman's office here a short time ago. We had all been in Jackson prison. One man had ten years, I had five years, and my friend three years. One of those men is now president of a coffee plantation in Mexico and the other man owns a nice fruit farm over in Michigan. I made a remark to them that 'Suppose I had told you

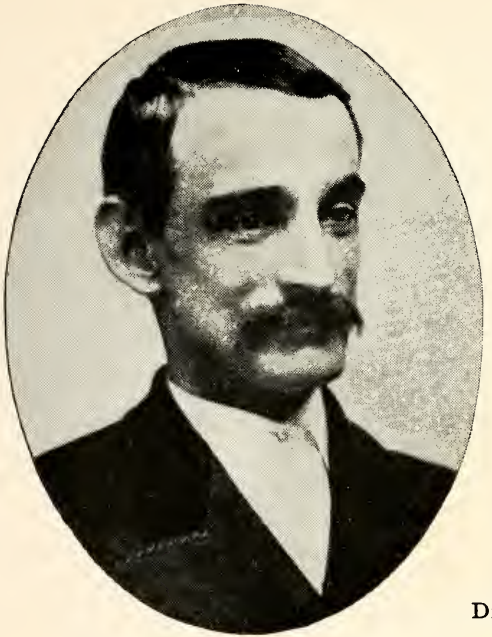
when in Jackson prison we would be filling the places we are now, would you have believed it?' They smiled and said they did not think they would.

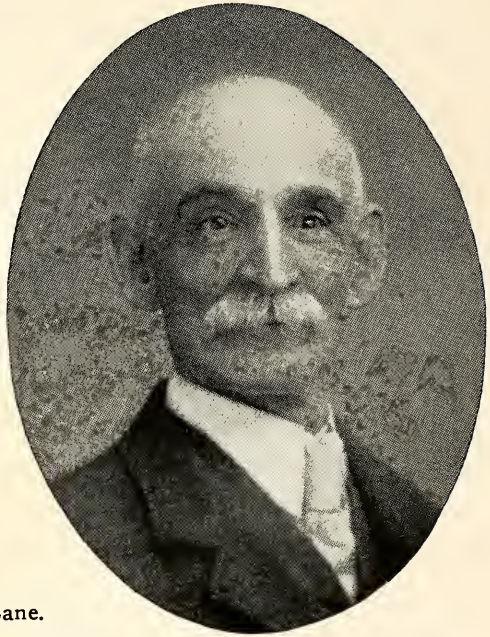
"Time would fail me to tell you of all the ex-convicts I know who have made a success in life after they got out of prison. All the men I have been acquainted with since I started out in the new life who have tried to help themselves and asked God Almighty to help them, have all been successful. I even know a woman who, when she came out of the 'pen,' was homeless and friendless. She never knew what hard work was, but she tried to do what was right and went to work. Now she is making a good honest living.

Reformation vs. Transformation.

"I have often heard something said in prison about reformation. I want it understood there is nothing in it. There must be a *transformation!* When God Almighty comes into a man's life and transforms him, no one can *stop* his progress. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

"Ten years and two months ago I did not have the price of a meal of victuals. I did not know where I was going to sleep, but when God converted me He made a new creature out of me. He put me to work at seven dollars a week; from that they raised my pay to





Dick Lane.

In Sin. Redeemed.

The sinner, bowed low at the mercy seat,
By faith in Jesus found a pardon sweet.

twenty dollars and with that I have secured a good house and lot of my own on the West Side. This is what the clean life does for a man.

"Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat told me the other day that if I ever wanted a letter of recommendation for my honesty to come to him and he would give me as good a one as I could wish.

"In the old life nobody would trust me; every hand was against me; but from the moment I became converted and gave up my life to God I have not known want." (Instead of Dick Lane being one of the most dreaded safe-breakers in this country, he is now filling a position of trust and responsibility in the Chicago *Record-Herald* office, and is an earnest soul-winner. What God has done for him, He is willing to do for you. Will you decide to let him?—Ed. of *The Life Boat*).

We close this chapter with a stronger faith in God than ever before. The marvelous *transformation* (not reformation) of Mrs. Deeds, Ek and Dick Lane tell us that there is yet power in the blood to save to the uttermost all who will come unto him. If you will look at "Dick's" picture you will see he looks youngest where he is oldest. Such is the power of our wonderful Redeemer.

We thank God for the privilege of recording these incidents of His saving power. May more than one

discouraged soul find Him who could transform the notorious Martha into a gentle Mary, the wandering prodigal into a praying priest and the half-century safe-blower into a shining, shouting saint. Once more we hear the hum of the wireless as the good news over "one sinner that repenteth" is flashed from earth's low station: "What wonders hath God wrought!"

CHAPTER XVII.

COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL.

On the West Side, Harrison Street, lies Cook County Hospital. Grouped around these buildings are dental and medical institutions. On a beautiful day the well kept grounds surrounding the sombre brick walls give the place a peculiar softness of expression and the casual observer scarcely dreamed that inside were tears and suffering and death.

Accompanied by Mr. Clarkson, a friend and the warden we made a tour of inspection on a beautiful afternoon in May. Here sin came to view in the form of afflicted humanity. Little children lay on their little white cots, some strapped and rigged with various appliances, generally contented and as care free as our own. The nurses moved about quietly, to adjust a discomfort here or to supply a plaything there. Altogether they were as comfortable as care and kindness could make them.

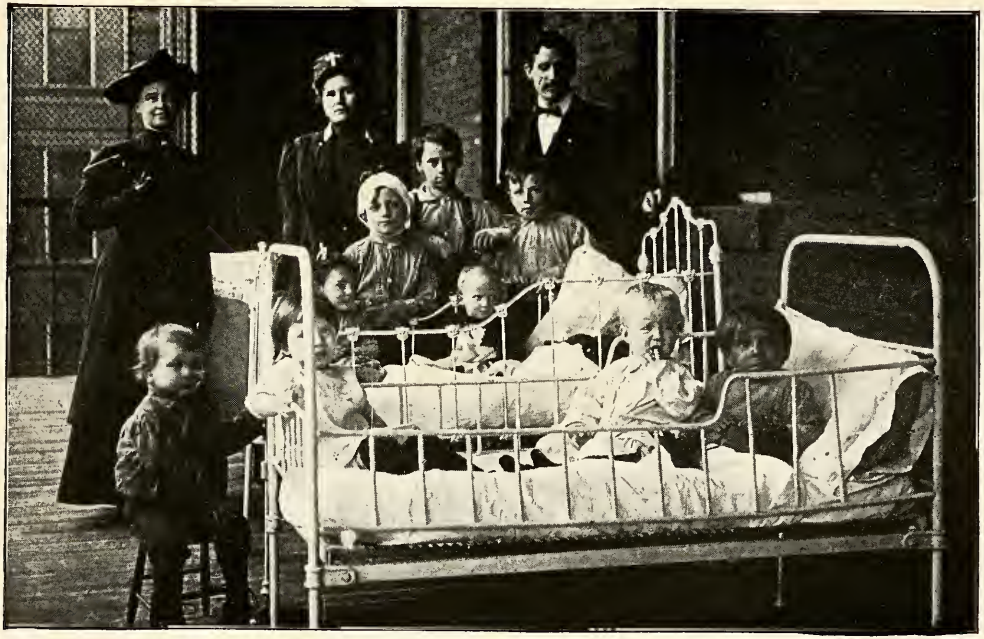
The Syphilitic Wards.

"Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that

hate me" (Ex. 20:5) was here evidenced in the syphilitic wards. Bandaged heads and ugly ulcerations on the innocent little ones pointed back to the sin committed on the Lines, the Strands, the Levees. One such little one, lying on its side on the cot, seemed so forsaken. Its little body shook as it sighed in its infant grief and on each unkissed cheek lay an unwiped tear. Its pretty little finger was in its mouth, and as we came near it cast sidelong, questioning glances at the strangers. By its forsaken attitude it seemed to say, "O, no one cares for me! I'm only an outcast's child. I have no mother to comfort me when I cry nor to rock me to sleep under the soothing spell of some sweet lullaby when I have grown tired of play. I will go through life, if I live, an 'orphan,' buffeted about on the tides of time"—and as it sobbed to itself in its loveless isolation, it seemed to emphasize, "O, no one cares for me!"

The Sobbing Bit of Humanity.

It was a sweet child. From its ears ran a stream of pus—the sewer flow of sin from its Levee progenitors. The occasional sob nearly broke our heart. Poor little sufferer! No doubt kind hospital physicians and nurses do for you what lies in their power? but you need a tender mother's touch and love and caress. As we



The Syphilitic Innocents.

The children of our "segregated" vice
For others' sins must pay the awful price.

looked upon this helpless bit of sobbing humanity lying there in its woebegone condition the blood in our veins coursed hot against the System's nefarious trade. Some conscienceless degenerate was even then intruding his polished presence upon some other fair girl, while the mother of his illegitimate had found her way to the resort or the grave.

We now entered the syphilitic women's ward. Here the warden introduced the nurse and left us. She kindly showed us through and gave interesting bits of information. Several girls were lying dressed, on their beds. "One," the nurse said, "a little thing, said to me yesterday: 'Nurse, when I get well and get out again, I'm going to be a good girl!'" May it be so, for indeed but few are "good girls" after they get out.

As we passed around the room one aged habitue stood with her hard, horny, scaly feet soaking in a preparation of soap-suds "with the hope" said our nurse "of softening them so as to ease the pain. She's an incurable, and we can't keep her here long," was the comment.

In rounding the farther end of the room of helpless, many of them hopeless cases, one young woman lay reading a New Testament. "That's it, that's it!" encouraged Mr. Clarkson, and she nodded assent with an appreciative smile. O, when in the presence of death and eternity the little Testament is eagerly perused

with the hope that entrance through the pearly gates may be obtained. Poor girls! May the dear Shepherd find you and gather you to his bosom.

"One More Unfortunate."

Our photographs were obtained on a subsequent visit. The nurse holds in her arms an infant from another part of the room. Before us, with her face turned this way, lies "one more unfortunate" just drawing her last breath. She had been dying for some time and is now near the borderland of the supernatural. As our visitors pause a moment to gather the full import of the situation the death-rattle and the convulsive shiver lend awesomeness to the scene.

One by one they pass in, and then over, and then out—in from the Levee, the West Side, the Strand, and over the river to the Shadowlands of the Beyond, and out to the yellow mound where the sighing winds whisper low lullabys over their intended graves. Let us hope many find pardon as they are about to cross the Great Divide. That some find Christ before they pass away is evidenced in numerous instances, one of which we give. Miss F. Mable Dedrick, Missionary of Moody Church, Chicago, relates the following:

"Go with me if you will to Ward 11 of the Cook County Hospital where we will find a girl who had

The Dying Outcast.

"One more unfortunate" is dying here—
Who drops for her the sympathizing tear?

been led away into sin and is now dying a horrible death. Soon after this girl came here we held a service and she was very much touched. As I went to her bedside she burst into tears and said, "I need Jesus, so much, but I am too wicked for Him to save me." I was unable to say much to her that night as it was time for leaving the ward, but I returned a day or two later and was able to plead with her for some time and as a result I led her to the Savior that can save to the uttermost. She realized that she was very wicked and could scarcely comprehend that He was willing to save her. She was only twenty-one years of age and had been in a life of sin about three months. Her father was in the Asylum at Dunning and her mother had been dead five years and she was the oldest of five children.

Lillie Saved on the Border.

"The girl married a man much older than herself, from whom she had separated. She seemed very sincere and in earnest and I feel very clear that she accepted Jesus Christ as her Savior. I asked her one day if there was anything I could get for her and she pleaded for some flowers, but when I took them to her she was slowly passing away and almost too weak to care for them. I went to see her from day to day and after a little time she grew worse rapidly. Her condition was such that her body was simply rotting away.

"As I went to see her the last time, she said to me 'It is all right. I am going to trust Jesus.' She suddenly passed away very early one morning and I can not be grateful enough to God for the opportunity to bring this dear girl to Christ. I have never stood beside a bed where my heart ached more than it did for Lillie. She was very patient and uncomplaining and I know God for Christ's sake forgave her sin. Jesus said, 'Neither do I condemn thee.' "

Thank God for a salvation that saves the dying harlot. It may be hard (!) for the respectable element to understand that in Heaven she will be pure and holy and will sing with us around the throne of God; but it is true. Grace wipes away every sin-stain and when her body comes from its nameless mound it will be a glorified body and will be very beautiful and shine for ever and ever. O the transforming power of grace! It regenerates and cleanses so completely that the one once lost will be the companion of saints and angels and the beloved of the Father in Heaven. "I want to go there, don't you?"

Caught in the Snare.

Our next point was the syphilitic men's ward. The downcast look and shamefaced mien betrayed their guilt. Old, middle aged and young they lay in their corrup-

Victims in the Hospital.

Vice brings her victims from the Red Light in
With body sick and soul all stained by sin.

tion, all hoping to be restored to health. As we were about to pass out one poor fellow pulled his arm out from under the coverlet, beckoned excitedly and finally cried in a weak, hollow voice, "Clarkson! Clarkson!" We turned and said to our colleague, "Clarkson, he knows you!" Our friend stepped back, talked a while with the poor fellow and then left him.

Mr. Clarkson had met this man years before in the Loop where he practiced law. He was a brainy man and seemed successful in his work. But he had gone in to her of the painted face and habiliments of lust and now lay rotting out his sin in the hospital ward. He had been there four or six weeks, and said: "I'll get out in two or three weeks!" He would, indeed. However, not through the front street entrance to life's activities, but through the back door in the coffin and cart to the graveyard. His hollow chest and hollow voice betrayed the unmistakable approach of the rattling stranger.

Our last point of interest was the morgue. In huge glass cases lay the wrapped, mummy-like corpses, the look of surprise when Death laid its icy fingers on trembling heartstring still marked on each hard, hopeless face. The staring eyes and open mouths of sin's victims lying here furnished a marked contrast to Wesley's expression, "Our people die well."

Our Summary.

With a last look and a shudder we left the sombre walled structures behind; the sobbing little darling in its silent grief, the languishing habitues of the District and the waiting corpses in the morgue with a better conception of sin and its awful consequences. We saw that if we would have empty syphilitic children's wards we must strike directly at the head of this curse; viz.: the System—segregated vice, or all vice, if you please. If we would save the brainy lawyer and the little girl that wants to be "good" from these wards let us *prevent* their going there by enforcing the laws against vice. This only will do the work.

In conclusion, we ask God's richest blessing on the physicians and nurses whose duty it is to look after these unfortunates. We wish they might all know Jesus in His saving and santifying power in order that they may press to the lips of the dying the cup of salvation. O, what an opportunity here to point souls to the world's Redeemer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVENTURES OF A LIBERTINE.

The sea churned its brine and foam on the sharp toothed rocks of W——. Frazzled clouds, torn and shredded by the shifting tempest, were scurrying across a storm-cast sky in phantom swiftness. Pieces of wreckage, ropes and cordage, wearing apparel, trunks and trinket came awash with each new wave as it dashed high over the sloping sands where the rocks loomed sullen and gray through the mist and spray and darkness.

Lighthouse Signals.

The distant lighthouse had faithfully flashed its signals at regular intervals during the night, but the vessel had sustained too great an injury while still far out at sea, hence no signals of distress could be given as she neared the friendly beams, and she went to pieces in a raging sea. All on board sank beneath the sullen waters.

The sea had been lashed to a fury for three days by a frightful storm. It had hurled its force against the unyielding rocks of gray and far out over the low line of sandy shore as though it would elude the whips of

the tempest; but ever and ever it fell back into its hollow bed with a surge and roar. With each leap against the sharp teeth of the gray rocks it spit huge mouthfuls of foam into the face of the wailing winds, but without avail. The rocks stood unyielding there. The bed lay ever ready to receive its force-spent waves. Then it gathered its volume of power into mountain height vastness and bounded like some evil Fury over the low sands, seeking thus an escape from the storm king's relentless chase; but gradually and firmly the rising shore pushed back in deadly undertow its on-rushing force, and it crept back to its lowly bed moaning and restless still.

O sea! thou ever rolling sea! how like man's heart art thou! Unsatisfied, backward and forward, up and down in thy undulations, and ever unstable as time rolls on. No one but the lowly Galilean can rock thy restless waves to sleep. Nothing but His "Peace, be still!" can ever assuage the storm in the unregenerate heart of man.

The Dead Libertine.

The morning had come. The sun shimmered through the breaking clouds. The storm was spent. The sea had ceased its raging, evidently satisfied with its victims of the night. The shore bore evidence of its cruelty. Here and there and everywhere lay proofs of its awful rage.

On a pile of cordage, seaweed and wreckage, lay a man. Apparently he had moved in the upper walks of life—upper as the world calls it. He was of a fine figure, dressed in a suit of black, and wore a diamond ring on his finger. In his pockets were found a deck of cards in a gold case, a check book, several bank notes, a wallet and some water soaked cigars.

The face was of striking beauty, but underneath the fair exterior lay lines of sensuality. The forehead betokened a high grade of intelligence, but the staring eye, the sensual mouth and the bull dog jaw told the close observer that he had lived but for himself.

The letters they took from his pockets corroborated the suspicions. They had been written to artless young women, and breathed of a devotion the viper never felt. Several, written by these ensnared doves, plead pitifully for protection from an unforgiving world. The answers penned were so delicately worded that the victims trusted their traducer still, although the well chosen words in his epistles cast them aside forever.

Traffic in Virtue.

The Hand of Justice had steered the ill fated vessel into the teeth of the gale. Dual Damon had found a watery grave. The life preserver had never been made that could keep him afloat. As he was washed over the

breaking side of the vessel he sank and was flung out on the pile of cordage and debris, a dead libertine. His career on earth had closed. He would beguile pure womanhood no more by his suavity. He would break no more trusting hearts.

The brothels in the Red Light District would no longer reap victims lured to a life of shame by this human viper whose pockets were filled at so much per head. The Madams of this Christian (?) land must now draw from other society renegades to fill their "houses" with soiled doves—the victims of our vaunting libertines. Our subject had been removed from such scenes of action. As the storm roared in his ears and his breath lost itself in the froth of the churning sea, his soul left the sensual clay and he went to his own place—to Demon Land.

Costly Funeral Trappings.

They carried him away and prepared him for burial. The doting parents who had spoiled the boy looked upon the reaping of their sowing and cried with a great and bitter cry: "Our poor boy! our poor boy!" Poor indeed. In life fine linen and sumptuous living; in death—in the Beyond—a beggar in rags. In life pleasures sensual; after death torment eternal.

The costly shroud lay loosely upon the senseless clay, the diamond ring still sparkled on the shapely finger and

the face was beautiful still; but, somehow, the air seemed pregnant with a dread presence of evil that could be felt by the watchers at his pall. The death of the ungodly is always an unpleasant thing. The canny feelings present when with such a corpse means that demons swing low over the empty form to gloat over the completed destruction of a soul for which Christ died.

The coffin was costly. The satin trimmings were rich and rare. The funeral train was long as it wound over the hills and vales to Greenwood. The eulogy by Dr. Speakwell was characteristic of our modern times; viz., to send to Heaven the broadcloth crowd regardless of what their life's record may have been. They laid him away in a magnificent tomb in the city of the dead and his soul trailed out into the Great Unknown.

The Hawk and the Canary.

The dove with the outstretched pinion, emblem of purity, hovered over "The Gates Ajar" on his tombstone. A more fitting symbol would have been a hawk swooping down on a defenceless canary, or a fowler in the act of drawing the snare. And thus they left the lifeless clay of Dual Damon, surrounded by the rich trappings of the dead, and returned to their gods of gold and sensuality and pleasure. While they are gone, let us take a journey to the realms of Dives to see what took place in the land of lost spirits.

A Graveyard Dialogue.

"Farewell, old body mine!" said Damon, as he looked down upon his lifeless clay when they closed the coffin at the graveside; "you and I shall never meet again."

"Do not be too sure of that," said a voice at his side. Startled, he looked up to see a shade from the lower world seated at the head of his body. His face was so full of cunning that Damon instinctively drew back with fear. Terror struck his soul with a deadly chill.

"What do you mean by that statement?" cried Damon quickly, as he saw other demon forms grinning in the distance.

Demon Exegeses.

"I mean," said the ebon shade, "that this sleeping clay you now bade, as you thought, an eternal farewell, shall some day be raised from its long slumber in the general resurrection. Your immortal spirit shall then reinhabit this loathsome, unchanged mortality throughout all eternity in the confines of despair."

"But why this resurrection of the body?" asked Damon with haughty air. "I never heard reference made to this dread ordeal in prayer or sermon. I never heard it read from the Book from whence all the terrors of the damned were culled."

"Softly, my haughty lord!" answered the shade ironi-

cally. "I see you are illy prepared for the frightful changes that await you. The reason you never heard reference made to the resurrection of the wicked dead was that you listened only to the long-frocked hirelings of the aristocracy who mouthed their hypocritical platitudes but to tickle the ear, lull the conscience to sleep and to draw sheckles into their wallets. If you had read the Book for yourself, from which you now seek to draw some alleviating balm, you would have observed that the resurrection of the body is there clearly taught.

Demon Land Punishment Defined.

"The glories of Heaven are there wonderfully portrayed, but the horrors of Hell are just as specifically described. The reality of one place is no more firmly established than the reality of the other. The eternal and ever shifting beauties of Heaven are there, but the frightful and shifting changes of the World of Horrors —Hell—are just as truly there. One is as true as the other. The God-inspired Word was written in mortal language, but between the lines of that written Word lie changes of bliss or stretches of agony that could not be couched in human language.

"Angels are constantly employed to draw from the inexhaustible resources of Heaven pleasures for the redeemed that far exceed anything that may be com-

prehended by finite mind. Likewise are demons constantly employed originating torments for the lost so pregnant with cunning and dread that finite reason would lose its balance should the realities of this fell place burst upon it.

"You will be introduced to phases of torment in your disembodied state that will astonish you. You need not ask for Scripture proof. The Book you ignored can now bring you no surcease from the woes you thought were conjured up only for the simple; these woes are now yours. The character of this place is chaos—pandemonium.

Demon Cunning and Torture.

"Refined cunning and cruelty receives the merit mark of our Dictator. There is no limit here to modes of torment. These are as varied as the inventive skill and cunning of experienced demons can make them. You manifest surprise that your initiatory woes seem so at variance with what you think the Scriptures portray? And yet, had you carefully studied them you would have observed that you had only the earthly-language side (which side, by the way, was sufficient for you); but the other-world side can not be compared with that. The former was sufficient to give you a glimpse of the dread results of a life of sin.

"In studying that phase of Hell you would have dis-

covered the deeper significance of what you are now about to experience. The torments of Hell, as well as the glories of Heaven, are so far beyond what human language could possibly convey that astonishment overwhelms the disembodied arrival here. Therefore, since by your sinful neglect and indulgence you have missed the glories, we will see to it that you do not miss the torments."

"Most worthy shade," queried Damon sarcastically, "perhaps you think me weak and soft enough to believe that the torments of Hell are literal? Our modern divines did not so teach. They, if they believed in a Hell at all, thought it a place of conscience smart. They spurned the thought, old time and threadbare, of literal fire and brimstone. This twaddle about literal fire to torment the lost is unorthodox. It cannot find place in the mind of intelligent beings!"

A Literal Hell.

"*Unorthodox!* shades of torment! What do you know about orthodoxy? Certainly you did not form its acquaintance in the haunts of vice you frequented? Your lofty ideas of punishment shall soon receive a rude shock. The popular conception of a *humane* Hell is set entirely aside by the Book, as you will soon experience. The *literalness* of Hell has always been ignored by the hireling, but to his own destruction.

"I see by your skeptical mien that a little more instruction is necessary on the subject of Hell. Since you have not investigated the matter in life, I will instruct you at greater length here. I will now prove to you by the Book you spurned that Hell is a *place; a place of torment eternal; a place of torment eternal for both the soul and the body.*

Heaven and Hell a Place.

"It is true that the doctrine of an eternal Hell, with its 'fire,' 'fire and brimstone,' and 'lake of fire,' as well as all the other attendant horrors of punishment for the soul and body of the wicked, and demons, is scouted by the modern churchling and his formal followers. However, they scout this contrary to the teachings of the Word.

"He whom you rejected and despised declared to His disciples: 'I go to prepare a *place* for you. And if I go and prepare a *place* for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also' (John 14: 1, 2). You see by this quotation that Heaven is a prepared *place* for a prepared people.

"Rejectors of God's unmistakable declarations regarding Heaven as a *place* find no difficulty in believing this statement and all the inferences relative to the same. But upon the doctrine that Hell exists as a

place, they at once fling out their false theology and doubt.

"While in the throes of indescribable agony Dives cried to Father Abraham regarding the almost certain and undesired coming of his five brothers to this dread place of woe, saying: 'Lest they also come into this *place of torment!*' As to it being a *place,* skeptical as you are, you already begin to see. I will now endeavor to give you a little light as to its punishment.

Hell a Place of Punishment.

"Hell exists as a *place.* This I have established by sufficient Scripture proof. It is a *place of punishment.* It is a place of suffering for lost souls and demons. Human language but faintly describes what the awful horrors of Hell-punishment are to be. The unrevealed glories of Heaven that lie hidden between the lines of the Sacred Page are no more true than are the unrevealed horrors of Hell that lie there. Imagination cannot conceive ordeals of torture which adequately convey to the mind yet finite their awfulness.

"Hell is a place of eternal surprises. New tortures ever meet deeper tortures as the soul trolls on over the waste shards of Perdition. You may sneer, but do not forget that you have entered upon just such a career. You will soon be introduced to some of the ever shifting changes of torment.

Dives Called to Witness.

"Objectors to a Hell constantly assert that there could not be there the literal fire as taught by the Book. By their fine-spun false theology they ever seek to smother the flames of Perdition. Scripture teaches that this literal fire plays upon the sensibilities of the lost. Dives declared while there that he was 'tormented in this flame.' Christ said to His disciples that it were better to remove the offending member and enter life maimed rather than to retain it and be 'cast into everlasting fire' (Matt. 18:8).

"In Mark 9:43-48 He uses the term 'fire' six times. Matthew 13:40 records that as the tares were gathered and burned, so the wicked should finally be gathered and 'cast into a furnace of fire.' Twelve times did He use the term 'fire' or its equivalent. In spite of all the skepticism of the ages, Hell is a *place,* and a *place of fire!*

"St. Paul uses the term, 'flaming fire' (II Thes. 1:8). Peter emphasizes his belief in a Hell of 'fire' (II Pet. 3:7). St. John also refers to it. The revelator uses the terms, 'fire and brimstone' as a place where 'murderers and *whoremongers*' go (Rev. 14:10). This refers especially to your class. You are certain to reach the fire-and-brimstone experience of the libertine, to suffer inexpressible agony."

"But hold!" cried Damon, now thoroughly exasperated at the shade's calm array of proof; "we were told that all this you have brought from the Scriptures is figurative language! How can literal fire burn the soul? My body lies beneath yonder mound of earth. How can material fire find place in a spiritual world? I defy you to harmonize these glaring discrepancies!"

Some "Glaring Discrepancies" Harmonized.

"Softly, softly, my Prince of Libertines!" calmly rejoined the shade. "Your trend of reasoning and conclusion is woefully weak. A little close application will easily 'harmonize' the seeming difficulties. The 'fire,' 'fire and brimstone,' 'lake of fire,' etc., are not figurative expressions at all. But suppose they were? What comfort could that afford you?

"Your 'figures' used in Scripture are only attempts to make clear to a sin-cursed race in earthly language that something *infinitely worse* than the 'figure' could convey is pending. 'Figurative' indeed! Why not a 'figurative' existence, a 'figurative' resurrection, a 'figurative' Judgment, a 'figurative' Heaven, a 'figurative' Hell, a 'figurative' God, a 'figurative' Devil? No, no! the proofs and facts are only too painfully corroborative of the reality beyond the figure.

"As to 'how literal fire can burn the soul?' that is not

at all impossible. If we were to hold a white hot bar of iron to your yonder dead body, would there be a cry of pain? Certainly not. But suppose that white hot bar had been held to your body before your disembodiment, what would have been the result? From this deduction it seems there is no pain where the soul is absent. What proof is there that the soul could not feel the literal fires of Hell when the body is absent? None whatever.

Demon Employment.

"But suppose that your momentary elusive discovery were true, what progress have you made in alleviating your suffering? There are other phases of torture we understand full well how to administer to the soul only. None of the wicked dead have their bodies as yet. The resurrection of the wicked dead has not yet taken place. Do not dream for a moment that through all these long ages the souls of the wicked dead have slept, as some falsely teach. They are as much alive as you are. They are with us now in the chambers of torment, which torment will only be augmented when they receive their bodies at the general resurrection.

"That they undergo, as you shall, stretches of agony beyond description is evident. These lost souls belong to our Dictator—Satan. Inactivity is not one of his attributes. Since cast from his regal state of glory, his

hatred toward God and His created beings has increased. This hatred we have imbibed, for we were cast out of Heaven with him on that day of revolt. As demons, our constant employment is to lead souls yet on earth in the body astray, and to torture those who have fallen into our power here.

Hell Strangely Material.

"Again. You ask what place can material fire have in a spiritual world? The Scriptural inferences throughout in dealing with the lost are that Hell is not a spiritual world, but one very material. We are told that at the second advent of Christ the bodies of the just 'shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye.' Where is the same recorded of the wicked? Nowhere. There is not even an intimation that the bodies of the wicked dead shall undergo a change.

"The same body you had while engaged in the sensual pleasures of life will be yours, unchanged, throughout the never-ending aeons of torture. Thus you see that all this 'harmonizes' far better than you had thought possible. When you were told to 'fear him which is able to destroy *both soul and body in Hell,*' you turned to your sensual pleasures with a sneer. Hence, the 'fire' that is not to be 'figurative;' the body that, for want of Scripture proof, is not to be 'changed;' and

the torment that both your body and soul shall undergo and endure 'harmonizes' perfectly with the laws of eternal punishment.

"All your fancifully conceived dreams of a no-Hell, a no-fire, and a no-torment 'figure' for naught. The frightful depictures of torment described in the Book couched in human language, combined with the ever shifting modes of torture of the soul, the body, or both strikes the disembodied arrival with fearful force. You, too, feel the force of what I have given you in this introductory course of instruction. Your trembling immortality betrays what your forced composure vainly endeavors to conceal."

CHAPTER XIX.

ADVENTURES OF A LIBERTINE (CONTINUED).

While Dual Damon listened to the instructions of the shade—instructions he should have heard and heeded on earth—his body had been entombed and the mourners had departed. The lonely graveyard lent awesomeness to the new and weird experience. Other shades now drew near to torment him with their presence. That he was in the world of demons and lost souls he could no longer doubt, but his proud spirit would not yet bend the neck to these new and strange powers.

Accustomed to have things his own way he dreamed not that that abused privilege had been taken from him when his body sank beneath the surge and foam of the raging deep. The proud will that had been law, backed by unlimited means, knew no master. Here came to the fore forces he had not believed were in existence.

After the first few hours of dissolution he had vaguely hoped that a kind of drifting in the ether of space might measure his existence, monotonous as even this might grow; but already he had met with beings possessed

of astonishing cunning and intelligence. Their knowledge of God, His Son, redemption, mortal probation, the Fall, sin, its penalty, punishment, Heaven, Hell and their knowledge of his own past life was cause for serious reflection.

That a master mind controlled these beings he could no longer doubt; but to find himself under their control was galling. Each attempt to withdraw from their presence was met with a demoniac smile, and this called up all the rebellion of his soul; but a power to him hitherto unknown held him in abeyance. Shifting his position, the shade continued:

Startling Instructions Continued.

"After the instructions I have given you at length, you are better able to comprehend what dread ordeals you will be called upon to pass through. Until the resurrection of the wicked dead your punishment will have to do more especially with your disembodied spirit. I have freely quoted from the Scriptures you ignored in the day of opportunity, that you shall again inhabit your corruptible body. The pain you felt on earth, augmented by the torments here, will be yours throughout eternity. However, I still see signs of skepticism regarding material torment. Because of this, I will now introduce you more directly to some of the tortures reserved for you.

"The body you thought you bade an eternal farewell as they were about to lay it away is to play an important part in your future punishment. Characters of such stern pride as yours merit especial attention on our part.

"Since your skeptical trend extends to even these domains, we have arranged for you a sort of pre-resurrection experience to take place a twelve month from today in this lonely graveyard. Twenty-four hours as men count time shall your disembodied spirit toy with your decaying mortality.

"From this annual visit you will not be released until every particle of your crumbling clay shall have turned to dust. Since you are destined to toy with your body from the day of the resurrection throughout the cycles of eternity, a foretaste may convince you of its certainty and furnish food for reflection for one of such lofty impulses."

Sarcastic Queries.

"Most worthy shade," interposed Damon, "why this annual visit to yonder mouldering clay? Canst tell me whether all this fine-spun theology is contained in the Book? Although so well versed in Scriptural lore, pray tell me how camest thou hither? Didst not thou fall from Heaven with Satan and his rebellious crew who dared aspire to God's throne, and, defeated by the host

of Heaven, now people the air on demon mission bent? Your glib pratings of righteousness, punishment, etc., illy becomes one who has fallen from higher heights to lower depths than an unfortunate son of Adam.

"This 'prince of the power of the air,'" continued Damon, "with his demon horde, you included, though now the dominating factor in the control of disembodied souls, shall also meet a dire and everlasting defeat. The angel shall bind him with the great clanking chain and cast him and his demon crew into the Pit 'prepared for the Devil and his angels.' All hail the day when the great key shall click in the lock of your eternal prison house, Hell! Your torments shall be no less grievous than mine. In view of these delectable prospects, canst answer my query, thou dark shade of Perdition?"

Diamond Cut Diamond

With a frightful shaft of hate glancing from his orb of sight, the shade calmly continued: "Your arrogance merits a fitting reward, which shall be delivered to you in due season. Your sarcastic query shall have an answer from the Book.

"Although I fell from yonder heights of bliss long ages ago, that is little comfort to you. However, I feel highly elated in that I have been delegated to administer to your comfort (!), and to let a little belated rift

of light into your sin-steeped senses. The knowledge your question ridicules I give you just as you are about to enter upon your career of torment.

"Perish in Their Own Corruption."

"Peter, the disciple of your Redeemer, declared that the wicked shall 'perish in their own corruption' (II Pet. 2:12). This 'perishing' is to be continuous and eternal. Since your slumbering dust shall be resurrected and undergo no change as to its earthly sensibilities, all the elements of corruption shall be eternally present from that time hence.

"As your attending demon I have sought to lead you into Satan's snares. How well I have succeeded your presence with us here indicates. All the diabolical arts known only to us we employ to lead souls astray. Being creatures of probation it is their prerogative to reject our impressions; but so well are we acquainted with the weaknesses of men that many are brought under our yoke and ushered into these doleful domains. Having attended them throughout their earthly career, we continue our attentions here along the lines of torment.

"Here we are employed inventing new schemes of torture. You will find it not so entirely out of the range of Scripture as you sought to make us believe

that the annual visits to your putrifying body shall inaugurate a new channel of torment. This pre-resurrection experience in the lonely churchyard where your spirit shall play upon the broken strand of nerve and wasted tissue is certainly an introductory 'perishing in your own corruption.' It is only a foretaste of what you will experience to the full when you shall have received your body at the resurrection of the wicked dead.

The Farewell Shaft.

"I have now sufficiently instructed you regarding the things you should have done on earth, the Heaven you have missed and the Hell you have merited. Your sensual propensities led you to shun those influences that tend towards righteousness and holiness, of which weakness we took early advantage. That we have succeeded in our work will be one of your eternal regrets—'conscience-smart,' if you please. That we shall succeed in breaking your haughty pride by means of torture to which you are as yet a stranger, you will learn subsequently.

"We have forces at our command by the use of which we are capable of making a cringing subject of the most haughty and rebellious. The sneer you now wear is due to your ignorance. The shafts of sarcasm that spring so readily from your bow will cease as you are

forced under the Dictator's iron rules of destructive coercion. One solitary brush with our ebon Prince will forever crush any lingering desire to disobey his commands. Prepare for the ordeal. Your torments begin. I leave you now to the mysterious forces of our domain. We meet again."

A Sudden Shift.

Instantly he found himself under the brow of an overshadowing mountain near the mouth of a large cavern. It was arranged after the material world but full of potent forces of evil ready for instant use at the touch of a demon hand. Other shades were gathering here. All knew instinctively that a meeting had been designed by the chief Dictator.

Dual Damon moved forward with the band of demons until he had reached the remotest recesses of the cavern. Oppressive silence pervaded the scene. All seemed to know intuitively that something extraordinary was about to take place.

Skeletons on Cavern Floor.

Damon took hasty inventory of his surroundings. On the cavern floor lay twisted and piled heaps of skeletons in hideous profusion, relics of a treacherous tragedy of bygone years. A sucking draught swept down from overhead, hot as from the infernal ovens, that fanned

the fevered flames of agony in the lost ones gathered there to a pitch of unbearable oppression. The place was doleful and dark from the presence of woe.

The Ebon Escritoire and Yellow Parchment.

A little shriveled, lynx-eyed demon sat before an ebon escritoire closely scrutinizing a yellow parchment. At his elbow sat a lean, low-browed shade, alert, cunning, and alive to every turn in the sooty diablery. Sin and crime were deeply written on their evil faces. From their eyes came a baleful, leaden gleam not pleasant to behold.

Dual Damon realized for the first time since his disembodiment how utterly he had been cut off from those who had once been his friends. He saw loom up before him like a mountain the dread uncertainties of what was to be—the certainties of future punishment designed and inflicted by demons with measureless hate and fathomless cunning.

The Mock Judgment.

He saw arranged before him a mock Judgment scene. The lynx-eyed demon, the lean imp at his side, the demons everywhere present, the disembodied souls, the sulphur-laden air and the Egyptian darkness presaged evil.

The Mock Judgment Scene.

The elements of wrath, in fury drest,
Fill Dual Damon with a strange unrest.

He had thought of the Judgment—that great Day of Wrath—since his arrival, but had not dreamed that he would be called upon to pass through its ordeal surrounded by demons and lost souls before the appointed time, in mockery. But there was the erected throne around which blazed and gleamed a phosphorescent flame behind which sat the lynx-eyed shade and ebon scribe. There, in mock array, lay the books wherein his life-deeds had evidently been recorded.

While all this was in hollow mockery of that Day to come, yet there hung about it all a nameless solemnity and dread that made his soul sick and his senses thrum. He awaited the result with mingled feelings of anxiety and fear. The entire proceeding was tense with interest although mockery was stamped upon every act.

Shattered Dreams.

He had not dreamed that the punishment of a lost soul could be so real and multiplied, nor that demons were to attend him to lead from one phase of torment to another. He did not know, nor had he cared to inform himself while on earth, that the demons were Satan's special agents to lead souls astray; and then, when once led into the world of lost spirits, to invent for them ever new and ever frightful phases of suffering.

Rap! the dictator's gavel had fallen. Attention was riveted upon the presiding demon. A phosphorescent gleam shone through the bony sockets of the crumbling skeletons on the cavern floor, and the shin bones seemed to be stirring to life as the air grew pregnant with demon power. Shuddering, the gathered band awaited the iron command of the dictator.

"Bring forth," roared the presiding shade near the ebon escritoire, "the record of Dual Damon's deeds upon earth!"

"It is here," said the lean imp at his elbow with a sardonic smile, as he crumpled the yellow parchment through his claw like fingers.

Startling Introductions.

"Damon, come forward!" came the peremptory command. Cowering and trembling, he came to the ebon rail in obedience to the iron dictum. Continuing, he said: "Thou hast but lately left the habitation of men. Thou art now a disembodied and lost soul and must now assume the duties of such. I will now introduce you to my fellow demons and to your disembodied associates, after which we will listen to your life's record. Fellow-demons and disembodied spirits, this is Dual Damon, one of the most illustrous traducers of womankind. Welcome him to our scenic habitations and acknowledge his genius."

At this every demon made low obeisance and each doffed his sooty tile in mock deference to his cruel cunning, while his associates shrank farther back into the recesses of the cavern. Damon felt the irony of the dictator's enconium. He saw that the terror of his associates boded no good for the future.

Black Cross Legion of Libertines.

"Read," cried the shriveled dictator, "the life record of our esteemed friend, Dual Damon. He has an extraordinary history. Some of his deeds will go down as the most atrocious in the unwritten annals of crime. In recognition of his meritorious work, the chief Dictator may honor him with the Black Cross of the Legion of Libertines!"

Again the half concealed sneer played on the dictator's face. All once more made mock obeisance before him. He keenly felt the hollow mockery of it all. He knew that all this was exploited for his especial discomfort. Proudly he returned the mock courtesy, and hated the hellish crew that was making merry at his expense.

Retreat was out of the question. Here forces superior to anything he had ever known were at work. The cavern was so impregnated with this strange power that obedience was his only alternative. He must undergo

the ordeal in spite of smirking dictator and sneering fiends.

Eternity's Phonograph.

"Duel Damon," began the low-browed shade, as he smoothed out the yellow parchment before him he had just received from the dictator's hand, "was born amidst luxurious surroundings. His childhood days were spent in a lovely village where Christian influences held strong sway. He was early taught by his doting but foolish parents that selfish enjoyment was the prime object of life.

"No restraining hand was laid upon his inborn desires. No words of rebuke were administered when caught in sinful pranks. No punishment was meted out when wrongs were perpetrated. Gold shielded the propensity that early found easy victims. Lust, that inborn fire transmitted by parents revelling in sensuality, was given free rein. Before he had reached the age of twenty he was a confirmed libertine.

"A blushing girl with lovely form and bewitching grace caught his lecherous eye. The jewels he wore, the genteel appearance and winsome manners of the man caught her affections. She yielded to his soft entreaties and awoke to face a world that seldom forgives. She found that the well-dressed, well-mannered man had stolen the most priceless jewel in the hands of a wo-

man. Her parents died of a broken heart and lie side by side in a quiet country churchyard and the lovely young woman drifted into the Red Light District in one of earth's largest metropolae. Soon thereafter she was dragged from the river and carted to the potter's field. Damon is the man who wrought her ruin. He is now here to receive the ignoble reward of a libertine."

Dry Bones in Ezekiel's Vision.

At this instance gibbering voices issued from the rocky crevices overhead, followed by a mocking laughter. The skeletons on the cavern floor seemed to shift their position. The shin bones and fleshless anatomy twisted and rattled like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision. Damon heard the imp's charges roll out through the rocky cavern like the reverberating echoes of distant thunder. His disembodied associates huddled close in the nooks and crannies of the cave, trembling with a nameless fear. The demons darted hither and thither with electrical rapidity, their claw-like fingers playing the soul's mad dirge on the wires of woe.

A numbness settled over his soul so indescribably torturing that he would fain have fled, but the strange power everywhere present held him rooted to his place. Instead of exulting over his infamous deeds as he would once have done on earth, he now loathed himself and

felt the loathing of each demon and lost associate. The sensation, wonderfully acute, was growing painfully unpleasant, when the shade continued:

"Having left this ruined woman to shift for herself, he sought new fields of conquest. He always placed a safe distance between himself and his last victim lest swift justice overtake him. Strolling into a church one day, his eye fell upon a lassie just in her early teens. Her wondrous beauty was the talk of the town. He resolved to work her destruction, but found the child well tutored by Christian parents, hence the work he had undertaken was less easy than he had anticipated. But his resourceful evil brain at last caught the thread of success. Forthwith he set about to work along an untried channel.

Hemp and a Telegraph Pole.

"Assuming the role of a devout religionist, he so adroitly ingratiated himself in the good graces of her parents that suspicion was disarmed. Unused to the ways of the world the young girl believed the smooth words of the viper, and fell. A telegraph pole and four feet of hemp would have given him a short shrift to our delectable habitation, but the craven coward had left for parts unknown. The embittered populace was forced to content itself with scathing invectives for the

brute that dare trample woman's virtue under his feet with such reckless unconcern.

"The sweet little mother was forgiven, strange as it may seem; but she sat a helpless hopeless invalid in her wheel chair all the day long. Her friends brought her flowers, and the sad sweet smile she gave in return made their hearts ache. She still had the respect of the community, but the wretch who perpetrated so heinous a crime against pure womanhood, stands here cowering before us awaiting his reward. His crimes were so disgracefully low that this place bristles with wrath, and the electric forces of punishment crack around our ears with startling terror. Dual Damon is the man. Look at him and admire him!"

Egyptian Midnight.

The cave now grew dark as Egyptian midnight. Short, sharp explosions fell here and there until the demons and disembodied souls darted to and fro with lightening rapidity in their terror. Then the darkness gave place to a strange soft glow, but the heat grew so intense that it seemed suffocation must surely follow. Each shade had every sense atwang and each disembodied spirit suffered untold agony just as when in the body, intensified a thousand fold.

The scene shifted. Was that a song? that weird, dis-

cordant minor wail? Could such compound agony come from throats once human? From every crevice, from every nook and corner, from every point of space came the voices touched by the pathos of pain and woe.

The acoustics of the cavern threw the weird wail from rock-ribbed side to jutting boulder. The echoes filtered sobbingly from niche to corner. The mad medley rose and fell on the hot winds that sifted by, died down to a low, rasping, gurgling chorus like the death-rattle in a man's throat and expired in a thousand whispering, whimpering sighs. The wail-chorus suggested the last farewell, the sombre shroud, the fluttering crepe, the crunching spade, the wheeling bier, the funeral dirge, the falling clod, the wreath-strewn mound, the chiseled shaft, the ebon shade, the mountain cave, the demon horde, the Judgment Day, the final crash—Hark!

The Demon Chorus.

O welcome to the libertine! ascribe him demon praise!
And give him demon deference throughout our demon days.
Let demon guards attend him, and let demon honor be
Ascribed to him forever with a double demon glee:

Then heigho, higho, demons all! let swell the demon song!
Ascribe to him our demon praise ten thousand demon strong.

Then sing, ye demon choristers! though racked by demon woe;
O herald forth his demon deeds! your demon praise bestow.
Full soon our demon genius shall touch his Hell-born pride—
We'll launch our deadly demon hate in demon measure wide:

Then heigho, higho, demons all! mad demon medley, roll!
Strike deeper demon agonies into his ruined soul.

His days of woe have but begun. Our demon art shall brave
The torments of this demon place to crush this lustful knave.
Deeds of shame on earth he wrought shall bring their demon dole,
While demons curse their demon fate, while demon cycles roll:

Then heigho, higho, demons all! wail out your demon woe,
Until in demon medley mad we crush this siren low.

Draw from these demon elements the deadly demon pain,
Where untold demon agonies for demon age have lain.
Bring forth from secret demon vaults admixtures demon dire,
Until this knave shall writhe and burn in everlasting fire:

Then heigho, higho, demons all! let wail the demon choir!
Until this knave shall writhe and burn in everlasting fire.

The song finished, each demon foe turned upon him and hissed in his ears the most hellish denunciations he had ever heard. Words were uttered not in the vocabbulary of earthly language. Each one stung his senses with frightful suffering and he sank to the sooty floor of the canny cavern. (From force of habit his disembodied spirit still obeyed the laws of his mortal mold).

As he lay writhing under the well merited anathemas of his tormentors, he saw each skeleton sit upright, the hollow eye-holes glowing with a ghostly gleam. The fleshless jaws chattered curses in unison with the demon horde about him. The shin-bones seemed to gain an upright position and each bony form came rattling to-

ward him. The air grew green with a strange dull glow and heat. His senses thrummed in a wild delirium of pain. Again he was brought back from his paroxism of agony to face further charges. The shade continued:

More Revelations.

"Life was lived at a rapid rate. The voice of the Spirit often came to him in the stillness of the night, but his childhood training and his utter disregard for things divine, had so hardened his heart that he turned away from the Voice, and he was left to his follies and his sins. Although still a young man, he was hopelessly hardened in sin.

"The art of seducing was studied and reduced to a science. No woman was safe in his presence. He invaded the sacred precincts of the marriage life and counted his victims there. He supplied brothels through mock marriages. He was closely allied with the "Big Chief' of the great White Slave trade. The Madams paid him a few paltry dollars per head for the fine form and beautiful face. The 'Christian land' (?) tolerated the Red Light District and allowed the Madams to buy his victims. They gave him a few lust-stained sheckles, he gave his victims bitter heartaches and everlasting regrets and we will give him the reward his genius merits.

"When the ship went down he had reached the zenith of his career. Even on that fatal sea voyage he had victims in his toils who little suspected his utter depravity. God had decreed that his life on earth must close. His efforts to reach the shore on some broken pieces of wreckage He permitted us to paralize. We have succeeded in our work.

"As he went down in the churning sea he was so hardened in sin that, although his wicked life flashed before him in panoramic form, he cursed as he died. Dictator, here is the man we have so closely and successfully attended. Usher him into the deeper life of torment. Let him *feel* the Hand of Justice on his proud immortality. His victims were many, his sins are more and not repented of, and his proud neck has never bowed to the yoke of obedience."

CHAPTER XX.

ADVENTURES OF A LIBERTINE (CONCLUDED).

The cavern now resounded with deafening yells. The demons, although hideous before, grew more hideous still. With their long lean fingers convulsively clutching the sizzling furnishings of their trade the lynx-eyed dictator and the shifty shade stood erect and spat sulphurous maledictions on Damon's cowering presence. The slow and rising fires of Perdition sang through the empty corridors of his craven immortality and he reeled in sheer agony from jut to jut around the rocky sides of the cave in a mad but fruitless endeavor to escape. The low chuckle of fiends and the sharp cry of pain from his lost associates merged with the taunt and jeer of his tormentors until it seemed he could bear no more.

Suddenly a low long sickening roll rumbled in from the distance and the place shook in the throes of a mighty earthquake. The hot protruding boulders cracked from their places and crumbled in fiery embers at his feet. From the holes and fissures of the rocking walls crawled stinking dragons with flaming mane and smok-

ing nostrils. Through the opening top of the dissolving den fell long scaly serpents that wound their crunching folds around him and buried their hooked fangs in his vitals again and again. As the effect of their poisoness bite surged and thrummed through his being, he was horrified to find that it was the fevered lust-tides of earth he had carried about in his well-dressed body, multiplied to a thousand fold intensity.

Once more Satan shifted the smoking slides. Out of the crashing ruins of the cave rose a magnificent city. It whirled in space until he say lying before him a typical Red Light section, with its hideous traffic in full swing. Painted and withered old hags, dressed in the gauzy garb of desire, winked and leered lecherously from their red cribs of lust and tapped amorously on their blazing window pane. From stall to stall the lost throngs swarmed over the cobblestones of woe and shimmering shards of Perdition, only to find that the hot fires of passion could not be assuaged.

Under Swinging Brimstone Torchlights.

In mock imitation of the earthly farce a uniformed police demon tramped his flaming beat under swinging brimstone torchlights. Conspicuously displayed on his shrunken anatomy blazed the insignia of authority and from his gleaming girdle swung loosely the baton of his

power. With one cocked eye on the low rows of flaming shame-stalls and the other on his superior officers manipulating the wires of The System from a smoking eminence he struck about as much terror to the denizens of Perdition as a blue-coat does to the resort keepers on the Chicago Levee.

Damon trolled on with the maddened throng, thinking: And this is to endure for eternity! Again the scene shifted. They were back in the hated cave. Then came a momentary pause in the mad pandemonium. What would come next from the kaleidoscope of pain? A deathlike silence fell on the suffering crew. Damon intuitively felt that something strange and startling was about to occur. Slowly the floor of the cave slid back and up through the open space from somewhere came the victims of his earthly life. His soul grew sick. He reeled in the throes of a suffering so intense that it brought out a low chuckle of satisfaction from the dictator and his ebon shade. They had played well their introductory act. From the spectator's pain and tense agony they reaped their ignoble reward.

The Fangs of Remorse.

"Not this! O, not this!" cried the craven wretch; "anything but this!" But they were there to augment his suffering. They cursed him and blamed him for their

lost estate; and then their curses died down to doleful lamentations. It was more than he could bear. He plunged headlong into the opening at his feet, but the hand of fate instantly brought him back to face his tormentors and his woe.

The clogs of mortality had been lifted from his memory. Through its long halls came trooping each infamous deed. Each deed passed before him in all its shifting crime-lights. His accusers were still there. Now they assumed their chaste loveliness as when first he had met them, and then they changed to wasted lives and blasted hopes.

Then he saw their living death in the brothel; the leap over the bridge at midnight; the limp form with the water-soaked hair taken from the river; the morgue; and the nameless wind-swept grave in the potter's field. As his victims stood before him hurling curses at his cowering immortality, he reeled and rocked in his woe and pain, and wailed like a sick infant. At last the haughty libertine was conquered and groveled at the feet of his tormentors a crawling cringing slave.

His warped and blunted conception of the suffering he had wrought had been quickened to marvelous acuteness and activity. The Hell he had derided had indeed begun. If his disembodied spirit suffered thus now, what frightful sufferings must be his when soul

and body are again united and the final Hell into which the Devil and his angels shall be cast is experienced? Thus he pondered as the shifting pains of torment surged through his immortal being.

As he looked out over the shimmering shards of Perdition, now fully conscious that here lay inexhaustible resources of torture, the last vestige of rebellion vanished, and he gave himself up to a stolid indifference. But even this grim sense of determination he was not permitted to pursue. The shifts to new and undreamed of tortures were so rapid or so marked that each resolve died on the threshold of each new torment. The uplook he had left behind in a world of hope, the outlook was hidden by walls of smoke and flame and the hot floors of Perdition opened only to thrust forth some new torture or to hurl him into the embrace of other hideous and soul-rack experiences.

Toying with Death.

A twelvemonth had passed by. Dual Damon had tasted much of the inglorious rewards of a libertine. From one strange experience he had quickly passed to another. The scenes of torment had constantly shifted. His sufferings increased with each new experience.

Since the demon-fiat had passed that his spirit must annually visit and reinhabit his mouldering clay for

twenty-four hours until it had been completely absorbed by the elements, he betook himself to the lonely churchyard where reposed his crumbling mortality. For once he found no demon there to share his suffering, of whatever nature it might be.

In solitary plight he neared his grave and soon found himself in the narrow confines of the coffin with all the ghastly remains in full challenge to his spiritual senses. All the loathsome animal disintegration was in full progress. As he prepared for the strange new ordeal he felt a tingling torture different than any through which he had yet passed.

The Agonies of Dying.

The soul, the living principle, set about to reanimate the putrescent clay. He was once more undergoing the agonies of dying. The nerves had grown torpid and the blood long since stagnant and putrid; but now, since the immortal part had re-entered the earthly form, pain again thrummed along the broken strand of sense, or so it seemed. Every effort to reanimate the lifeless body caused Damon untold agony.

As the life giving energy sought for avenues of exercise where strands of nerve were broken, or parts decayed, a fearful burning sensation doubly increased the pain there. He now felt the need of air and attempted

to gasp; but all in vain. He suffered the pangs of suffocation, of strangulation all over again as keenly, and more so, as when he sank beneath the waves from the vessel's side.

The brain had decayed; but since he had taken consciousness with him he *knew* and *felt* more keenly than when in the body a year ago. The whistle of distress blown by the sinking vessel; the shrieks of the helpless passengers; the last deafening crash as a mountainous wave dealt the vessel its death stroke; the gurgling water in his ears and mouth; the pain and pounding in his head and all the frightful sensations of that awful night one year ago returned with startling reality and stinging force. The past was welded to the present. The extremes of torture of the then and the now broke over his lost spirit again and again until he almost lost consciousness in the pain of it all.

Memory's Contribution.

But awakened memory continued her contribution to the grim fiasco. As he lay in his decaying body in which he had moved while upon earth for twenty-four hours again undergoing death by strangulation, it seemed like an eternity of time. Sometimes it seemed the shrunken hand twitched under his effort, the limb moved, the eye saw, the breast heaved and the heart

throbbed; but no! it was only his overwrought anxiety to make it so that made it seem so.

The hand still lay upon the sinking breast, clawlike now, just as when they had lowered him into the six foot excavation. The limb still lay rigidly outstretched, the eye receded even farther into its hollow socket, the breast sank lower and lower as the frame work began to give way under the fleshly mold. The heart had long since degenerated into gases and wasted tissues. O the pain of it! how could he bear it?

Again he tried. The immortal powers still his own were exerted to their utmost, but the silent form moved not, saw not, breathed not, spake not. The broken strand of nerve carried no feeling, the closed eye saw neither darkness nor light, the empty breast could not heave since the throbbing heart had ceased its action. The house of clay had fallen before the blast of death. Though efforts never so painfully exercised by the immortal part, struggling, gasping and strangling within its fallen walls, the decaying body must lie in its place of repose until the final resurrection.

Drifting Toward No-Hellism.

The world and a nominal church are drifting toward no-Hellism. The Bible declares there is a literal brimstone Hell. A thousand phases of suffering might be

touched and yet there would be others. Whichever new phase we touch does not exaggerate, but simply brings us to a better conception of eternal punishment. Skeptics may sneer and infidels may ridicule, but the hour is surely coming when torments we cannot hope to describe, will sweep over their poor lost soul in frightful changes.

We must not forget that ages have given demons multiplied means of torment. Could we depict some of the horrors of Demon Land it would make the brain reel and the blood run cold. The only escape from the dread land of night is in Jesus Christ. He will forgive every sin and blot out all iniquity. Heaven is sweet. Who can afford to lose it? Hell is awful. Who would not escape it?

The Sweet Voice of Mercy.

My brother, my sister; are you still in sin? Stop! God's Spirit has all these years been pleading with you. Obey that still small Voice lest you drive Him away to return to you no more for ever. You have sought for rest and pleasure and have not found it. You have had trouble and sorrow and heartache enough. It is time that you cast your burden at His feet and find rest to your soul. Come to Him before another sun shall set. Kneel just where you are and give Him

your heart. He loves you so tenderly, how can you turn Him away? Your sins may be many, your crimes may be deep; but the precious blood of Jesus can wash them all away. He can change your heart. He will put a new song in your mouth, even praises. Let Him save you now.

Salvation Outlined.

You ask, What shall I do to be saved? Quit sinning. Repent, confess to God and believe "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (I John 1:9). As faith lays hold the witness comes by which you *know* you are saved.

You have now met and experienced first conditions in the dual work of grace; viz., regeneration. You now hold *title* to Heaven, but lack *fitness,* which to obtain you "present your body a living sacrifice . . . that you may prove what is that good and acceptable will of God" (Rom. 12:1, 2). You ask, what is the will of God? *"This* is the will of God, *even your sanctification"* (I Thes. 4:3). Christ died to sanctify the Church; i. e., converted people (Eph. 5:25, 26).

To be sanctified wholly (the second condition in the dual work of grace—the step to the required *fitness* for Heaven), you do not implore *pardon,* but *cleansing.* The word "sanctify" has a double significance: you "set yourself apart," God makes you holy. "The altar (Christ) sanctifies the gift (you)." Pardon dealt with

actual *sins;* cleansing deals with inherited *sin.* You are not held to account for its (sin) existence *before discovery,* but for its *continued existence after discovery.* You detect it by peculiar manifestations, such as "hasty temper," "nervousness," "blues," "spells," "uprisings," love of place and applause, etc. You can not successfully "suppress" it, but the Holy Spirit can *"express"* it—expel, remove, kill. "Put off the old man with his deeds" (Col. 3:9).

If I am made *un*holy by yielding to Satan, is it unreasonable to conclude (aside from multiplied Bible proofs) that I am made holy by yielding to God? Verily, no! through the efficacy of the shed blood of the Son of God we have not only a *free,* but also a *full* salvation

Which, then, shall it be? the whoremonger's Hell or the saint's Heaven? My erring brother, my sister; no matter how far you have wandered away from God nor how closely the chains of sin have been wound around you, Jesus can save you now. "For the Lion of Judah can break every chain!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CALL TO RESCUE.

"Sitting in my office one afternoon I listened, my blood almost freezing, to the following story vouched for by Mr. C——, an immigration inspector and brother of a well known Chicago reform worker, and here it is as he told it to me:

A Horrible Thing.

"'One evening some time ago I was looking up a case down in the Twenty-second Street Red Light District, and visited and inspected, looking for immigrant girls held illegally in a certain house of the lower class in that neighborhood of prostitution. While in the house I noticed a young woman lying very ill (in the last stages of pneumonia, if I remember exactly) and in a semi-conscious condition, and to my horror upon inquiry I learned that in the rush hours of business this helpless, pain-racked young woman was *open to all comers,* holding an accredited room check.'"

The above is taken from *Chicago's Soul Market,* a booklet written by Mrs. Jean Turner-Zimmerman, M. D. It would seem from this awful condition that rescue work is urgently needed. The awful pressure of vice tolerance seems to drive us to our wit's end. We have police and judges who hob nob with the Hag in Scarlet, hence our urgent cry for a united Church front to wipe out the curse.

Our eye just now falls on a startling thing printed in *Our Girls,* official organ of Beulah Home:

The Horrors Grow.

"A girl was carried from a house of sin to one of Chicago's hospitals. Sin's ravages had eaten health away. The doctors did what they could. 'M——,' they said to her, 'if you will live right from now on you may live two more years. Old conditions will kill you in a few weeks.'

"Poor child! She left the hospital without Christ and, of course, 'old conditions' overtook her. She returned in the ambulance ready to die. While she lay dying there came to her a woman under the guise of a 'friend' and *this woman paid the dying girl a dollar to furnish names and addresses of girls who might be captured for immoral purposes."*

The Editor pertinently asks, "Is there any need of

Beulah Home's open door?" We emphasize the cry, Is there any need of rescue work and Rescue Homes? O, Church of our crucified Redeemer, what will it take to rouse you from your unnatural slumber? Can you not see that our daughters and sons are ground to death beneath the spiked heel of Lust? For God's sake, arouse!

A Modern Magdelen.

We follow our short incidents quoted to incite to action by an article culled from the *Life Line Magazine,* written by Richard Watson. Thank God, here and there one is rescued from the jaws of the Lust monster. May God's people soon swing into line for an aggressive march against this evil:

"In one of the large penitentiaries of the West a man lay dying in the prison hospital. Beside him stood the prison physician and the attending nurse, himself a prisoner. It was midnight, his life was slowly ebbing out. Disease had wasted his frame until he was mere skin and bone. The physician had left his bedside for a moment to attend to the wants of some of the other patients. He moved restlessly in his sleep and awoke with a start. Grasping the hand of the prison nurse, who stood by his bedside, he said, in a dying whisper, 'Dick, old man, will you do me a favor?'

"The nurse knelt down beside his bed and taking his

hand gently in his own, said, 'Yes, Walter, I will do anything that I can. What is it?' The dying man tremblingly put his hand under his pillow and brought forth an old crumpled letter. 'Take that to its destination, Dick, old pal, and may God bless you. Tell her to lead a better life for my sake. Tell her that I thought of her through all the years. Tell her that my last dying prayer was that some day we may meet again. Dick, it's growing dark, take my hand; good by, good by, old pal.' And with a long drawn sigh he passed into the great eternity.

* * * *

"A short while after this I was released from prison, and with the pleadings of the dying man still ringing in my ears and with his message, I determined to come on to Boston and deliver it. I came on and after staying around Boston for a few days, looked up the address. I found the house on one of the side streets running off Washington street. To locate the number was an easy matter.

A Wondrously Handsome Woman.

"So one bright morning in the month of September, I went to the house, rang the bell. A lady came to the door. I told her that I had a message for a certain woman in the house from a very dear friend, who had

recently died in the West, and she said, 'O, yes, won't you please step in?' I stepped across the threshold and was ushered into a very large parlor, luxuriously furnished, and from a casual survey of my surroundings, I knew at once that I was in a house of prostitution.

"In a very few moments after I had entered, I heard the swish of a woman's silken dress as she came through the door. How can I describe her? Standing there in the frame of the door, looking at me in a half hesitating way, was a wondrously handsome woman. I handed her the letter. She read it, and then, bursting into tears, she told me between her sobs, the whole story. How she had been waiting patiently until his term should expire, and then they were going away to some other city to try and live it down.

"She told me she was sick and tired of the life she was living, and now that he was dead and his last dying plea was that she might lead a better life, she was going to try. She told me she had come in touch with a young minister, in a church not far away, and he had given her some good advice. He had told her that through the greatness of God's mercy all things were possible.

Strips Diamonds from Ears and Fingers.

"I called on her a few days afterwards and found she had packed all her things together and was ready

for her journey. She told me she did not want to take anything with her that had any part in that old life. We went down to a pawn shop and there she stripped the diamonds from her ears and from her fingers. She raised about $600 on them. From there we went down to the railroad depot, and I put her on the train for New York City, bade her, as I thought, a last good by, and then went away wondering how it would all end.

"Some five or six years afterward I was in New York City, and one day, while strolling down Sixth avenue, some one touched me on the shoulder. Now in those days, when anyone touched me on the shoulder, it meant something to me. So, turning around very cautiously, to my utmost surprise, I came face to face with the woman whom I had left at the Old Colony depot in Boston six years before.

"But she had changed, changed wonderfully, since I last saw her and she did not seem to be the same woman. I was very glad to meet her. We shook hands heartily and we walked and talked until we got over on the West Side. At last we stopped in front of a beautiful cottage, which she told me was her home. We went inside, and, as I entered, I noticed the walls were hung with a number of small religious mottoes. By and by her husband came in and I was introduced to him, a fine, manly looking fellow.

"Nellie, How Did It Happen?"

"You can imagine how all this seemed to me. I was dazed. I was invited to dinner and after we had all dined together, bidding me good by, he took his departure. Turning to her in amazement, as I heard his departing footsteps, I said, 'Nellie, how in the world did you ever do it?' and then she told me the story. After being in New York City quite a while, when her funds were nearly exhausted, she got a position as a housekeeper. But it seemed so hard. Oftentimes, she told me, she went up to her room, put on her clothes with a determination to go back to the old life. But somehow this never happened. God was taking care of her.

"She met her husband at a prayer meeting, in one of the Methodist churches. They became attached to each other and finally he asked her to marry him. That was the hard part of it all. She knew her past, knew what she had been. What would he say to it all? Could he continue to love a woman like her? So one day, taking courage, she told him all, told him how hard she had striven to atone for the past, and if he was willing to take her for a wife, that in the years to come, she would be to him a good, true, faithful woman, for she loved him dearly. Gently he took her hand, while the tears streamed down his face, and bending over her kissed her on the forehead, saying, 'Nellie, I believe you are a

good true woman now. I believe you always have been. You made a mistake, it is all over now. God has forgiven you, neither do I condemn thee.'

Light at Even Time.

"So I leave her, the woman who gained the victory, the woman whom God watched over through it all, the woman who for years has been doing all she can for her fallen sisters, who has given money, time and herself. When I last saw her, some years ago, her hair was slightly touched with grey, her once handsome face was lined with thoughts of care. I remember the parting words, 'Good by, Richard! thank God, you have given up the old life.'

"As I walked down the pathway which led out to the street, I realized that the last dying prayer of Walter Fitzgerald, who died in a Western prison, had been answered in the resurrected life of the woman on the West Side. Truly this was one of God's great miracles, a modern Magdalen. 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'"

We close with an article from the pen of Mr. H. O. Richards, Superintendent of Beulah Home and Maternity Hospital, Chicago. If you are questioning whether it will pay to go after these lost ones in sin let him answer your query in his article in the October, 1909, *Our Girls Magazine*, entitled:

"Does It Pay?"

Perhaps one of the most frequent and most significant questions asked concerning the special work done by Beulah Home in giving aid to unfortunate women and girls, is—*does it pay?*

Let us go back to Eden and the fall, to the promise of the Redeemer, that Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, to the centuries preceding Calvary, centuries of God's patience and man's failure, back to Calvary and its suffering, and considering the price of man's redemption and his miserable foolishness and wicked scorn, look up into the Father's face and ask *Him* the question, "God! Does salvation pay?"

Sometimes, when the work of Beulah Home is presented to business men, with hands thrust deep into pockets where jingle the tokens of their success, they say, "Well, yes,—but does it pay?"

After fourteen years of daily contact with this special Christian work, Mr. O. H. Richards and his wife say that at least eighty-five per cent of the women passing through the doors of Beulah Home continue to live clean lives. Many do more than that; women have gone out from these doors into the foreign field, into the home mission field, into the ranks of nurses, into positive, active Christian work.

"Yes, but—" says someone, who with a head for

values estimates the money spent in fourteen years, the life energy poured out, possibly the wrecked physical well-being of workers, "After all, what do you *see?* Where are all these girls? And what of the many hundreds of babes born at such cost to the home and its helpers? Does it pay?"

Dollars vs Souls.

If there is one thing that God teaches us in His Word it is that we cannot measure and weigh spiritual things with temporal rules and scales. We cannot *figure* in souls. And if there is another plain thing taught it is that "the things which are *not* seen are eternal." Who shall dare *estimate* in dollars or in days and years of endeavor the value of a soul? For mark you, our unfortunate girls are *just souls,* needing grace no less and no more than a bishop, a missionary, a banker, a professor of theology, a clean-lived moralist, a sweet mother with her "legitimate" baby in her arms. *Just souls,* sinners in God's sight until redeemed; saints in God's sight when redeemed.

Does it pay? We can only fall back on God's estimates. He teaches us the lesson of ninety and nine sheep and the value of the one silly sheep astray. He tells up plainly that "few there be" that find the narrow way. He cries out in sorrow, "Shall I find faith on the earth when I return?"

Does it pay? When does the "pay" come in? Who receives it? What is it? How gibly the average audience shouts out in song, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" Stars are souls. How can we know what a redeemed soul may have to do in and for the universe throughout eternity's uncounted ages? *And how can we know what an unredeemed soul may count for in eternity's unmeasured economy?* A banker, jingling his bunch of Yale keys, with his check book before him, is saying, "Well, but Mr. Richards, does it pay?" when a telegram is received. He reads, gasps, and shudders. "I must go," he exclaims, "my child is dying!" "Where?" "A thousand miles from here!" A directors' meeting in half an hour, a real estate deal representing thousands of dollars, vitally important letters to be written—all these must take their chances: a life beloved is in danger. The father has influence. A train is chartered. Lines are opened. Men hired. Across the country the train speeds. No matter if the engine, overwrought, can never make another trip; no matter if men drop at their posts; no matter what the cost: a life beloved is in danger! * * * The journey is accomplished. In father's arms the precious life takes courage, fever abates, health sets in, the child is restored. *Did it pay?*

Thank God, It Pays!

"Well, but, these girls—the case is different." *It is not.* Every soul on earth is more precious to the Heavenly Father than any sweet child is to any earthly father. *An abandoned girl? A ruined girl? A fallen woman?* God help us! God abandons no one. Men and devils abandon. God and His children *love.* Ruined? Sin ruins and a lie is as much ruination in God's sight as any other sin, because all outward sin is merely the outcome of the heart unsaved. Fallen? Every soul outside of the mercy of Christ is fallen.

Does it pay? Christ thought it paid to die for Judas and John, for Mary His Mother and for Mary Magdalene. Because Judas went to his own place shall the Magdalene therefore have no chance?

Does it pay? In the light of the white throne at the last day if but ten women stand praising God, for Christ preached in and through Beulah Home, it will have paid enough to set the glorified ones on fire of joy and to call out the "inasmuch" and the "well done" of the Savior—the *Brother* of every woman on earth.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MISSING ONES.

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not" (Matt. 2:18). A mother's cry is couched in the Scripture phrase before us, most strikingly applicable to-day. Somewhere in some quiet quaint old village nestling deep in the sheltering shadows and seclusion of oaks and elms or perhaps in some isolated country farmstead sits a poor mother sobbing for the absent daughter. If only she could have followed her darling to her grave here where the shadows of the dear old oaks and elm trees lie her grief might not have been so pungent. She might at least have gently laid the lily wreath—emblem of purity—on her bier; but now, ah now! somewhere, somewhere, where lies her slumbering mortality, the autumnal rain drops its drizzling mist of tears on her untended grave and the wintry blasts shriek the Outcast's Funeral Dirge.

The world can not understand a mother's grief. Man, the strong, the noble, the brave, feels a poignant

grief pulling at his heartstrings in the loss of a loved one; but who can find words in human vocabulary that describe the grief of a mother? We catch the significance of this in the following Scripture utterances: "Like a father *pitieth* his children, so the Lord *pitieth* them that fear him" (Ps. 103:13). "As one whom his mother *comforteth,* so will I *comfort* you" (Is. 66:13). The father *pities;* the mother *comforts.* How often have we watched the little one when suddenly overtaken by some accident run at once to mother. What secret thing she did to the sobbing child or what magic word she whispered in its ear or what hypnotic cure she manipulated in her peculiar embrace we have never been able to discover. Mother has held the secret well. God bless wife and mother!

A Chain of Queries.

But we wish to dwell at some length on *the missing ones,* lured away from a father's pity and a mother's comfort. We show on page 77 of this book two barred dens photographed while this book was already in print. These dens are found in the Chicago Levee. It is possible the public will be surprised to know that the bars are still up, in at least two instances, when the law said they must come down? All we can say is this: Go with your queries why they have not come down to the of-

ficials who still permit them to bar the exit of the White Slave who is sighing for the free hills and clover fields of her native home and the comfort of a mother's embrace! It is possible that some *missing one* is languishing here. Will the city unbar the System's White Slave Hells and let the slaves go free?

The missing ones are found on the Levees, the West Sides and the Strands of our cities. Vice is "segregated in order to protect our wives and daughters," say the wise ones. This centuries old falsehood is mouthed by the prating hireling in long frock coat and white cravat. It is "yead" by his itching eared crowd of worldlings and tossed down from generation to generation—the libelous thing—until even some of the holiness "professors" believe it. We ask, Is it not somebody's wife or somebody's daughter down there in the resorts of sin? Are *they* not worthy or at least in need of protection? What kind of truckling to the Devil is all this twaddle? Is your daughter and mine worth more than our neighbor's? Where do we find the two standards voiced in the Book? But why wearily prolong the queries? We dismiss the culprits from the bar and warn them to prepare for that other Day. There the world and the nominal church will emerge from the delusive mists of double standards and strike prow on the frowning rocks of Justice.

The Doctor's Eye-Opener.

A young man who had been "indiscreet" came to a physician for treatment. After the diagnosis of his malady the learned M.D. said, twirling his watch-fob: "You are in a very serious condition and I would therefore advise you to seek the companionship of a mistress." The young man looked at him inquiringly as though not quite sure of his ground, and then cautiously asked: "Is it not a fact, doctor, that the "mistress" you advise can only be found among those who in many instances are diseased, which would only tend to aggravate the malady? But recently two boys, fourteen and sixteen years of age, were advised by a Chicago judge of the municipal court when a Madam had been arrested for allowing minors in her resort as follows: 'Boys, do you not know that nine women out of ten in the places you frequented are diseased? that if you go there you may be ruined for life?' Now then, doctor, considering the advice of the judge sound, would it not be advisable for me to form the acquaintance of some respectable and virtuous young lady? I have thought you might be able to assist me to the fulfilment of your advice by giving me an introduction to your daughter?"

"Oh no! not *my* daughter!" excitably exclaimed the man of pills and powders.

"And why not *your* daughter?" sarcastically querried

the patient. "It would be some one's daughter. Is not the other daughter as precious to her father as yours is to you? What right have you to advise me as you do?"

The man of medicine hung his head in deep reflection for a moment and then frankly thanked the young man for the eye-opener. Indeed! let it be an eye-opener to others. The two-standard view is from the Pit. To the Pit let it return.

Under the work of The White Cross Missionaries is brought to light the sad side of the under world life. Cases that make the blood run chill with horror come to the fore almost weekly. It is absolutely impossible to put on paper what transpires in these hell-holes of sin. The public can not know to what depth of cunning and wickedness the System will go nor how far down the rungs of the ladder of shame the poor White Slave is forced by the hand of the Traffic. In this chapter we refer to a few sad stories of wasted lives and blasted hopes. They differ only in sad detail. The end is always disgrace and shame—unless grace interpose. Thank God, some are rescued from the White Slave Hells! Our God is able.

"Can You Find My Daughter?"

One bright morning in June Mr. Clarkson had just finished his breakfast when the door bell rang. Mrs. Clarkson answered the ring and admitted some one who

inquired whether the Superintendent was at home. Upon entering the parlor he met an old friend who had brought with him a lady whom Mr. Clarkson had never seen. He was at once attracted by her sad face. From long experience he knew that behind that sad exterior lay fathoms of grief. She appeared so weary and worn. Her eyes were red and swollen from long periods of weeping.

Beside her near the divan upon which she sat was a large flat package carefully wrapped and leaning against the wall. After his friend had introduced him he said that he had met the lady and learned her sad story while traveling for the firm with which he was connected. It was the same old story he had heard over and over again —the story of a lost girl. The mother-love shone clear and beautiful in tear-dimmed eye and thrilled in the tremulous query of hope as she said, "Can you find my daughter?"

She expressed the fear that the girl had been trapped into a life of White Slavery. If her lost daughter could be found, she was sure the White Cross Missionaries could find her. And so she lamented and cried as she sat there in her sorrow. O, *the missing ones* for which the Rachel's weep to-day! How many there are. When will the people awake to this dangerous Traffic in their midst? When will the System receive its death-blow?

Not until the Church and One Common Humanity says it must go.

The Life Size Photograph.

Taking up the package leaning against the wall she undid the wrappings with eager, trembling fingers. The paper and string fell to the floor as she showed Mr. Clarkson the life size photograph of her daughter. Then she sat down and told her story.

"A number of years ago my husband died and left me a widow, with an only daughter to support. With practically no financial resources I was compelled to take in roomers in order that I might be able to meet the rent, keep the home together, etc.

"One day a young man came and rented a room. He said he was the son of a wealthy official in a western state; that he wanted to room awhile where he could have quiet and rest. He had not been long in the house when he began to pay marked attention to my daughter. He took her out at night and on several occasions returned quite late. I soon discovered that she had been drinking and was under the influence of liquor. I could no longer endure the pain and told him that he was not doing right and must therefore leave my house.

"He listened to what I had to say, and then answered: 'I will go, but I shall take your daughter with me!' I could scarcely believe it possible that she was so com-

pletely under his hypnotic spell but was convinced when together they left the house. From the time she left home until this day I have not known where she is. I fear she is somewhere in the Red Light District! Oh, what shall I do?"

Found Dead in the River.

Here is another sad story, the settings in detail somewhat dissimilar from a hundred others, where the White Slave Viper had lured to her ruin another trusting victim. The tremulous agony in the sad recital play on the cords of sympathy like the surge of the tide. The heart burns within as we realize our helplessness. Shall we redouble our efforts to save the deceived and missing daughters of weeping and heart-broken mothers? Oh, the shame of it all! When will the Church awake to her duty and privilege here? When will the Church "go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in?" When she marches in a body into the White Slave quarters of our segregated vice Districts and demands the abolition of the nefarious Traffic in Girls, then will our missing daughters be given back to the arms of their mothers!

Through some source the mother had learned that her daughter's seducer was a habitue of the Red Light District. He had lived there with another girl until she had contracted a terrible disease and was forced to

go to a hospital. Then he had sallied forth from his abode of death in search of other victims. Under the circumstances related, her daughter fell an easy prey to his blandishments.

The girl of our story had a cousin who had been missing from home for a period of four months. Then she had been found in the Chicago river, perhaps murdered by the hand of her traducer, or by the Vice Monster whose slimy tentacles sweep over the sin-sodden city.

From the dance hall; from the beer garden; from the saloon; from the ball room; from the nickel theatre; from the respectable (?) theatre; from the ice cream parlor; from the hotel; from the church; from the depot; from the excursion boat; from the park; from the street; from the village and from the quiet farmstead home in the hills this Octopus on the Lake draws our nation's fairest daughters into its unsatisfied maw of lust!

"I Must Find My Daughter!"

The mother's tears flowed freely as she told her heartbreaking story. She sobbed: "I could not sleep at night. I would jump at the sound of a footstep and run to the window with the hope that my daughter had returned. In my troubled dreams I heard the door bell ring, and then I would wake up to find it all a hideous nightmare. I have walked the floor in my sorrow and pain until I

am almost a nervous wreck. But oh, I must find my daughter!"

She who related to Mr. Clarkson the sad story of her life was still a beautiful woman. As he looked upon the photograph of her child he saw why the scheming scoundrel had chosen her daughter as his victim. He declares she was one of the most handsome women he had ever seen—a valuble prize for the White Slave Trader. It had not taken the fiend long to calculate that she had neither father nor brother to protect her, hence his path was clear to work upon her his designs of destruction.

The police had been on the case for months, but had accomplished nothing. That is the usual outcome, unless there is plenty of money forthcoming to pay them for the extra work. Mr. Clarkson knew there was now only one way more left open—the way that seldom fails—and that was to at once definitely commit the case to the Great Detective of the Skies. He immediately knelt in prayer to tell the All-Father of the heart-breaking situation.

A Heart Broken Mother's Wail.

As they fell on their knees a wail of pleading fell from the woman's lips that must be long remembered. In listening to her cry of agony their hearts nearly broke. They felt sure that God would answer their

prayer. After promising that he would do all in his power to find her daughter, they parted.

They had not long to wait. One day soon after the parlor scene the girl was found at the counter in one of the large department stores. She had been in the hospital and had the same old story to tell. After her ruin and disgrace had been thoroughly accomplished she had been deserted and left to shift for herself. The "wandering boy"—the theme of many a discourse and the burden of many a prayer—was now in search of other victims; but the girl who had been deceived by him had been forgotten, or if remembered, shunned and left under the shadows of suspicion. Sentimental religionists have discriminated between the rake and the outcast, foolishly in favor of the rake and the rapist. The libertine mingles with the elite of society and has its smiles and daughters thrown at his feet; but the poor girl who had been ruined and disgraced by him is spurned and ostracised by this unholy crowd. The home is open for the viper in broadcloth and diamonds, but closed to her who most needs pity and help. In the mean time we are hastening to the Judgment.

Nothing but the Blood.

The poor child had feared to return to her home after her awful disgrace. She would without doubt have

been in the toils of the White Slave Trader to-day had not God answered the prayer of that saintly mother. The happy girl returned to "Home, Sweet Home" with "mother" and was soon after that soundly converted. This one was saved, but where are the other thousands still in the toils? Far from God and hope and home.

We emphasize the fact that "nothing but the blood of Jesus can effect a thorough cure in the lives of these unfortunate ones. The popular reform methods of to-day are insufficient to cope with the disease; the radical way that insists in a life-transformation in the victim and the abolishment of the System is the only hope of success. A sound conversion and a good case of Wesleyan, Bible sanctification will fit the unfortunate for a clean, victorious life. This Gospel works in the high-steepled churches as well as in the slums. By this we mean to say that it has power to cleanse the self-righteous as well as the White Slave. Both need a Savior. Both are sinners. Both are lost, unless the Blood is applied.

Before we close this chapter we add another case to the long catalogue of disappointed lives and blasted hopes. It should stir into activity every power at our command to throttle this Red Light Demon fostered and coddled under the broad wing of a corrupt city government. Its illegal existence should be wiped from the city map by an aroused and a determined people.

"Where Has She Gone?"

One day two motherly looking ladies came to Mr. Clarkson's home and asked for an interview concerning a girl that had been missing for two years. The mother was of Norwegian birth and spoke English with considerable difficulty. But by the help of her friend she managed to make her case clear. Her own words will most forcefully tell what havoc sin wrought in her home.

"A number of years ago my daughter secured a position in the city of Milwaukee, and was doing well. She was of a quiet disposition with no thought of going astray or of giving her mother pain and grief. I kept a boarding house in Madison, Wisconsin, and did what I could to keep my little flock together. There were several other girls and a boy eighteen years old. We were happy until this great shadow fell across our life.

"Better Position" Fiends.

"One day a man told my daughter in Milwaukee that he could secure a better position for her in the city of Chicago. She went to Chicago and has never been heard of since. We suspected foul play, for we knew that she was not the kind of a girl to go wrong. After a long time of suspense and waiting I sent my son to Chicago. I gathered all my hard-earned money to-

gether and bade him search for his sister until he found her."

He might as well have hunted for a needle in a haystack. There would be more hope of finding the needle than of finding the missing girl in the slums of Chicago. A stranger in the city, with no one to guide him he would first have to find 2,700 houses of ill fame containing about 30,000 unfortunate girls—White Slaves. Imagine what a task lay before him. But a mother will go any length to find the girl she loves. She continued:

"My son made his way to police headquarters and told them why he had come to the city, and asked them to assist him in his search. They informed him that they thought they could not find his sister, but if he would return home and send them sixty dollars they would see what could be done. But he insisted that they help him in the search for his sister. They then advised him to get a permit and search for her himself in the resorts on the Levee and other places of ill repute. This he did, but it was the very thing that acquainted the dive keepers with his purpose. Even though the lost girl were there, the moment the permit was in evidence they would shift her to other places.

"My son wandered from one resort to another until he became completely discouraged. Just before he left, however, he met several of your White Cross Mid-

night Missionaries who gave him one of your cards. He brought it home and gave it to me. Its printed message gave hope, and I searched and prayed on.

Heartless Advice.

"After another long year of waiting I could no longer endure the agony and suspense and decided to go to Chicago myself and find my girl. I did as my son had done. I went to the police in charge of the Red Light District. I met with the same success. I learned later that these resorts are in existence every hour against every law on the statute books; that they are under the direct tolerance, if not protection and illegal regulation of corrupt police officials. From these officials I hoped to obtain assistance in finding my daughter.

"When I had stated my case they told me to pay no more attention to my daughter; that if she had been away from home that long she was no good anyhow, especially if she had spent these years on the Levee. I received no encouragement whatever, and was about to give up in despair when I thought of the card my son had given me on his return home from his fruitless quest. I am now here to see whether you can help me to find my long lost daughter?"

They knelt in prayer and promised to do all in their power to find the daughter. They visited the Districts

night after night and looked into the faces of thousands of wayward girls, but up to this writing no trace of the missing one has been discovered. The Midnight watchers are constantly on the alert as well as secret service men but she has as completely disappeared as though swallowed by the grave.

She may be under the merciless lash of some brutal Slave Driver living a life a thousand times worse than death. She may be dead. The mother weeps her life away in the far away Wisconsin home for the daughter that may never return. As certainly as God lives there is coming a day of retribution for the White Slave Trappers. As the missionaries go about their dangerous work on the Levee the wailing question of mothers rings in their ear, "Where is she?"

Mr. Clarkson says that the officers to whom the mother and son applied for help were plain clothes men, Coe and Duffy, of the Twenty-second police station, and under the command of Captains McCann, Wood and Cudmore. McCann was afterward promoted to inspector on the West Side and later arrested and convicted for accepting money for the protection of illegal resorts. A short synopsis of what the White Cross Missionaries suffered at the hands of these bright starred officers will show the public that the Red Light District, under such administration, will be with us when the Millenium dawns.

Where Is She?

Caught in the System's toils, the mother weeps,
And for the missing one sad vigil keeps.

The Booking System.

The two plain clothes men first mentioned, according to Mr. Roe's new book, *Panders and Their White Slaves,* when on duty in the District, registered the females brought there; i. e., they took their name, age and address, etc. This method, branded by Mr. Roe as a collossal failure, they employed to "regulate prostitution." If these lewd dens exist in defiance of every law on the statute books relative to this vice, why did they not *arrest* instead of *register* the girls and thus send *the missing ones* back to mother, home and Heaven? Thousands of poor girls have undoubtedly been lost and crowded into dens of infamy by this infamous system of registration. This is on account of the non-enforcement of law and the traitorous machinations of high salaried police officers.

Mr. Clarkson, for twelve years in the fight against Vice on the Levee, declares, and stands ready to produce witnesses that these same officers went before them into the rows of dens to "tip off" the Madams and thus frustrate the work of the missionaries. No sooner did the workers enter a resort when the lights were turned out and pandemonium was loose. The "girls" were driven from the "parlors" upstairs so that rescue was made impossible. When the officers were reported to the inspector of the District, he said, "Those officers

were acting under my orders. I told them to throw you out. If I were down there when you came into the place, I would throw you out myself!" What beautiful conduct in one who is supposed to enforce righteousness! The Madams and "girls" declare that they were told by the police to demonstrate against the White Cross band. Mr. Clarkson once asked a young woman in a resort, "Do the police run these places?" She replied, "Yes, sir! we take our orders from the police!"

One night Messrs. Clarkson and Wakefield, with several of the Midnight Missionaries went into one of the most notorious White Slave resorts on the Levee. The place had been raided some time before. On the testimony of one of the workers the Madam had been heavily fined. The girls had been censured by the judge and told to get out of business. But, as so often before, this night they turned out the lights, and set up an awful din, screamed and opened every stop of the racuous electric musical instruments and bedlam noises incident to the District.

In the meantime the Madam had sent out for the police. Officers Coe and Duffy responded to the Madam's call, the lights were turned on at their command. They then inquired as to the cause of all this hub bub and disorderly (!) conduct. They were told that the missionaries were the cause of it all. They then turned to Mr.

Clarkson, and were about to throw him out of the place when Mr. Clarkson asked them to go slow; that they had no right to do such a thing in such a place.

Protecting Vice.

Undecided for a moment, they called for the Madam, who came declaring: "This is a house of prostitution, and I don't want these people in here!" Three times she repeated the statement, after which Mr. Clarkson said to the officers: "You have heard what kind of a place she says this is? You know your duty as officers of the law in regard to it?"

"Yes, we know our duty," they cried, "it is our duty to put you out of here!" This they did and afterward reported that the missionaries had created a "rough house" in The California. This resort had carried on an immoral show in connection with prostitution where thousands of young men were corrupted, hence the raid.

According to the statements made and evidence submitted by the Ex-States Atty. Clifford G. Roe in his book under the sworn testimony of the convicted panders of the Chicago and St. Louis gang that was broken up in 1909, these officers were implicated with the agents and promoters of the White Slave Trade. Instead of enforcing the law they assisted in violating it

by warning the panders, receiving money from and protecting the gang, etc., if the testimony of the convicted ones weighs in the case. But their days of plain clothes are over. They have been transferred to uniforms and quiet beats in residence and suburban stations.

Mr. Roe, after citing several cases where girls had been registered by these officers, and afterwards rescued from White Slave dens, says: "The flagrant inconsistency of this booking system is plainly seen in these instances. As a method for the protection of girls and for the purpose of eradicating the Traffic it was not a success and not productive of good results." We close with the following clipping fresh from the field:

The Barricaded Home.

"Mother and daughter are barricaded in their home at 9104 Green Bay Avenue, in the heart of the South Chicago Red Light District, and are in constant fear of death as a result of their legal fight to wipe out the dives around their dwelling place. They are Mrs. Pearl Sattler, widow, 81 years old, and Miss Hattie Sattler, who obtained an injunction restraining six of the thirty-three alleged resorts from operating.

"Police and officers of the court are guarding the two defenseless women, and are keeping a strict lookout among their neighbors for violations of the law.

"The Red Light District must go," said Miss Sattler today. I am fighting to protect my home and mother, and I will do what the police and all the reform societies have failed to do—close up the resorts.

"Our lives are in constant danger. They came to us and threatened to burn us in our home when we lay asleep. They threatened to hide in the rear, and stab us to death. Repeatedly they have said they would shoot us. But we won't give up.

"We won't move. We will not compromise, or sell to the divekeepers or rent them the place.

"It is our home. We pay taxes on it, and we are entitled to protection against these lawbreakers. We ask only our rights but insist that they be respected.

"Father bought the place with his life savings. He left it to mother. We are poor. We have no other place to go. And we are going to stay right here, even if we are murdered in our beds.

"I gave up my position as a stenographer downtown to stay home with mother. I must sew now from morning till night that I may keep her and myself from starvation. My mother is dying by inches because of the sights she must see. Pianos, drunken men and women and continual disturbances keep us awake nights. We have our doors barred with iron, and our windows are closed tight. We must have blinds to cover our windows. We seldom see the sunlight."

The above newspaper clipping is taken from the *Chicago Daily Journal,* June 27, 1910. While the presses hum we crowd it in, for it is timely. Read it, and then see whether Vice "segregates" or whether it seeks to enlarge its borders by brutal threats to crowd this widow woman and her daughter out of their home in order that the System may enlarge its border. Not content with its prescribed area it seeks to crowd out of house and home these defenseless women. Where are the men of sense and sinue that these two women must thus live in fear of their lives? How long will this thing be tolerated?

The official and the hireling tell us that "segregated" vice is a protection for the home and especially for defenseless women and girls. Go to South Chicago, 1904 Green Bay Avenue, and look at the closed and blind-drawn windows and the barred door of the home of this mother and daughter, with the System at their throat; will you then dare to repeat the statement that vice must be "segregated" for the protection of home and virtue?

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WHITE CROSS MIDNIGHT MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

OUTLINED BY REV. N. K. CLARKSON, SUPT.

From the very commencement of our work in the dark underworld of this great and wicked city we have realized that we could do nothing of ourselves. He who has called us and commanded us to "go and preach the gospel to *every* creature" must Captain our fight and conquer our foe or certain defeat will mark our efforts.

It is to honor and to glorify Him that we write this little sketch of the battles fought and the victories won. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side; when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us" (Ps. 124: 2, 3).

We have been attacked by many foes in various ways, but in every instance the Lord has sustained us. "Now thanks be to God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place" (2 Cor. 2:14). "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Rom. 8:37).

Custom House Place.

We began our work in the great vice center, Old Fourth Avenue, better known the world over as Custom House Place. Missiles of every description were thrown at us. One of these struck a large electric sign hanging over the pavement in front of one of the vile resorts and shivered it to atoms over the listening crowd standing under it. In spite of all the commotion and opposition several souls sought salvation at the close of the service.

After we had left the place a man followed us for two blocks and caught up to us just as we were in the act of boarding a street car. He said that he was addicted to the drug habit, and that if he did not get saved soon he would be lost forever. The poor man declared he knew he could never get to Heaven with sin in his life. When asked whether he was willing to pray for himself he said he was. Right then and there while the throngs passed by he prayed, and we left him with the knowledge that God had touched his soul.

Water, Eggs and Vegetables.

Persecution on the street seemed to be our earthly heritage from the very beginning. Water was thrown upon us from the tops of buildings, eggs and decayed vegetables being added for good measure. Some of our

workers were attacked and struck down. Obscene language was hurled at us, and every resort known to the imps of Perdition was employed against us; but the dear Lord helped us to keep up good courage and to come out victors. A goodly number of lost souls were led to the Fountain opened to the house of David.

Many times we were driven about by the police and called before officers and judges to give an account of our doings; but invariably the Lord attorneyed our case and we were let go to continue the battle against sin. For years we fought our way on the old State Street Levee and Custom House Place. As the work enlarged and the vice sections grew, we cried to God for help. True to His promise to answer prayer He sent workers and we took up the battle with renewed earnestness. By His grace we have more than held our ground and are to-day advancing on the enemy's strongholds.

Thousands of souls have been reached with the message of salvation and led to Christ in our services. Girls have been rescued and cared for. Homes ruined by sin have been rebuilt under the regenerating and sanctifying power of grace. Our bold stand for righteousness and against the conniving political forces of the city has stirred thousands of Christians to pray and to put forth greater efforts to reach the lost in the slums.

The Enemy's Tactics Foiled.

We have had heavy battles with the promoters of the great White Slave trade. More than once have we brought them before magistrates and they have been defeated and punished. They have threatened to kill us and to spend every dollar to put us out of business. They have hired cabs at about five dollars each to keep lined up along the Levee resorts all the night through in order to prevent us from collecting a crowd on the curbstone in our street meeting.

When that proved too expensive and failed, they flooded the streets with water. But our undaunted missionaries stood in the flooded streets and preached CHRIST, THE HOPE OF HUMANITY. The city put a stop to this water waste and thus their expensive operations utterly failed. We have kept on preaching a Christ that saves from *all* sin in the Red Light District and they have never been able to put us to confusion. Many times they have been sadly punished. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The Midnight Trio.

The Midnight Trio is a magnificent moving force in the Association slum-work. It is composed of Rev. N. K. Clarkson, the Superintendent, and Rev. P. Kim and Mr. J. C. Wakefield, his Assistants. A brief history of

their conversion and subsequent work will show that they are God's men in the right place. They thoroughly understand how to handle a slum crowd and to work through the resorts with their chosen band. Their large guitars and wonderful collection of soul-touching memorized songs at once call together the "wandering boys" swarming the Levee. Many a mother's long lost boy has there knelt on an old newspaper near the curbstone through the influence of Spirit-filled song, pleading and prayer.

Mr. Clarkson's Conversion.

N. K. Clarkson was born in the city of Chicago. When yet a boy he fell into sin in its worst phases. From the city attractions he began to wander over the country. His quest was satisfaction, which he hoped might be found in travel and the alluring offers of the world. He visited hundreds of towns and cities and remained away for months, only to return unsatisfied still. Again the quest was taken up in new fields, but the pleasures in sin for a season left him more hopeless after each return.

A Barrel House Saloon.

He traveled thousands of miles, crossed the continent from Chicago to the Pacific coast several times, but found not the goal of his carnal quest. One day he and

his brother found themselves sitting in a barrel house saloon in the city of Portland, Oregon.

On account of sin they had fallen into trouble and were even then hiding from the police. Either because the strangers were not spending enough money over his bar or berause of the telltale marks of fear upon them, the bar keeper told them they were not wanted there. An arrest here might bring his joint into disrepute (?).

Slum Boundary Dead Lines.

They left the low saloon, but not long afterward were intercepted by detectives from the Central Station. After a thorough search, not being able to find anything on their person that would give them an excuse for their arrest, they were let go. Cautioned by the plain clothes men not to leave the slum boundaries if they would avoid jailing they were left to their wanderings.

That night they sauntered into the Men's Resort Gospel Mission, No. 84 North Third Street, and heard the Rev. J. A. McVeigh tell the story of his life and how he had been converted in the old Pacific Garden Mission in the city of Chicago. Mr. Clarkson's heart was strangely touched. He determined then and there to seek salvation and become a Christian. The night he was saved he immediately set about to induce his friends

to accept Christ. Because of these earnest efforts several of them were soon afterward brought into the kingdom of God. Some of them are to-day with him in his midnight work in the slums while others are preaching the Gospel in other fields.

The Slums a Midnight Parish.

Returning to Chicago he immediately began to testify on the streets before those who had known his past life that Christ has power on earth to save from sin. Some who heard him urged him to attend college and prepare to preach the Gospel, but to this he turned a deaf ear.

About this time he met the Newsboy Evangelist who was conducting services near his home. The evangelist's testimony made a profound impression upon him. He had been in soul saving work, he said, ever since sixteen years of age. During this meeting one night Mr. Clarkson walked home with the evangelist, who also urged him to attend some college and prepare for the ministry. He was asked if the way should open whether he would go, to which he replied that he would, and soon after found himself hard at it.

Curbstone Evangelism.

From the very first he was led into slum work. There was no rest unless he was engaged in trying to win some

weary soul to Christ. During the whole time at school he labored in the slums. Upon his return to the city he took up the work in earnest. As a result hundreds of souls have been plucked as brands from the eternal burnings.

During these active years he has been superintendent of several missions in different sections of the city, has preached in scores of missions, churches, Salvation Army and Volunteer halls. Especially on the streets of the city has his ministry been blest. Thousands of wandering men and women have heard his testimony to the saving power of Christ, and as a result have been won to God.

Twelve Years in the Slums.

There is no man in Chicago to-day who is more familiar with the vice demon and vice districts than Mr. Clarkson. The lawless fear him more than the police. Those who have grown tired of sin appeal to him, knowing that he is their friend. A large volume could easily be written of striking and soul-stirring incidents that fell under his observation during his twelve years of midnight work in the slums.

He has given up all to follow Jesus. As Superintendent, his time is exclusively devoted to the interests of The White Cross Midnight Missionary Association, and that means the rescue of the lost. He believes

A Service on the Levee.

Where mad Lust stalks and Vice holds sovereign sway
A band of faithful few have knelt to pray.

the Bible from cover to cover, preaches Hell fire and holiness and loves God and his fellow man with all his heart.

The Undertaker's Conversion.

Before his conversion Rev. P. Kim was in an undertaking establishment with a backslidden companion. As they were about to embalm a corpse this backslidden man would often fling the following rude jest over the remains:

"Beauty is only skin deep,
Ugly goes clear to the bone.
Beauty soon fades away,
But ugly holds its own.
You're here to-day,
You're gone to-morrow—
Where will you spend Eternity?"

Such expressions in the presence of death almost set Mr. Kim wild. He remembered the old mother that was still praying for him. It put him under awful conviction. He would then take his Bible and retire to the chapel connected with the undertaking rooms, read it and try to pray. Finally the burden grew so heavy that he went to see a minister. After advice and prayer he returned home with the hunger still gnawing at his heart. One day the minister came to his undertaking rooms and said: "Have you repented?"

"Yes, several times," answered Mr. Kim.

Then the minister quoted: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I Jno. 1:9). "Do you believe that?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Kim. "If I believe that, will I be saved?"

Said the wise soul-winner, "Yes, if you believe that you will be saved," and left him with a little book in his hand, entitled, "The Way to God," by D. L. Moody. Left alone in his office he had sat there scarcely ten minutes when his soul was flooded with divine glory and the work was done. Since that time he has been closely associated with Mr. Clarkson. His fine tenor voice accompanied by his large made-to-order guitar rings out in the midnight hours over the vice fields of sin to the terror of evil doers. As Assistant Superintendent he has stood nobly by the midnight work.

Mr. Wakefield Awakened.

One night while returning to his home in a drunken condition God spoke to his guilty soul. While sitting alone in his kitchen, Hell with all its attending horrors passed before his troubled mind. Dropping from his chair to his knees he implored God to have mercy on his soul. He promised God that hour if He would save him he would serve Him faithfully the rest of his days.

God saved him, as He always does when men are in earnest. Shortly afterward he met Mr. Clarkson, was led into the Midnight Mission field and later, with Mr. Kim, was elected Assistant Superintendent.

These three men, Messrs. Clarkson, Kim and Wakefield, with their instruments, have sung the sweet story of God's love at the midnight hour in every slum district in Chicago. In Winter and in Summer this Midnight Trio has stood at the battle front and warned souls in the haunts of vice. The love-call to a better life has rung out over the vice section until many a weary girl has taken hope and escaped the toils of slavery and many a wayward boy has been arrested on the threshold of sin and returned to mother and home and God.

Jail Work and Workers.

Work in the jails began in the Chicago Avenue jail where a service has been conducted by the President, J. F. Unseld, and Treasurer C. L. Clarkson, for years. A service is now conducted in four different jails. Every week many poor souls are helped and won to Christ through these services.

During the past years many workers have come and gone. We mention one who has been with us for years. Under the labors of Mr. Clarkson and Kim in a tent meeting one Summer she was converted at the early age

of seventeen. From the very beginning of her Christian experience she began to work in the slums. The theory that unmarried women (or women at all) should not work for Christ in the Red Light District lest they "be defiled" is unreasonable and unscriptural. Edna has been at her post all these years, with the exception of several times. She has gone through the vilest dens of vice scores of times distributing tracts and dealing personally with the inmates. When strong men gave way to their feeling as the wintry blasts swept around the corners of sin she has stood true without a murmur. During all these years she has never given cause for the slightest suspicion that God's grace was not sufficient to keep her in the slums.

Wiseacre Theology.

It seems strange that some of our modern pulpit lights object to young women working with those who have been caught in the toils of the White Slave Traffic? The writer has in mind a little slip of a girl about four feet ten in height and about eighty-five pounds in weight who found herself under God's call a slum worker in St. Louis. As the Madam saw her come in with the missionaries, she cried, "For God's sake, don't let that little girl come in here!" She could hardly be made to believe that "the little girl" was twenty-four years old.

But Lillie Coats knew God. She felt His great love surging through her soul that must find vent. She ran toward the disturbed Madam, threw her arms around her neck and plead as she only knows how to plead that the life of sin might be abandoned. The proud woman of sin knelt weak and helpless by the side of "the little girl," as the tears of virtue and vice fell to the floor. To this day the Madams on the Levee inquire often for "the little girl." They had confidence in her and confidentially poured out to her their sad life-story and troubles.

We believe that a pure young girl, *God-called* into this needy field, has more influence over her fallen sister than has an older woman. Naturally she who has been trapped into sin concludes that if God can save and keep her young sister there must be hope for her. At any rate, God understands better than wise man(?) who is best fitted for this work. If *your* girl or *my* girl, unfortunately trapped, should be saved from a life of shame by a young woman, we are sure that some of our foolish scruples would die. If she is called, God can keep her, never fear.

Josie was led to Chicago from the state of Iowa. She is of Swedish extraction and came to the city because she felt the Lord's call. From a human standpoint it seemed she could never live in the city, nor be out in the slums all the night long, but through grace she has

become an effective missionary of the slums. She has forsaken all, enjoys the work and braves the storms and battles no matter how fiercely the enemy assails. In her we have another proof of God's keeping power regardless of circumstances, place, sex or condition.

Nominal Church Indifference.

We declare that if, instead of criticising, the nominal sleeping Church would awake and march into the vice districts of our city as a body nightly and thunder the Gospel cure into the amazed and tingling ears of the Traffickers on the Levee, the Red Light District, together with its tolerant political constituency would be wiped from the map of Chicago. We say, Shame on a church that leaves the uprooting of this high handed Twentieth Century Crime to a few men and girls while they sit in their pews and criticise, or at least are inactive! How strange that the highway-and-hedge call is saddled on to a fearless few while the thousands seem to have a call to "stay at home by the stuff?" Strange inconsistency, this!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WHITE CROSS MIDNIGHT MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION (CONCLUDED).

The object of this association is to preach, teach, sing and distribute the gospel of Christ, especially in the slums and segregated vice districts where iniquity and vice abound and where drunkenness and reveling are kept up far into the midnight hours.

This is the pioneer "Midnight" missionary association in Chicago. The work began in Custom House Place and Whiskey Row in 1900. We have carried on an aggressive soul-saving work ever since in the slums and segregated vice districts. In 1906 the work was reorganized. Since that time it has become the most effective, systematic and thorough work of its kind in the world.

Some of the greatest and best known evangelists, pastors, missionaries, Salvationists, Volunteers and laymen have assisted us in this work, thus showing the good will and hearty co-operation of the different churches and religious organizations of the world.

Thousands of men and boys, representing all classes of society from the millionaire aristocrat to the poor heathen Chinese, literally swarm in these streets every

night in the year and may be reached by the gospel message. Comparatively few of these escape being warned of their danger.

Our method is to preach, teach and sing the gospel in the open air, at points where the largest crowds can be gathered. Also to distribute testaments, gospels, tracts, etc.. by the thousands.

Blazing Red Light District.

It is an impressive sight about midnight, in this blazing, boisterous, ungodly and lawless Red Light District, to see the uniformed missionaries, with white crosses in plain sight, moving about among the people, distributing tracts, going in and out of those vile resorts, saloons, etc., doing personal work, pleading with lost souls and trying to persuade them to give up their lives of sin and shame and to be saved. Also singing or praying whenever and wherever an opportunity is afforded.

In winter, sometimes standing on a snowbank for a pulpit, preaching to a crowd of young men from one to three hours.

One night sixty-nine men stood in a snowstorm, white with snow, listening to one of the sisters preaching in the street in front of a row of resorts on both sides.

In zero weather the message is taken from house to house, the workers going in companies of from two to

a dozen, as the case may be. Great good is done in this manner.

The services continue from one to seven hours without intermission. In good weather, hundreds stand and listen. From one to six thousand men per hour have been counted passing by. Large crowds have stood in the rain, under umbrellas, until after midnight, listening to the testimonies and the word of God.

Midnight Results with Men.

A living stream of testimony has been poured into the heart of the worst slums and most notorious white slave and flesh market in the world, resulting in hundreds of souls kneeling in the streets and seeking the Lord and thousands requesting the prayer of God's people that they might be saved. Following we give a few examples:

About eight years ago a gambler, who was deep in sin, stopped at a street service; he was convicted, accepted a testament, and invited the workers to his home. They went. The visit turned into a prayer meeting. The man, his wife, and her sister were converted. Shortly afterward they began to work for Christ and for years have preached the gospel, won many souls to God, and are still at it. He is an officer in the Salvation Army and has been for several years, has preached in several states, and can be found at his post most any time.

About six years ago, a young man addicted to drink and bound by many sinful habits, stopped and listened to the service at State and Harrison streets, in front of Whiskey Row. At the close he knelt down in the street, gave his heart to God, and began at once to confess Christ as his Saviour. Later he married one of the missionaries and together they have been engaged in rescue work ever since, snatching lost souls from the very vestibules of hell.

About two years ago a man, who was separated from his wife and children on account of sin, came into the district to do wrong. He stopped at the meeting, requested prayer, saying: "I came here to sin, but you have stopped me." He was converted, went to work, sent for his family, and they are now living happily together again, kept by the grace of God.

About two years ago a man who had served as bouncer in the resorts along the levee for years, came along about midnight. A missionary was singing: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" He listened; the song recalled his mother's dying words to his heart. He was converted, and is now helping to win others to Christ.

Midnight Results with Women.

We are often asked the question—"Do you ever see any results of your work among the women?" Let the

following decide that question for the encouragement of those who would ask it at this time:

About three years ago the missionaries knelt and prayed in a resort. God touched the Madam's heart and she quit the business, joined a church, got married, and is living happily with her husband in their own home. The last time we saw her she said with a happy smile: "I am happy now and will never do wrong or go back to the old life any more." She had a widowed mother and six beautiful sisters to rejoice with her over her deliverance from that awful place. Certainly they all believe it pays to work to save these girls.

Madams Leave Resort.

Another "madam" of a notorious resort quit the business and, taking one of the girls with her, said: "Tell those missionaries I quit because they talked to me so much." She went to work to earn an honest living. The woman who took her place allowed us to sing and pray there, and after a time she also left.

Another place was entered one cold winter night. Three beautiful girls greeted the workers. They said they worked down town in the day time and lived here in sin at night to make money. A short talk followed, tears began to flow, a prayer was sent up to God for their souls, and the missionaries went on their way, visiting

other places along the street. A few nights afterwards, two of the girls had gone back to their homes and the place was soon closed.

Many other cases might be cited. The real value and results of such work cannot be estimated—only God knows. Many sad hearts are touched, many souls are saved and homes restored to happiness.

An Appeal To You.

Brother, sister, friend, suppose that was your precious boy or girl down there tonight, lost in that awful life of sin and shame. Would it mean anything to you to have them saved and restored to your home and loving embrace once more? Stop and think a moment. Although it may not be yours, yet it is

> "Somebody's child, out in the wild,
> Strayed from the old home away;
> Loved ones are there pleading in prayer,
> Longing for them all the day."

Thousands of both young men and women, the pride of the home, the life of the nation, are being dragged down and swept over the falls of eternal despair by this monster social evil every year. Unless we stop them, they will be lost forever. The gospel is their only hope, their last resort. A cry comes up from a host of broken hearts for help. It cannot be ignored.

Vice District Opposition.

Dive keepers hate us because we warn their victims and they lose many thousands of dollars worth of patronage on account of this work. Infidels have been hired to come into the district and speak night after night for months in order to allay the conscience and drive conviction away from men's hearts. Chemicals, bottles, fruit, eggs, etc., have been thrown at the workers. Curses, threats, etc., are common things to us now. Several of the workers have been roughly handled. Even the women have been unable to escape the wicked assaults of these devilish men. Some of the workers have been beaten, knocked down, kicked, etc., but still the work goes on. We expect to push the battle stronger than ever.

Startling Statistics.

Chicago is the second city in America, and according to statistics there are about 7,200 wide open licensed saloons, nearly 4,000 other institutions where liquor is sold by special permit and otherwise, also hundreds of dance halls, cheap theaters, free and easy shows, gambling dens, pool rooms, bowling alleys, penny arcades, brothels, houses of prostitution, etc., which help to make up the system of segregated vice.

These places are open day and night the year around, destroying humanity, regardless of law.

There are between 25,000 to 30,000 unfortunate girls living lives of shame and white slavery, and about 10,000 men thrive and grow rich directly off the proceeds of this awful traffic. The Chicago Law and Order League estimates the cost of vice in Chicago to be $52,000,000 per year, or an average of $1,000,000 per week. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, girls and boys must be ruined annually to supply the victims from our homes. There are several segregated vice districts, and they continue to enlarge their borders. The prosperity increases and the victims are supplied. Reader, what will you do to help save these poor lost souls from eternal destruction?

Manner of Support.

This work is undenominational and is dependent entirely upon the generosity of God's true children and what He sends in answer to the prayer of faith. Brother, Sister, if you want a share in this great work for the Master, put some of your Lord's money into the salvation of these poor lost souls. Freely ye have received, freely give. Jesus said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

Will you honestly and sincerely pray this little prayer before you forget: "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have *me* to do?"

Nature of the Need.

A thoroughly equipped Training Home for the midnight workers; also a complete printing outfit for immediate use, suitable to print appropriate literature, cards, tracts, etc., for this particular work. For further information communicate with the Superintendent at once—Rev. N. K. Clarkson, 92 La Salle St. (Room 25), Chicago, Illinois.

The Outcast's Graveyard.

THE TRAFFIC. How you frighten me! Why do you disturb me when business is most brisk?

DEATH. Avast! I come to thank you for past favors; also accept my best wishes for your future success.

THE VICE MONSTER.

Come, and see this hideous Creature,
Citizen, and Church, and preacher,
Creeping, crawling through our city,
Sparing none, since void of pity.
Here it thrives—a thing infernal—
Robbing souls of life eternal;
Cleaving joys and adding sorrows,
Working woes for our to-morrows.

It is Vice. It thrives on Virtue!
(Do not say it can not hurt you)
Mothers' boys and mothers' daughters,
It each year by thousands slaughters.

It defies our laws and nation,
For it is old Hell's creation.
Yea, in fact, it knows no order
Though we fain would fix its border.
It is linked to death and treason,
It knows neither right nor reason.
Lust-eyed, lewd, it sits there, scheming,
While the Church goes on in dreaming.

Through the Red Light gate shame porters
Lead our girls to White Slave quarters.
Drest half nude in Paris fashion,
Serve they there the god of Passion.
There the wine in silver chalice
Drugs and damns our Rose or Alice.
Mothers' eyes are red with weeping,
While a formal Church lies sleeping.

Where the low strung dulcet whimpers
And the bold-faced harlot simpers

Sorrow breathes in sobbing measure
Through each mock array of pleasure.
Mirrored walls show painted faces,
Half nude forms in lurelike graces.

To-day moves she midst royal splendor
Cat'ring to the sly lust vender;
Drest in gauzy robes of fashion,
Sleeping in the arms of Passion.
But to-morrow—sad awak'ning,
For a woman's heart is breaking.
Learns she now, too late, the treason
Of this hideous monster's reason.

Ho! ye brazen shame-stall porters,
Show us through your White Slave quarters!
Let us see our fairest daughters
Gilded Vice and Wealth here slaughters.
Let us see your soiled doves sitting
Smoking cigarettes and spitting,
Driven to the lowest level
By the Red Light Prince, the Devil.

Here is one—so young and tender—
Fair of face and form so slender.
She must grace your gilded palace
Sip her wine from silver chalice.
See the taxicabs come snorting
With our gentlemen(?) "out sporting."
Automobiles line your curbing
Late the night through—none disturbing.

Here where wealth has flung her splendor
Fairest women, young and tender,
Grace these gilded halls of pleasure
Moving to their mad pulse measure.

Earth's most beautiful and fairest
Here midst furnishings the rarest
Are here held as human chattel,
Cared for like the finest cattle.

Fairest forms and fairest faces,
Moving in their lurelike graces;
Trained in Hell's accomplished vices
Here command the highest prices.
Here we see the man of millions
Lead the ball room smart cotillions;
With his evil brain inventing
Lustful schemes without repenting—
God!—we dare not half describe it,
Modesty has bid us hide it.

Here's another—young and pretty—
In this slave-hell of our city.
How she came here, tell us? Will you?
Seems her plight would almost kill you?
May we talk to her of Jesus?
No? we dare not? Madam sees us?
Must she her emotions smother?
Can't you see she wants her mother?
Must she yield her girlhood graces
To these brutes who throng these places?

Drifting down from yon vice palace
Has come here our Rose or Alice.
See the sin-lines on the features
Of these poor forsaken creatures.
Just a few cheap chairs and table
In this last, low, lewd lust-stable.
Ribald song, in broken quaver,
Gives the low dive setting flavor.

Stale beer served in half-size schooner,
At her side a half-drunk spooner.

Raucous tunes from cheap piano
Played by some poor black Diana.
Swings the door on wearing hinges—
Few are now her conscience twinges.

Pale and worn and hollow chested
On a low white cot, unrested,
Lies a woman from the Slaveyard
Nearing fast the lonely graveyard.
For the Great Black Plague has seized her,
Gone are all the joys that pleased(?) her.
Shunned by all, the Outcast lingers,
Nervously the bed clothes fingers.
Then, "Oh God!" she sighs, and tosses,
Counting up her life's sad losses.
No one cares for this poor sinner—
Then the veil of Time grows thinner.
Just a little shock and shaking:
Just a little thrill and quaking,
And the Outcast—some one's daughter—
Counts another Red Light slaughter.

Vote for rum-nosed politicians!
Vote for "wet" on these conditions:
That these vice-stalls in the Section
Must be kept for "our protection."
We will segregate this evil—
Build a fence around the Devil.
To protect our wife and daughter
We must countenance this slaughter.
Rather than "our brother's keeper,"
We have found this method cheaper.
So, heigho! it's wine and women,
With a little beer for trimmin'.

Sing your psalms, ye pew and preacher,
You will never, never reach her
By your gliblike, saintly prating:
By your listless, loveless waiting.
Go not near the soul in scarlet,
Shun the plight of yon poor harlot.
Heed not thou her ofttime sighing,
Sister, when this child is dying.

Though she fell, she's still your sister,
Might have saved her had you kissed her.
If the "Perishing you'd Rescue,"
Let her need at once arrest you.
Stoop to put your arms around her,
Tell the Lord that you have found her.

Trust not, then, in legislation,
Graft is eating up the nation.
We can find no politicians
Who will alter these conditions.
Bribes and boodle, graft and plunder,
Keep our fallen sisters under.

We must look to God for power
In this world's sad midnight hour.
To your knees, O Christian toiler!
We must meet the wily Spoiler
On his own red field of battle
Where he holds his human chattel.

Let the Church, aroused and ready,
March united, strong and steady,
Through the lines of this vice section
Built and kept for "our protection,"
And drive out this Red Light Devil
From his dens of vice and revel.

Let her take the wayward daughter
From the System's pens of slaughter;
Outcast though she be, and lowly,
Through the cleansing blood made holy
Make of her a wife and mother,
Loved as much as any other.

Church of God! *this* is thy mission!
Thou must change this sad condition.

NORTH CENTRAL COLLEGE

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